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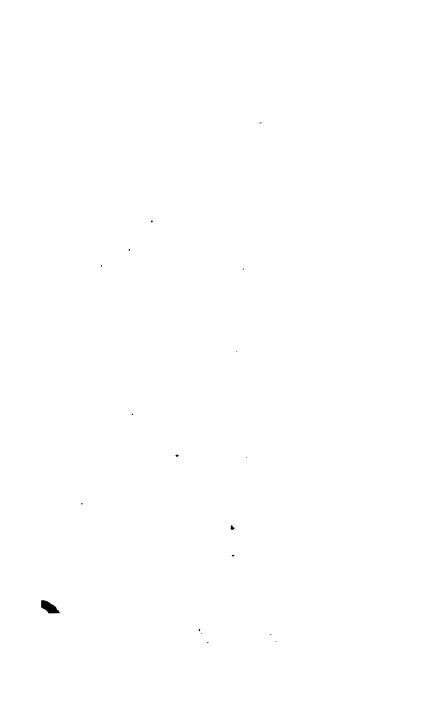
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THE

ILIAD OF HOMER

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

TRANSLATIONS OF POEMS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By EDWARD EARL OF DERBY.

SIXTH EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1867.

293. y 10

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

ALBERT EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

dec. dec. dec.

THIS TRANSLATION OF

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

IS BY HIS BOYAL HIGHNESS'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION
WITH PROFOUND RESPECT AND DUTIFUL ATTACHMENT
HUMBLY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

In the spring of 1862 I was induced, at the request of some personal friends, to print, for private circulation only, a small volume of "Translations of Poems Ancient and Modern," in which was included the first Book of the Iliad. The opinions expressed by some competent judges of the degree of success which had attended this "attempt to infuse into an almost literal English version something of the spirit, as well as the simplicity, of the great original,"* were sufficiently favourable to encourage me to continue the work which I had begun. It has afforded me, in the intervals of more urgent business, an unfailing, and constantly increasing source of interest; and it is not without a feeling of regret at the completion of my task, and a sincere diffidence as to its success, that I venture to submit the result of my labours to the ordeal of public criticism.

Various causes, irrespective of any demerits of the work itself, forbid me to anticipate for this translation any extensive popularity. First, I fear that the taste for, and appreciation of, Classical Literature are greatly on the decline; next, those who have kept up their classical studies, and are able to read and enjoy the

[•] Introduction to unpublished volume.

original, will hardly take an interest in a mere translation; while the English reader, unacquainted with Greek, will naturally prefer the harmonious versification and polished brilliancy of Pope's translation; with which, as a happy adaptation of the Homeric story to the spirit of English poetry, I have not the presumption to enter into competition. But, admirable as it is, Pope's Iliad can hardly be said to be Homer's Iliad; and there may be some who, having lost the familiarity with the original language which they once possessed, may, if I have at all succeeded in my attempt, have recalled to their minds a faint echo of the strains which delighted their earlier days, and may recognize some slight trace of the original perfume.

Numerous as have been the translators of the Iliad, or of parts of it, the metres which have been selected have been almost as various: the ordinary couplet in rhyme, the Spenserian stanza, the Trochaic or Ballad metre, all have had their partisans, even to that "pestilent heresy" of the so-called English Hexameter; a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language; which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody; and of which, notwithstanding my respect for the eminent men who have attempted to naturalize it, I could never read ten lines without being irresistibly reminded of Canning's

"Dactylics call'st thou them? God help thee, silly one!"

But in the progress of this work I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion which I expressed at its commencement, that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure) "if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old Poet, it can only be in the Heroic blank verse." I have seen isolated passages admirably rendered in other metres; and there are many instances in which a translation line for line and couplet for couplet naturally suggests itself, and in which it is sometimes difficult to avoid an involuntary rhyme; but the blank verse appears to me the only metre capable of adapting itself to all the gradations, if I may use the term, of the Homeric style; from the finished poetry of the numerous similes, in which every touch is nature, and nothing is overcoloured or exaggerated, down to the simple, almost homely, style of some portions of the narrative. Least of all can any other metre do full justice to the spirit and freedom of the various speeches. in which the old warriors give utterance, without disguise or restraint, to all their strong and genuine emotions. To subject these to the trammels of couplet and rhyme would be as destructive of their chief characteristics, as the application of a similar process to the Paradise Lost of Milton, or the tragedies of Shakespeare; the effect indeed may be seen by comparing, with some of the noblest speeches of the latter, the few couplets which he seems to have considered himself bound by custom to tack on to their close, at the end of a scene or an act.

I have adopted, not without hesitation, the Latin, rather than the Greek, nomenclature for the Heathen Deities. I have been induced to do so from the manifest incongruity of confounding the two; and from the

fact that though English readers may be familiar with the names of Zeus, or Aphrodite, or even Poseidon, those of Hera, or Ares, or Hephæstus, or Leto, would hardly convey to them a definite signification.

It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation, and not a paraphrase; not indeed such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship; but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and spirit of every passage, and of every line; omitting nothing, and expanding nothing; and adhering, as closely as our language will allow, ever to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character. Of the many deficiencies in my execution of this intention, I am but too conscious; whether I have been in any degree successful, must be left to the impartial decision of such of the Public as may honour this work with their perusal.

D.

KNOWSLEY, OCTOBER, 1864.

NOTE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE favourable reception which has been given to the first Editions of this work, far exceeding my most sanguine hopes, affords a gratifying proof how far, in my preface, I had overrated the extent to which the taste for, and appreciation of, Classical Literature had declined. It will not, I hope, be thought extraordinary that some errors and inaccuracies should have found their way into a Translation executed, I must admit. somewhat hastily, and with less of the "limæ labor" than I should have bestowed upon it, had I ventured to anticipate for it so extensive a circulation. thanks, therefore, are due to those Critics, who, either publicly or privately, have called my attention to passages in which the sense of the Author has been either incorrectly or imperfectly rendered. All of these I have examined, and have availed myself of several of the suggestions offered for their correction; and a careful revision of the whole work, and renewed comparison with the original, have enabled me to discover other defects, the removal of which will, I hope, render the present Edition, especially in the eyes of Classical Scholars, somewhat more worthy of the favour which has been accorded to its predecessors.

D.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, MAY, 1865.

NOTE TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

In offering to the Public the present Edition in a smaller and cheaper form than its predecessors, I should have wished to devote more time to its revision than I have been able to spare from other and more important occupations, which have the first claim upon my attention. Some inaccuracies have been corrected, and, I would fain hope, some improvements made; but there will doubtless remain imperfections and blemishes,

Quas aut incuria fudit Aut humana parum cavit natura;

for which, under the circumstances, I may perhaps lay claim to an indulgent consideration.

Almost all the Translations, which will be found in the Second Volume, were written more than forty years ago; but, with one exception, they have not yet been published, though most of them were privately printed in 1862, in the small Edition referred to in the Preface, for circulation among my personal friends, at the request of some of whom they are now reprinted and appended to the present work.

D.

Knowsley, October, 1867.

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HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

F Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse, The vengeance, deep and deadly; whence to Greece Unnumbered ills arose; which many a soul Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades Untimely sent; they on the battle plain 5 Unburied lay, a prey to ravening dogs, And carrion birds; fulfilling thus the plan Devised of Jove, since first in wordy war, The mighty Agamemnon, King of men, Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son. 10 Say then, what God the fatal strife provoked? Jove's and Latona's son; he, filled with wrath Against the King, with deadly pestilence The camp afflicted,—and the people died,— For Chryses' sake, his priest, whom Atreus' son 15 With scorn dismissed, when to the Grecian ships He came, his captive daughter to redeem, With costly ransom charged; and in his hand The sacred fillet of his God he bore. And golden staff; to all he sued, but chief 20 To Atreus' sons, twin captains of the host: "Ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greaved Greeks, May the great Gods, who on Olympus dwell, VOL. I. В

Grant you yon hostile city to destroy,	
And home return in safety; but my child	25
Restore, I pray; her proffered ransom take,	
And in his priest, the Lord of light revere."	
Then through the ranks assenting murmurs ran,	
The priest to reverence, and the ransom take:	
Not so Atrides; he, with haughty mien,	30
And bitter speech, the trembling sire dismissed:	
"Old man, I warn thee, that beside our ships	
I find thee not, or lingering now, or back	
Returning; lest thou prove of small avail	
Thy golden staff, and fillet of thy God.	35
Her I release not, till her youth be fled;	
Within my walls, in Argos, far from home,	
Her lot is cast, domestic cares to ply,	
And share a master's bed. For thee, begone!	
Incense me not, lest ill betide thee now."	40
He said: the old man trembled, and obeyed;	
Beside the many-dashing Ocean's shore	
Silent he passed; and all apart, he prayed	
To great Apollo, fair Latona's son:	
"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care	45
Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale;	
Whose sovereign sway o'er Tenedos extends;	
O Smintheus, hear! if e'er my offered gifts	
Found favour in thy sight; if e'er to thee	
I burned the fat of bulls and choicest goats,	50
Grant me this boon—upon the Grecian host	
Let thine unerring darts avenge my tears."	
Thus as he prayed, his prayer Apollo heard:	
Down from Olympus' heights he passed, his heart	

Burning with wrath; behind his shoulders hung

His bow, and ample quiver; at his back
Rattled the fateful arrows as he moved;
Like the night-cloud he passed; and from afar
He bent against the ships, and sped the bolt;
And fierce and deadly twanged the silver bow.

60
First on the mules and dogs, on man the last,
Was poured the arrowy storm; and through the camp,
Constant and numerous, blazed the funeral fires.

Nine days the heavenly Archer on the troops
Hurled his dread shafts; the tenth, the assembled Greeks

65
Achilles called to council: so inspired

Nine days the heavenly Archer on the troops
Hurled his dread shafts; the tenth, the assembled Greeks 65
Achilles called to council; so inspired
By Juno, white-armed Goddess, who beheld
With pitying eyes the wasting hosts of Greece.
When all were met, and closely thronged around,
Rose the swift-footed chief, and thus began: 70

"Great son of Atreus, to my mind there seems, If we would 'scape from death, one only course, Home to retrace our steps: since here at once By war and pestilence our forces waste. But seek we first some prophet, or some priest, Or some wise vision-seer (since visions too From Jove proceed), who may the cause explain, Which with such deadly wrath Apollo fires: If for neglected hecatombs or prayers He blame us; or if fat of lambs and goats May soothe his anger and the plague assuage."

This said, he sat; and Thestor's son arose, Calchas, the chief of seers, to whom were known The present, and the future, and the past; Who, by his mystic art, Apollo's gift,

85

80

75

Guided to Ilion's shore the Grecian fleet.	
Who thus with cautious speech replied, and said:	
"Achilles, loved of Heaven, thou bidd'st me say	
•	
Why thus incensed the far-destroying King:	^^
,	90
By word and hand, to bear me harmless through.	
For well I know my speech must one offend,	
The Argive chief, o'er all the Greeks supreme;	
And terrible to men of low estate	
8,	95
He veil his wrath, yet in his bosom pent	
It still is nursed, until the time arrive;	
Say, then, wilt though protect me, if I speak?"	
Him answered thus Achilles, swift of foot:	
"Speak boldly out whate'er thine art can tell; 1	00
For by Apollo's self I swear, whom thou,	
O Calchas, serv'st, and who thy words inspires,	
That, while I live, and see the light of Heaven,	
Not one of all the Greeks shall dare on thee,	
Beside our ships, injurious hands to lay:	05
No, not if Agamemnon's self were he,	
Who 'mid our warriors boasts the foremost place."	
Emboldened thus, the unerring prophet spoke:	
"Not for neglected hecatombs or prayers,	
But for his priest, whom Agamemnon scorned, 1	10
Nor took his ransom, nor his child restored;	
On his account the Far-destroyer sends	
This scourge of pestilence, and yet will send;	
Nor shall we cease his heavy hand to feel,	
	15
Unbought, unransomed, and to Chrysa's shore	

A solemn hecatomb despatch; this done,	
The God, appeased, his anger may remit."	
This said, he sat; and Atreus' godlike son,	
The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, rose,	120
His dark soul filled with fury, and his eyes	
Flashing like flames of fire; on Calchas first	
A withering glance he cast, and thus he spoke:	
"Prophet of ill! thou never speak'st to me	
But words of evil omen; for thy soul	125
Delights to augur ill, but aught of good	
Thou never yet hast promised, nor performed.	
And now among the Greeks thou spread'st abroad	
Thy lying prophecies, that all these ills	
Come from the Far-destroyer, for that I	130
Refused the ransom of my lovely prize,	
And that I rather chose herself to keep,	
To me not less than Clytemnestra dear,	
My virgin-wedded wife; nor less adorned	
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind.	135
Yet, if it must be so, I give her back;	
I wish my people's safety, not their death.	
But seek me out forthwith some other spoil,	
Lest empty-handed I alone appear	
Of all the Greeks; for this would ill beseem;	140
And how I lose my present share, ye see."	
To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:	
"Haughtiest of men, and greediest of the prey!	
How shall our valiant Greeks for thee seek out	
Some other spoil? no common fund have we	145
Of hoarded treasures; what our arms have won	
From captured towns, has been already shared.	

Nor can we now resume the apportioned spoil. Restore the maid, obedient to the God! And if Heaven will that we the strong-built walls 150 Of Troy should raze, our warriors will to thee A threefold, fourfold recompense assign." To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus: "Think not, Achilles, valiant though thou art In fight, and godlike, to defraud me thus; 155 Thou shalt not so persuade me, nor o'erreach. Think'st thou to keep thy portion of the spoil, While I with empty hands sit humbly down? The bright-eved girl thou bidd'st me to restore: If then the valiant Greeks for me seek out 160 Some other spoil, some compensation just, 'Tis well: if not, I with my own right hand Will from some other chief, from thee perchance, Or Ajax, or Ulysses, wrest his prey; And wee to him, on whomsee'er I call! 165 But this for future counsel we remit: Haste we then now our dark-ribbed bark to launch, Muster a fitting crew, and place on board The sacred hecatomb; then last embark The fair Chryseis; and in chief command 170 Let some one of our councillors be placed. Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus, Or thou, the most ambitious of them all, That so our rites may soothe the angry God." To whom Achilles thus with scornful glance: 175 "Oh, clothed in shamelessness! oh, sordid soul! How canst thou hope that any Greek for thee Will brave the toils of travel or of war?

Well dost thou know that 't was no feud of mine With Troy's brave sons that brought me here in arms; 180 They never did me wrong; they never drove My cattle, or my horses: never sought In Phthia's fertile, life-sustaining fields To waste the crops: for wide between us lay The shadowy mountains and the roaring sea. 185 With thee, O void of shame! with thee we sailed, For Meneläus and for thee, ingrate, Just retribution to exact from Troy. All this hast thou forgotten, or despised; And threatenest now to wrest from me the prize 190 I laboured hard to win, and Greeks bestowed. Nor does my portion ever equal thine, When on some populous town our troops have made Successful war; in the contentious fight The larger portion of the toil is mine; 195 But when the day of distribution comes, Thine is the richest spoil; while I, for sooth, Must be too well content to bear on board Some paltry prize for all my warlike toil, To Phthia now I go; so better far, 200 To steer my homeward course, and leave thee here, But little like, I deem, dishonouring me, To fill thy coffers with the spoils of war." Whom answered Agamemnon, King of men: "Fly then, if such thy mind! I ask thee not 205 On mine account to stay; others there are Will guard my honour and avenge my cause: And chief of all, the Lord of counsel, Jove! Of all the Heaven-born Kings, thou art the man

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I hate the most; for thou delight'st in nought But war and strife: thy prowess I allow; Yet this, remember, is the gift of Heaven. Return then, with thy vessels, if thou wilt, And with thy followers, home; and lord it there Over thy Myrmidons! I heed thee not! 215 I care not for thy fury! Hear my threat: Since Phœbus wrests Chryseis from my arms, In mine own ship, and with mine own good crew, Her I send forth; and, in her stead, I mean, Ev'n from thy tent, myself, to bear thy prize. 220 The fair Briseis; that henceforth thou know How far I am thy master; and that, taught By thine example, others too may fear To rival me, and brave me to my face." Thus while he spake, Achilles chafed with rage; 225 And in his manly breast his heart was torn With thoughts conflicting—whether from his side To draw his mighty sword, and thrusting by The assembled throng, to kill the insulting King; Or school his soul, and keep his anger down. 230 But while in mind and spirit thus he mused, And half unsheathed his sword, from Heaven came down Minerva, sent by Juno, white-armed Queen, Whose love and care both chiefs alike enjoyed. She stood behind, and by the yellow hair 235 She held the son of Peleus, visible

To him alone, by all the rest unseen.

Achilles, wondering, turned, and straight he knew The blue-eyed Pallas; awful was her glance;

Whom thus the chief with winged words addressed: 240

270

"Why com'st thou, child of segis-bearing Jove? To see the arrogance of Atreus' son? But this I say, and will make good my words, This insolence may cost him soon his life." To whom the blue-eyed Goddess thus replied: "From Heaven I came, to curb, if thou wilt hear, Thy fury; sent by Juno, white-armed Queen, Whose love and care ye both alike enjoy. Cease, then, these broils, and draw not thus thy sword: In words, indeed, assail him as thou wilt. But this I promise, and will make it good, The time shall come, when for this insolence A threefold compensation shall be thine; Only be swayed by me, and curb thy wrath." Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot: 255 "Goddess, I needs must yield to your commands. Indignant though I be—for so 'tis best: Who hears the Gods, of them his prayers are heard." He said; and on the silver hilt he stayed His powerful hand, and flung his mighty sword 260 Back to its scabbard, to Minerva's word Obedient: she her heavenward course pursued To join the Immortals in the abode of Jove. But Peleus' son, with undiminished wrath, Atrides thus with bitter words addressed: 265 "Thou sot, with eye of dog, and heart of deer! Who never dar'st to lead in armed fight Th' assembled host, nor with a chosen few To man the secret ambush—to thy fears

Apparent death—no doubt 'tis easier far,

Girt with thy troops, to plunder of his right

Whoe'er may venture to oppose thy will! A tyrant King, because thou rul'st o'er slaves! Were it not so, this insult were thy last. But this I say, and with an oath confirm, 275 By this my royal staff, which never more Shall put forth leaf nor spray, since first it left Upon the mountain-side its parent stem, Nor blossom more: since all around the axe Hath lopped both leaf and bark, and now 'tis borne 280 Emblem of justice, by the sons of Greece, Who guard the sacred ministry of law Before the face of Jove! a mighty oath! The time shall come, when all the sons of Greece Shall mourn Achilles' loss; and thou the while, 285 Heart-rent, shall be all-impotent to aid, When by the warrior-slaver Hector's hand Many shall fall: and then thy soul shall mourn The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast." Thus spoke Pelides; and upon the ground 290 He cast his staff, with golden stude embossed, And took his seat; on the other side, in wrath, Atrides burned; but Nestor interposed; Nestor, the leader of the Pylian host, The smooth-tongued chief, from whose persuasive lips 295 Sweeter than honey flowed the stream of speech. Two generations of the sons of men For him were past and gone, who with himself Were born and bred on Pylos' lovely shore, And o'er the third he now held royal sway. 300 He thus with prudent words the chiefs addressed:

"Alas, alas! what grief is this for Greece!

What joy for Priam, and for Priam's sons! What exultation for the men of Troy, To hear of feuds 'tween you, of all the Greeks 305 The first in counsel, and the first in fight! Yet, hear my words, I pray; in years, at least, Ye both must yield to me; and in times past I lived with men, and they despised me not, Abler in counsel, greater than yourselves. . 310 Such men I never saw, and ne'er shall see, As Pirithous and Dryas, wise and brave, Cœneus, Exadius, godlike Polypheme, And Theseus, Ægeus' more than mortal son. The mightiest they among the sons of men; 315 The mightiest they, and of the forest beasts Strove with the mightiest, and their rage subdued. With them from distant lands, from Pylos' shore I joined my forces, and their call obeyed; With them I played my part; with them, not one 320 Would dare to fight of mortals now on earth. Yet they my counsels heard, my voice obeyed; And hear ye also, for my words are wise. Nor thou, though great thou be, attempt to rob Achilles of his prize, but let him keep 325 The spoil assigned him by the sons of Greece; Nor thou, Pelides, with the monarch strive In rivalry; for ne'er to sceptred King Hath Jove such powers, as to Atrides, given; And valiant though thou art, and Goddess-born, 330 Yet mightier he, for wider is his sway. Atrides, curb thy wrath! while I beseech Achilles to forbear; in whom the Greeks

From adverse war their great defender see." To whom the monarch, Agamemnon, thus: "O father, full of wisdom are thy words; But this proud chief o'er all would domineer; O'er all he seeks to rule, o'er all to reign, To all to dictate; which I will not bear.	335
Grant that the Gods have given him warlike might,	34 0
Gave they unbridled license to his tongue?"	
To whom Achilles, interrupting, thus:	
"Coward and slave indeed I might be deemed,	
Could I submit to make thy word my law;	
To others thy commands; seek not to me	345
To dictate, for I follow thee no more.	
But hear me speak, and ponder what I say:	
For the fair girl I fight not (since you choose	
To take away the prize yourselves bestowed)	
With thee or any one; but of the rest	35 0
My dark swift ship contains, against my will	
On nought shalt thou, unpunished, lay thy hand.	
Make trial if thou wilt, that these may know;	
Thy life-blood soon should reek upon my spear."	
After this conflict keen of angry speech,	355
The chiefs arose, the assembly was dispersed.	
With his own followers, and Menœtius' son,	
Achilles to his tents and ships withdrew.	
But Atreus' son launched a swift-sailing bark,	
With twenty rowers manned, and placed on board	360
The sacred hecatomb; then last embarked	
The fair Chryseis, and in chief command	
Laertes' son, the sage Ulysses, placed.	
They swiftly sped along the watery way.	

Next, proclamation through the camp was made 365 To purify the host; and in the sea, Obedient to the word, they purified: Then to Apollo solemn rites performed With faultless hecatombs of bulls and goats. Upon the margin of the watery waste; 370 And, wreathed in smoke, the savour rose to Heaven. The camp thus occupied, the King pursued His threatened plan of vengeance; to his side Calling Talthybius and Eurybates, Heralds, and faithful followers, thus he spoke: 375 "Haste to Achilles' tent, and in your hand Back with you thence the fair Briseis bring: If he refuse to send her, I myself With a sufficient force will bear her thence, Which he may find, perchance, the worse for him." 380 So spake the monarch, and with stern command Dismissed them; with reluctant steps they passed Along the margin of the watery waste, Till to the tents and ships they came, where lay The warlike Myrmidons. Their chief they found 385 Sitting beside his tent and dark-ribbed ship. Achilles marked their coming, not well pleased: With troubled mien, and awe-struck by the King, They stood, nor dared accost him; but himself Divined their errand, and addressed them thus: 390 "Welcome, ye messengers of Gods and men, Heralds! approach in safety; not with you, But with Atrides, is my just offence, Who for the fair Briseis sends you here. Go, then, Patroclus, bring the maiden forth, 395

And give her to their hands; but witness ye, Before the blessed Gods and mortal men. And to the face of that injurious King, When he shall need my arm, from shameful rout To save his followers; blinded by his rage, 400 He neither heeds experience of the past, Nor scans the future, provident how best To guard his fleet and army from the foe." He spoke: obedient to his friend and chief. Patroclus led the fair Briseis forth, 405 And gave her to their hands; they to the ships Retraced their steps, and with them the fair girl Reluctant went: meanwhile Achilles, plunged In bitter grief, from all the band apart, Upon the margin of the hoary sea 410 Sat idly gazing on the dark-blue waves; And to his Goddess-mother long he prayed. With outstretched hands, "Oh, mother! since thy son To early death by destiny is doomed, I might have hoped the Thunderer on high. 415 Olympian Jove, with honour would have crowned My little space: but now disgrace is mine: Since Agamemnon, the wide-ruling King, Hath wrested from me, and still holds, my prize." Weeping, he spoke; his Goddess-mother heard. Beside her aged father where she sat In the deep ocean-caves: ascending quick Through the dark waves, like to a misty cloud, Before her son she sat; and as he wept, She gently touched him with her hand, and said. "Why weeps my son? and whence his cause of grief?

Speak out, that I may hear, and share thy pain." To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied, Groaning, "Thou know'st; what boots to tell thee all? On Thebes we marched, Eëtion's sacred town, 430 And stormed the walls, and hither bore the spoil. The spoils were fairly by the sons of Greece Apportioned out: and to Atrides' share The beauteous daughter of old Chryses fell. Chryses, Apollo's priest, to free his child, 435 Came to the encampment of the brass-clad Greeks. With costly ransom charged; and in his hand The sacred fillet of his God he bore, And golden staff; to all he sued, but chief To Atreus' sons, twin captains of the host. 440 Then through the ranks assenting murmurs ran. The priest to reverence, and the ransom take: Not so Atrides; he, with haughty mien And bitter words, the trembling sire dismissed. The old man turned in sorrow; but his prayer 445 Phœbus Apollo heard, who loved him well. Against the Greeks he bent his fatal bow. And fast the people fell; on every side Throughout the camp the heavenly arrows flew: A skilful seer at length the cause revealed 450 Why thus incensed the Archer-God; I then, The first, gave counsel to appease his wrath. Whereat Atrides, full of fury, rose, And uttered threats, which he hath now fulfilled. For Chryses' daughter to her native land 455 In a swift-sailing ship the keen-eyed Greeks Have sent, with costly offerings to the God:

But her, assigned me by the sons of Greece,	
Brises' fair daughter, from my tent e'en now	
The heralds bear away. Then, Goddess, thou,	460
If thou hast power, protect thine injured son.	
Fly to Olympus, to the feet of Jove,	
And make thy prayer to him, if on his heart	
Thou hast in truth, by word or deed, a claim.	
For I remember, in my father's house,	465
I oft have heard thee boast, how thou, alone	
Of all the Immortals, Saturn's cloud-girt son	
Didst shield from foul disgrace, when all the rest,	
Juno, and Neptune, and Minerva joined,	
With chains to bind him; then, O Goddess, thou	470
Didst set him free, invoking to his aid	
Him of the hundred arms, whom Briareus	
The immortal Gods, and men Ægeon call.	
He, mightier than his father, took his seat	
By Saturn's son, in pride of conscious strength:	475
Fear seized on all the Gods, nor did they dare	
To bind their King: of this remind him now,	
And clasp his knees, and supplicate his aid	
For Troy's brave warriors, that the routed Greeks	
Back to their ships with slaughter may be driven;	480
That all may taste the folly of their King,	
And Agamemnon's haughty self may mourn	
The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast."	
Thus he; and Thetis, weeping, thus replied:	
	485
Would that beside thy ships thou couldst remain	
From grief exempt, and insult! since by fate	
Few years are thine, and not a lengthened term;	

At once to early death and sorrows doomed Beyond the lot of man! in evil hour 490 I gave thee birth! But to the snow-clad heights Of great Olympus, to the throne of Jove, Who wields the thunder, thy complaints I bear. Thou by thy ships, meanwhile, against the Greeks Thine anger nurse, and from the fight abstain. 495 For Jove is to a solemn banquet gone Beyond the sea, on Æthiopia's shore, Since yesternight; and with him all the Gods. On the twelfth day he purposed to return To high Olympus; thither then will I, 500 And in his brass-paved mansion clasp his knees. And urge my suit; nor, as I think, in vain." This said, she disappeared; and left him there Musing in anger on the lovely form Torn from his arms by violence away. 505 Meantime, Ulysses, with his sacred freight. Arrived at Chrysa's strand; and when his bark Had reached the shelter of the deep sea bay, Their sails they furled, and lowered to the hold; Slacked the retaining shrouds, and quickly struck And stowed away the mast; then with their sweeps Pulled for the beach, and cast their anchors out. And made her fast with cables to the shore. Then on the shingly breakwater themselves They landed, and the sacred hecatomb 515 To great Apollo; and Chryseis last. Her to the altar straight Ulysses led, The wise in counsel; in her father's hand He placed the maiden, and addressed him thus: VOL. I.

"Chryses, from Agamemnon, King of men, 520 To thee I come, thy daughter to restore; And to thy God, upon the Greeks' behalf, To offer sacrifice, if haply so We may appease his wrath, who now incensed With grievous suffering visits all our host." 525 Then to her sire he gave her; he with joy Received his child; the sacred hecatomb Around the well-built altar for the God In order due they placed; their hands then washed, And the salt cake prepared, before them all 530 With hands uplifted Chryses prayed aloud: "Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care

Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale,
Whose sovereign sway o'er Tenedos extends!
Once hast thou heard my prayer, avenged my cause, 535
And poured thy fury on the Grecian host.
Hear yet again, and grant what now I ask;
Withdraw thy chastening hand, and stay the plague."

Thus as he prayed, his prayer Apollo heard.
Their prayers concluded, and the salt cake strewed 540
Upon the victims' heads, they drew them back,
And slew, and flayed; then cutting from the thighs
The choicest pieces, and in double layers
O'erspreading them with fat, above them placed
The due meat-offerings; then the aged priest
The cleft wood kindled, and libations poured
Of ruddy wine; armed with the five-forked prongs
The attendant ministers beside him stood.
The thighs consumed with fire, the inward parts
They tasted first; the rest upon the spits

550

Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew. Their labours ended, and the feast prepared, They shared the social meal, nor lacked there aught. But when their thirst and hunger were appeased, The attendant youths the flowing goblets crowned, 555 And in fit order served the cups to all. All day they sought the favour of the God, The glorious pæans chanting, and the praise Of Phœbus: he, well pleased, the strain received. But when the sun was set, and shades of night 560 O'erspread the sky, upon the sandy beach Close to their ship they laid them down to rest, And when the rosy-fingered morn appeared, Back to the camp they took their homeward way. A favouring breeze the Far-destroyer sent: 565 They stepped the mast, and spread the snowy sail: Full in the midst the bellving sail received The gallant breeze; and round the vessel's prow The dark waves loudly roared, as on she rushed Skimming the seas, and cut her watery way. 570 Arrived where lay the wide-spread host of Greece, Their dark-ribbed vessel on the beach they drew High on the sand, and strongly shored her up: Then through the camp they took their several ways. Meantime, beside the ships Achilles sat, 575 The Heaven-born son of Peleus, swift of foot. Chafing with rage repressed: no more he sought The honoured council, nor the battle-field; But wore his soul away, and inly pined For the fierce joy and tumult of the fight. 580 But when the twelfth revolving day was come.

Back to Olympus' heights the immortal Gods,
Jove at their head, together all returned.

Then Thetis, mindful of her son's request,
Rose from the ocean wave, and sped in haste

585
To high Olympus, and the courts of Heaven.

The all-seeing son of Saturn there she found
Sitting apart upon the topmost crest
Of many-ridged Olympus; at his feet
She sat, and while her left hand clasped his knees, 590
Her right approached his beard, and suppliant thus
She made her prayer to Saturn's royal son:

"Father, if e'er amid the immortal Gods
By word or deed I did thee service true,
Hear now my prayer! Avenge my hapless son, 595
Of mortals shortest-lived, insulted now
By mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
And plundered of his lawful spoils of war.
But Jove, Olympian, Lord of counsel, Thou
Avenge his cause; and give to Trojan arms 600
Such strength and power, that Greeks may learn how much
They need my son, and give him honour due,"

She said: the Cloud-compeller answered not, But silent sat; then Thetis clasped his knees, And hung about him, and her suit renewed:

605

"Give me thy promise sure, thy gracious nod, Or else refuse (for thou hast none to fear), That I may learn, of all the immortal Gods, How far I stand the lowest in thine eyes."

Then, much disturbed, the Cloud-compeller spoke: 610 "Sad work thou mak'st, in bidding me oppose My will to Juno's, when her bitter words

Assail me; for full oft amid the Gods She taunts me, that I aid the Trojan cause. But thou return, that Juno see thee not, 615 And leave to me the furtherance of thy suit. Lo, to confirm thy faith, I nod my head; And well among the immortal Gods is known The solemn import of that pledge from me: For ne'er my promise shall deceive, or fail, 620 Or be recalled, if with a nod confirmed." He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows; Waved on the immortal head the ambrosial locks, And all Olympus trembled at his nod. They parted thus; from bright Olympus' heights 625 The Goddess hasted to her ocean-caves, Jove to his palace; at his entrance all Rose from their seats at once; not one presumed To wait his coming, but advanced to meet. Then on his throne he sat; but not unmarked 630 Of Juno's eye had been the council held In secret with the silver-footed Queen. The daughter of the aged Ocean-God; And with sharp words she thus addressed her Lord: "Tell me, deceiver, who was she with whom 635 Thou late held'st council? ever 'tis thy way Apart from me to weave thy secret schemes. Nor dost thou freely share with me thy mind." To whom the Sire of Gods and men replied: "Expect not, Juno, all my mind to know; 640 My wife thou art, yet would such knowledge be Too much for thee; whate'er I deem it fit That thou shouldst know, nor God nor man shall hear Before thee; but what I in secret plan, Seek not to know, nor curiously enquire."

645

Whom answered thus the stag-eyed Queen of Heaven:
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
Ne'er have I sought, or now, or heretofore,
Thy secret thoughts to know; what thou think'st fit
To tell, I wait thy gracious will to hear.
650
Yet fear I in my soul thou art beguiled
By wiles of Thetis, silver-footed Queen,
The daughter of the aged Ocean-God;
For she was with thee early, and embraced
Thy knees, and has, I think, thy promise sure,
655
Thou wilt avenge Achilles' cause, and bring
Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host."

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:

"Presumptuous, to thy busy thoughts thou giv'st
Too free a range, and watchest all I do;
Yet shalt thou not prevail, but rather thus
Be aliened from my heart—the worse for thee!
If this be so, it is my sovereign will.
But, now, keep silence, and my words obey,
Lest all the Immortals fail, if I be wroth,
To rescue thee from my resistless hand."

665

660

He said, and terror seized the stag-eyed Queen: Silent she sat, curbing her spirit down, And all the Gods in pitying sorrow mourned. Vulcan, the skilled artificer, then first Broke silence, and with soothing words addressed His mother, Juno, white-armed Queen of Heaven: "Sad were't, indeed, and grievous to be borne, If for the sake of mortal men you two

670

Should suffer angry passions to arise, 67	5
And kindle broils in Heaven; so should our feast	
By evil influence all its sweetness lack.	
Let me advise my mother (and I know	
That her own reason will my words approve)	
To speak my father fair; lest he again 68	0
Reply in anger, and our banquet mar:	
For Jove, the lightning's Lord, if such his will,	
Might hurl us from our seats (so great his power);	
But thou address him still with gentle words;	
So shall his favour soon again be ours."	5
This said, he rose, and in his mother's hand	
A double goblet placed, as thus he spoke:	
"Have patience, mother mine! though much enforced,	
Restrain thy spirit, lest perchance these eyes,	
Dear as thou art, behold thee brought to shame; 69	0
And I, though grieved in heart, be impotent	
To save thee; for 'tis hard to strive with Jove.	
When to thy succour once before I came,	
He seized me by the foot, and hurled me down	
From Heaven's high threshold; all the day I fell, 698	5
And with the setting sun, on Lemnos' isle	
Lighted, scarce half alive; there was I found,	
And by the Sintian people kindly nursed."	
Thus as he spoke, the white-armed Goddess smiled,	
And, smiling, from his hand received the cup. 700	0
Then to the Immortals all, in order due,	
He ministered, and from the flagon poured	
The luscious nectar; while among the Gods	
Rose laughter irrepressible, at sight '	
Of Vulcan hobbling round the spacious hall. 703	5

Thus they till sunset passed the festive hours;	
Nor lacked the banquet aught to please the sense,	
Nor sound of tuneful lyre, by Phœbus touched,	
Nor Muses' voice, who in alternate strains	
Responsive sang: but when the sun had set,	710
Each to his home departed, where for each	
The crippled Vulcan, matchless architect,	
With wondrous skill a noble house had reared.	
To his own couch, where he was wont of old,	
When overcome by gentle sleep, to rest,	715
Olympian Jove ascended; there he slept,	
And, by his side, the golden-thronèd Queen.	717

BOOK II.

ALL night in sleep reposed the other Gods, And helmed warriors; but the eyes of Jove Sweet slumber held not, pondering in his mind How to avenge Achilles' cause, and pour Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host. 5 Thus as he mused, the wisest course appeared By a deluding vision to mislead The son of Atreus; and with winged words Thus to a phantom form he gave command: "Hie thee, deluding Vision, to the camp 10 And ships of Greece, to Agamemnon's tent; There, changing nought, as I command thee speak. Bid that he arm in haste the long-haired Greeks To combat: for the wide-built streets of Trov He now may capture; since no longer dwells 15 In heavenly councils discord; all are gained By Juno's prayers; and woes impend o'er Troy." He said: the Vision heard, and straight obeyed: Swiftly he sped, and reached the Grecian ships, And sought the son of Atreus; him he found 20 Within his tent, wrapped in ambrosial sleep; Above his head he stood, like Neleus' son, Nestor, whom Agamemnon reverenced most Of all the Elders; in his likeness clothed Thus spoke the heavenly Vision; "Sleep'st thou, son 25

Of Atreus, valiant warrior, horseman bold? To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief, Charged with the public weal, and cares of state. Hear now the words I bear; to thee I come A messenger from Jove, who from on high 30 Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love. He bids thee arm in haste the long-haired Greeks To combat; for the wide-built streets of Troy Thou now mayst capture; since no longer dwells In heavenly councils discord; all are gained 35 By Juno's prayers; and woes impend o'er Troy. Bear this in mind; and when from sleep aroused Let not my words from thy remembrance fade." This said, he vanished; and the monarch left, Inspired with thoughts which ne'er should come to pass. 40 For in that day he vainly hoped to take The town of Priam; ignorant what Jove Designed in secret, or what woes, what groans. What lengthened labours in the stubborn fight, Were yet for Trojans and for Greeks in store. 45 He woke from sleep; but o'er his senses spread Dwelt still the heavenly voice; he sat upright; He donned his vest of texture fine, new-wrought. Then o'er it threw his ample robe, and bound His sandals fair around his well-turned feet: 50 And o'er his shoulders flung his sword, adorned With silver studs; and bearing in his hand His royal staff, ancestral, to the ships Where lay the brass-clad warriors, bent his way. Aurora now was rising up the steep 55 Of great Olympus, to the Gods the approach

Of day foreshowing; when Atrides bade The clear-voiced heralds to the Assembly call The general host; they gave the word, and straight From every quarter thronged the eager crowd. 60 But first, of all the Elders, by the side Of Nestor's ship, the aged Pylian chief, A secret conclave Agamemnon called; And, prudent, thus the chosen few addressed: "Hear me, my friends! In the still hours of night 65 I saw a heavenly Vision in my sleep: Most like it seemed in stature, form, and face To reverend Nestor; o'er my head it stood, And with these words addressed me-'Sleep'st thou, son Of Atreus, valiant warrior, horseman bold? 70 To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief, Charged with the public weal, and cares of state. Hear now the words I bear; to thee I come A messenger from Jove, who from on high Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love. 75 He bids thee arm in haste the long-haired Greeks To combat; for the wide-built streets of Trov Thou now mayst capture; since no longer dwells In heavenly councils discord: all are gained By Juno's prayers, and woes impend o'er Troy. 80 Bear thou my words in mind.' Thus as he spoke He vanished; and sweet sleep forsook mine eves. Seek we then straight to arm the sons of Greece: But first, as is our wont, myself will prove The spirit of the army; and suggest 85 Their homeward voyage; ye, throughout the camp Restore their courage, and restrain from flight."

Thus having said, he sat; and next arose

Nestor, the chief of Pylos' sandy shore, Who thus with prudent speech replied, and said: 90 "O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece, If any other had this Vision seen, We should have deemed it false, and laughed to scorn The idle tale; but now it hath appeared, Of all our army, to the foremost man: 95 Seek we then straight to arm the sons of Greece." He said, and from the council led the way. Uprose the sceptred monarchs, and obeyed Their leader's call, and round them thronged the crowd. As swarms of bees, that pour in ceaseless stream 100 From out the crevice of some hollow rock. Now clustering, and anon 'mid vernal flowers, Some here, some there, in busy numbers fly; So to the Assembly from their tents and ships The countless tribes came thronging; in their midst, 105 By Jove enkindled, Rumour urged them on. Great was the din; and as the mighty mass Sat down, the solid earth beneath them groaned: Nine heralds raised their voices loud, to quell The storm of tongues, and bade the noisy crowd 110 Be still, and listen to the Heaven-born Kings. At length they all were seated, and awhile Their clamours sank to silence; then uprose The monarch Agamemnon, in his hand His royal staff, the work of Vulcan's art: 115 Which Vulcan to the son of Saturn gave: To Hermes he, the heavenly messenger;

Hermes to Pelops, matchless charioteer:

Pelops to Atreus; Atreus at his death	
Bequeathed it to Thyestes, wealthy Lord	120
Of numerous herds; to Agamemnon last	
Thyestes left it; token of his sway	
O'er all the Argive coast, and neighbouring isles.	
On this the monarch leant, as thus he spoke:	
"Friends, Grecian Heroes, Ministers of Mars!	125
Grievous, and all unlooked for, is the blow	
Which Jove hath dealt me; by his promise led	
I hoped to raze the strong-built walls of Troy,	
And home return in safety; but it seems	
He falsifies his word, and bids me now	130
Return to Argos, frustrate of my hope,	
Dishonoured, and with grievous loss of men.	
Such now appears the o'er-ruling sovereign will	
Of Saturn's son; who oft hath sunk the heads	
Of many a lofty city in the dust,	135
And yet will sink; for mighty is his hand.	
Tis shame indeed that future days should hear	
How such a force as ours, so great, so brave,	
Hath thus been baffled, fighting, as we do,	
'Gainst numbers far inferior to our own,	140
And see no end of all our warlike toil.	
For should we choose, on terms of plighted truce,	
Trojans and Greeks, to number our array;	
Of Trojans, all that dwell within the town,	
And we, by tens disposed, to every ten,	145
To crown our cups, one Trojan should assign,	
Full many a ten no cupbearer would find:	
So far the sons of Greece outnumber all	
That dwall within the town hut to their aid	

Bold warriors come from all the cities round, 150 Who greatly harass me, and render vain My hope to storm the strong-built walls of Troy. Already now nine weary years have passed; The timbers of our ships are all decayed, The cordage rotted; in our homes the while 155 Our wives and helpless children sit, in vain Expecting our return; and still the work. For which we hither came, remains undone. Hear then my counsel; let us all agree Home to direct our course, since here in vain 160 We strive to take the well-built walls of Troy." Thus as he spoke, the crowd, that had not heard

The secret council, by his words was moved; So swayed and heaved the multitude, as when O'er the vast billows of the Icarian sea 165 Eurus and Notus from the clouds of Heaven Pour forth their fury; or as some deep field Of wavy corn, when sweeping o'er the plain The ruffling west wind sways the bending ears; So was the Assembly stirred; and toward the ships 170 With clamorous joy they rushed; beneath their feet Rose clouds of dust, while one to other called To seize the ships and drag them to the main. They cleared the channels, and with shouts of "home" That rose to Heaven, they knocked the shores away, 175 Then had the Greeks in shameful flight withdrawn. Had Juno not to Pallas thus appealed: "Oh Heaven! brave child of ægis-bearing Jove, Shall thus the Greeks, in ignominious flight. O'er the wide sea their homeward course pursue. 180

And as a trophy to the sons of Troy The Argive Helen leave, on whose account, Far from their home, so many valiant Greeks Have cast their lives away? Go quickly thou Amid the brass-clad Greeks, and man by man 185 Address with words persuasive, nor permit To launch their well-trimmed vessels on the deep." She said, nor did Minerva not obev. But swift descending from Olympus' heights With rapid flight she reached the Grecian ships. 190 Laertes' son, in council sage as Jove, There found she standing; he no hand had laid On his dark vessel, for with bitter grief His heart was filled; the blue-eyed Maid approached. And thus addressed him: "Great Laertes' son. 195 Ulysses, sage in council, can it be That you, the men of Greece, embarking thus On your swift ships, in ignominious flight, O'er the wide sea will take your homeward way. And as a trophy to the sons of Troy 200 The Argive Helen leave, on whose account Far from their homes so many valiant Greeks Have cast their lives away? Go quickly thou Among the multitude, and man by man Address with words persuasive, nor permit 205 To launch their well-trimmed vessels on the deep." She said: the heavenly voice Ulysses knew: Straight, springing to the course, he cast aside, And to Eurybates of Ithaca. His herald and attendant, threw his robe; 210 Then to Atrides hastened, and by him

230

Armed with his royal staff ancestral, passed With rapid step amid the ships of Greece. Each King or leader whom he found he thus With cheering words encouraged and restrained: 215 "O gallant friend, 'tis not for thee to yield, Like meaner men, to panic; but thyself Sit quiet, and the common herd restrain. Thou know'st not yet Atrides' secret mind: He tries us now, and may reprove us soon. 220 His words in council reached not all our ears: See that he work us not some ill; for fierce His anger: and the Lord of counsel, Jove. From whom proceeds all honour, loves him well." But of the common herd whome'er he found 225 Clamouring, he checked with staff and threatening words: "Good friend, keep still, and hear what others say, Thy betters far: for thou art good for nought,

Of small account in council or in fight.

All are not sovereigns here; ill fares the state
Where many masters rule; let one be Lord,
One King supreme; to whom wise Saturn's son
In token of his sovereign power hath given
The sceptre's sway and ministry of law."

Such were his words, as through the ranks he passed: 235
They from the vessels and the tents again
Thronged to the Assembly, with such rush of sound,
As when the many-dashing ocean's wave
Breaks on the shore, and foams the frothing sea.
The others all were settled in their seats:

240
Only Thersites, with unmeasured words,
Of which he had good store, to rate the chiefs,

Not over-seemly, but wherewith he thought
To move the crowd to laughter, brawled aloud.
The ugliest man was he who came to Troy:

With squinting eyes, and one distorted foot,
His shoulders round, and buried in his breast
His narrow head, with scanty growth of hair.

Against Achilles and Ulysses most
His hate was turned; on them his venom poured;
Anon, at Agamemnon's self he launched
His loud-tongued ribaldry; 'gainst him he knew
Incensed the public mind; and bawling loud,
With scurril words, he thus addressed the King:

Line 253. The text of the original leaves it somewhat in doubt whether the anger of the Greeks were directed against Thersites or Agamemnon. I believe the preponderance of authority, ancient and modern, is in favour of the former interpretation; but the latter is not without the support of some eminent scholars, and after much consideration I have been induced to adopt it. The original represents the Greeks as filled with anger and resentment against some one. Thersites was an object of general contempt, but he had done nothing to excite those feelings: indeed, apart from the offensiveness of his tone, the public sympathy was with him; for the army was deeply dissatisfied, and resented the conduct of Agamemnon towards Achilles, mainly perhaps because they had ceased to be enriched with the plunder of his successful forays (see i. 202, and ix. 387). This dissatisfaction and resentment are referred to by Neptune (xiii. 126), and by Agamemnon himself (xiv. 55). They had lately manifested themselves in the alacrity with which the whole army had caught at the insidious suggestion of abandoning the war; and, just before the second assembly, Thersites avails himself of the general feeling, constituting himself the representative of a popular grievance, to vent his personal spite against Agamemnon. Ulysses saw how dangerous such a display might be at such a moment; and artfully assuming (line 281) that the feeling was confined to Thersites alone (though in his subsequent speech, line 335, he admits and excuses the general discontent), he proceeds to cut short its expression by summary chastisement. Thereupon the fickle multitude, "despite their anger" (against Agamemnon), cannot refrain from laughing at the signal discomfiture of their self-constituted champion.

This view is very fully set forth in a note on the passage appended to a translation of the Iliad by Mr. Barter, published in 1859, but which I have only seen since the publication of this work.

"What more, thou son of Atreus, wouldst thou have? 255 Thy tents are full of brass; and in those tents Many fair women, whom, from all the spoil, We Greeks, whene'er some wealthy town we take, Choose first of all, and set apart for thee. Or dost thou thirst for gold, which here perchance 260 Some Trojan brings, the ransom of his son Captured by me, or by some other Greek? Or some new girl, to gratify thy lust, Kept for thyself apart? a leader, thou Shouldst not to evil lead the sons of Greece. 265 Ye slaves! ye coward souls! Women of Greece! I will not call you men! why go we not Home with our ships, and leave this mighty chief To gloat upon his treasures, and find out Whether in truth he need our aid, or no: 270 Who on Achilles, his superior far, Foul scorn hath cast, and robbed him of his prize. Which for himself he keeps? Achilles, sure, Is not intemperate, but mild of mood; Else, Atreus' son, this insult were thy last." 275 On Agamemnon, leader of the host, With words like these Thersites poured his hate; But straight Ulysses at his side appeared. And spoke, with scornful glance, in stern rebuke: "Thou babbling fool, Thersites, prompt of speech. Restrain thy tongue, nor singly thus presume The Kings to slander; thou, the meanest far Of all that with the Atridæ came to Trov. Ill it beseems, that such an one as thou Should lift thy voice against the Kings, and rail 285

With scurril ribaldry, and prate of home. How these affairs may end, we know not yet; Nor how, or well or ill, we may return. Cease then against Atrides, King of men. To pour thy spite, for that the valiant Greeks 290 To him, despite thy railing, as of right An ample portion of the spoils assign. But this I tell thee, and will make it good. If e'er I find thee play the fool, as now, Then may these shoulders cease this head to bear, 295 And may my son Telemachus no more Own me his father, if I strip not off Thy mantle and thy garments, aye, expose Thy nakedness, and flog thee to the ships Howling, and scourged with ignominious stripes." 300 Thus as he spoke, upon Thersites' neck And back came down his heavy staff: the wretch Shrank from the blow, and scalding tears let fall. Where struck the golden-studded staff, appeared A bloody weal: Thersites quailed, and down. 305 Quivering with pain, he sat, and wiped away, With horrible grimace, the trickling tears. The Greeks, despite their anger, laughed aloud. And one to other said, "Good faith, of all The many works Ulysses well hath done. 310 Wise in the council, foremost in the fight, He ne'er hath done a better, than when now He makes this scurril babbler hold his peace. Methinks his headstrong spirit will not soon Lead him again to vilify the Kings." 315

Thus spoke the general voice: but, staff in hand,

Ulysses rose; Minerva by his side, In likeness of a herald, bade the crowd Keep silence, that the Greeks, from first to last, Might hear his words, and ponder his advice. 320 He thus with prudent phrase his speech began: "Great son of Atreus, on thy name, O King, Throughout the world will foul reproach be cast, If Greeks forget their promise, nor make good The vow they took to thee, when hitherward 325 We sailed from Argos' grassy plains, to raze, Ere our return, the well-built walls of Troy. But now, like helpless widows, or like babes, They mourn their cruel fate, and pine for home. Tis hard indeed defeated to return; 330 The seaman murmurs, if from wife and home, Ev'n for one month, his well-found bark be stayed, Tossed by the wintry blasts and stormy sea; But us the ninth revolving year beholds Still lingering here: I cannot therefore blame 335 Our valiant Greeks, if by the ships I hear Their murmurs; yet 'twere surely worst of all Long to remain, and bootless to return. Bear up, my friends, remain awhile, and see If Calchas truly prophesy, or no. 340 For this ye all have seen, and can yourselves Bear witness, all who yet are spared by fate. Not long ago, when ships of Greece were met At Aulis, charged with evil freight for Troy, And we, around a fountain, to the Gods 345 Our altars reared, with faultless hecatombs. Near a fair plane-tree, where bright water flowed.

Behold a wonder! by Olympian Jove Sent forth to light, a snake, with blood-red back, Of aspect fearful, issuing from beneath 350 The altars, glided to the plane-tree straight. There, on the topmost bough, beneath the leaves Cowering, a sparrow's callow nestlings lay; Eight fledglings, and the parent bird the ninth. All the eight nestlings, uttering piercing cries, 355 The snake devoured; and as the mother flew, Lamenting o'er her offspring, round and round, Uncoiling, caught her, shricking, by the wing. Then, when the sparrow's nestlings and herself The snake had swallowed, by the God, who first 360 Sent him to light, a miracle was wrought: For Jove, the deep-designing Saturn's son, Turned him to stone; we stood, and wondering gazed. But when this prodigy befell our rites, Calchas, inspired of Heaven, took up his speech: 365 'Ye long-haired sons of Greece, why stand ye thus In mute amaze? Olympian Jove this sign, Late sent, of late fulfilment, but of fame Undving, hath vouchsafed us; as ye saw The snake devour the sparrow and her young, 370 Eight nestlings, and the parent bird the ninth; So, for so many years, are we condemned To wage a fruitless war; but in the tenth The wide-built city shall at last be ours.' Thus he foretold, and now the time is come. 375 Here then, ye well-greaved Greeks, let all remain, Till Priam's wealthy city be our own." He said, and loudly cheered the Greeks-and loud

From all the hollow ships came back the cheers-380 In admiration of Ulysses' speech. Gerenian Nestor next took up the word: "Like children, Grecian warriors, ye debate; Like babes to whom unknown are feats of arms. Where then are now our solemn covenants. Our plighted oaths? Go, cast we to the fire 385 Our councils held, our warriors' plans matured, Our absolute pledges, and our hand-plight given, In which our trust was placed; since thus in vain In words we wrangle, and how long soe'er We here remain, solution none we find. 390 Atrides, thou, as is thy wont, maintain Unchanged thy counsel; for the stubborn fight Array the Greeks; and let perdition seize Those one or two, who from the host aloof Their separate schemes are planning (whose designs 395 Shall never reach fulfilment) of return To Argos, ere we prove if Jove indeed Will falsify his promised word, or no. For well I ween, that on the day when first We Grecians hitherward our course addressed. 400 To Troy the messengers of blood and death, The o'er-ruling son of Saturn, on our right His lightning flashing, with auspicious sign Assured us of his favour; let not then The thoughts of home be breathed, ere Trojan wives Given to our warriors, retribution pay For wrongs by us, in Helen's cause, sustained. But who-so longs, if such an one there be, To make his homeward voyage, let him take

His well-rigged bark, and go; before the rest	410
To meet the doom of death! But thou, O King!	
Be well advised thyself, and others lead	
By wholesome counsel; for the words I speak	
Are not to be despised; by tribes and clans,	
O Agamemnon! range thy troops, that so	415
Tribe may to tribe give aid, and clan to clan.	
If thus thou do, and Greeks thy words obey,	
Then shalt thou see, of chiefs and troops alike,	
The good and bad; for so shall all display	
Their several powers; and if thou fail, shalt know	420
Whether thy failure be of Heaven's decree,	
Or man's default and ignorance of war."	
To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus:	
"Father, in council, of the sons of Greece,	
None can compare with thee; and would to Jove,	425
To Pallas, and Apollo, at my side	
I had but ten such counsellors as thee!	
Then soon should royal Priam's city fall,	
Tak'n and destroyed by our victorious hands.	
But now on me hath ægis-bearing Jove,	430
The son of Saturn, fruitless toil imposed,	
And hurtful quarrels; for in wordy war	
About a girl, Achilles and myself	
Engaged; and I, alas! the strife began:	
Could we be friends again, delay were none,	435
How short soe'er, of Ilion's final doom.	
But now to breakfast, ere we wage the fight.	
Each sharpen well his spear, his shield prepare,	
Each to his fiery steeds their forage give,	
Each look his chariot o'er that through the day	440

We may unwearied stem the tide of war; For respite none, how short soe'er, shall be, Till night shall bid the storm of battle cease. With sweat shall reek upon each warrior's breast The leathern belt beneath the covering shield; 445 And hands shall ache that wield the ponderous spear: With sweat shall reek the fiery steeds that draw Each warrior's car: but whomsoe'er I find Loitering beside the beaked ships, for him 'Twere hard to 'scape the vultures and the dogs." He said; and from the applauding ranks of Greece Rose a loud sound, as when the ocean wave, Driven by the south wind on some lofty beach, Dashes against a prominent crag, exposed To blasts from every storm that roars around. 455 Uprising then, and through the camp dispersed, They took their several ways, and by their tents The fires they lighted, and the meal prepared; And each to some one of the immortal Gods His offering made, that in the coming fight 460 He might escape the bitter doom of death. But to the o'er-ruling son of Saturn, Jove, A sturdy ox, well-fattened, five years old. Atrides slew; and to the banquet called The aged chiefs and councillors of Greece: 465 Nestor the first, the King Idomeneus. The two Ajaces next, and Tydeus' son, Ulysses sixth, as Jove in council sage. But uninvited Meneläus came. Knowing what cares upon his brother pressed. 470 Around the ox they stood, and on his head

The salt cake sprinkled; then amid them all The monarch Agamemnon prayed aloud: "Most great, most glorious Jove! who dwell'st on high. In clouds and darkness veiled, grant Thou that ere 475 This sun shall set, and night o'erspread the earth, I may the haughty walls of Priam's house Lav prostrate in the dust; and burn with fire His lofty gates; and strip from Hector's breast His sword-rent tunic, while around his corpse 480 Many brave comrades, prostrate, bite the dust." Thus he; but Saturn's son his prayer denied; Received his offerings, but his toils increased. Their prayers concluded, and the salt cake strewed Upon the victim's head, they drew him back, 485 And slew, and flayed; then cutting from the thighs The choicest pieces, and in double layers O'erspreading them with fat, above them placed The due meat-offerings; these they burnt with logs Of leafless timber; and the inward parts, 490 First to be tasted, o'er the fire they held. The thighs consumed with fire, the inward parts They tasted first; the rest upon the spits Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew. Their labours ended, and the feast prepared, 495 They shared the social meal, nor lacked there aught. But when their thirst and hunger were appeared, Gerenian Nestor thus his speech began: "Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men, Great Atreus' son, waste we not time in words, 500 The work delaying which the powers of Heaven

Have trusted to our hands; do thou forthwith

Bid that the heralds proclamation make, And summon through the camp the brass-clad Greeks; While, in a body, through the wide-spread ranks 505 We pass, and stimulate their warlike zeal."

He said; and Agamemnon, King of men, Obedient to his counsel, gave command That to the war the clear-voiced heralds call The long-haired Greeks: they gave the word, and straight 510 From every quarter thronged the eager crowd. The Heaven-born Kings, encircling Atreus' son. Marshalled their forces: Pallas, blue-eyed Maid, Before the chiefs her glorious ægis bore. By time untouched, immortal: all around 515 A hundred tassels hung, rare works of art, All gold, each one a hundred oxen's price. With this, in haste, along the ranks she sped, Exciting all; and fixed in every breast The firm resolve to wage unwearied war; 520 And dearer to their hearts than thoughts of home Or wished return, became the battle-field.

As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,
Hath seized the blazing woods, afar is seen
The glaring light; so, as they moved, to Heaven
525
Flashed the bright glitter of their burnished arms.

As various tribes of wingèd fowl, or geese,
Or cranes, or long-necked swans, on Asian mead,
Besides Cäyster's stream, now here, now there,
Disporting, ply their wings; then settle down 530
With clamorous noise, that all the mead resounds;
So to Scamander's plain, from tents and ships,
Poured forth the countless tribes; the firm earth groaned

Beneath the tramp of steeds and armed men. Upon Scamander's flowery mead they stood, 535 Unnumbered as the vernal leaves and flowers. Or as the multitudinous swarms of flies. That round the cattle-sheds in spring-tide pour, While the warm milk is frothing in the pail; So numberless upon the plain, arrayed 540 For Troy's destruction, stood the long-haired Greeks. And as experienced goat-herds, when their flocks Are mingled in the pasture, portion out Their several charges, so the chiefs arrayed Their squadrons for the fight; while in the midst 545 The mighty monarch Agamemnon moved: His eye, and lofty brow, the counterpart Of Jove, the Lord of thunder; in his girth Another Mars, with Neptune's ample chest. As 'mid the thronging heifers in a herd 550 Stands, proudly eminent, the lordly bull; So, by Jove's will, stood eminent that day, 'Mid many heroes, Atreus' godlike son. Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell, Muses (for ye are Goddesses, and ye 555 Were present, and know all things: we ourselves But hear from Rumour's voice, and nothing know), Who were the chiefs and mighty Lords of Greece. But should I seek the multitude to name. Not if ten tongues were mine, ten mouths to speak, 560 Voice inexhaustible, and heart of brass, Should I succeed, unless, Olympian maids, The progeny of ægis-bearing Jove, Ye should their names record, who came to Troy.

The chiefs, and all the ships, I now rehearse.	565
Bœotia's troops by Peneleus were led,	
And Leitus, and Prothöenor bold,	
Arcesilas and Clonius: they who dwelt	
In Hyria, and on Aulis' rocky coast,	
Scoenus, and Scolus, and the highland range	570
Of Etëonus; in Thespeia's vale,	
Graia, and Mycalessus' wide-spread plains:	
And who in Harma and Eilesium dwelt,	
And in Erythræ, and in Eleon,	
Hyle, and Peteon, and Ocalea,	575
In Copee, and in Medeon's well-built fort,	
Eutresis, Thisbe's dove-frequented woods,	
And Coronea, and the grassy meads	
Of Haliartus, and Platæa's plain;	
In Glissa, and the foot of Lower Thebes,	580
And in Onchestus, Neptune's sacred grove;	
And who in viny-clustered Arne dwelt,	
And in Mideia, and the lovely site	
Of Nissa, and Anthedon's utmost bounds.	
With these came fifty vessels; and in each	585
Were six score youths, Bœotia's noblest flower.	
Who in Aspledon dwelt, and Minyas' realm	
Orchomenus, two sons of Mars obeyed,	
Ascalaphus, and bold Ialmenus;	
In Actor's house, the son of Azeus, born	590
Of fair Astyoche, a maiden pure,	
Till in the upper chamber, where she slept,	
Stout Mars by stealth her virgin bed assailed:	
Of these came thirty ships in order due.	
By Schedius and Enistrophus, the sons	595

Of great Iphitus, son of Naubolus,	
Were led the Phocian forces; these were they	
Who dwelt in Cyparissus, and the rock	
Of Python, and on Crissa's lovely plain;	
And who in Daulis, and in Panope,	600
Anemorea and Hyampolis,	
And by Cephisus' sacred waters dwelt,	
Or in Lilæa, by Cephisus' springs.	
In their command came forty dark-ribbed ships.	
These were the leaders of the Phocian bands,	605
And on Bœotia's left their camp was pitched.	
Ajax, Oïleus' son, the Locrians led;	
Swift-footed, less than Ajax Telamon,	
Of stature low, with linen breastplate armed:	
But skilled to throw the spear o'er all who dwell	610
In Hellas or Achaia: these were they	
From Cynos, Opus, and Calliarus,	
Bessa, and Scarpha, and Augæa fair,	
Tarpha, and Thronium, by Boagrius' stream.	
Him from beyond Eubœa's sacred isle,	615
Of Locrians followed forty dark-ribbed ships.	
Breathing firm courage high, the Abantian host,	
Who from Eubœa and from Chalcis came,	
Or who in vine-clad Histiæa dwelt,	
Eretria, and Cerinthus maritime,	620
And who the lofty fort of Dium held,	
And in Carystus and in Styra dwelt:	
These Elephenor led, true plant of Mars,	
Chalcodon's son, the brave Abantian chief.	
Him, all conspicuous with their long back hair,	625
The hold Abantians followed: spearmen skilled	

Who through the foemen's breastplates knew full well, Held in firm grasp, to drive the ashen spear. In his command came forty dark-ribbed ships. Those who in Athens' well-built city dwelt. 630 The noble-souled Erectheus' heritage: Child of the fertile soil, by Pallas reared, Daughter of Jove, who him in Athens placed In her own wealthy temple; there with blood Of bulls and lambs, at each revolving year, 635 The youths of Athens do him sacrifice; These by Menestheus, Petëus' son, were led. With him might none of mortal men compare, In order due of battle to array Chariots and buckler'd men; Nestor alone 640 Perchance might rival him, his elder far. In his command came fifty dark-ribbed ships. Twelve ships from Salamis with Ajax came, And they beside the Athenian troops were ranged. Those who from Argos, and the well-walled town 645 Of Tyrins came, and from Hermione, And Asine, deep-bosom'd in the bay: And from Træzene and Eione, And vine-clad Epidaurus; and the youths Who dwelt in Mases, and Ægina's isle; 650 O'er all of these the valiant Diomed Held rule; and Sthenelus, the illustrious son Of far-famed Capaneus; with these, the third, A godlike warrior came, Euryalus, Son of Mecistheus, Taläus' royal son. 655 Supreme o'er all was valiant Diomed. In their command came eighty dark-ribbed ships.

Who in Mycenæ's well-built fortress dwelt,	
And wealthy Corinth, and Cleone fair,	
Orneia, and divine Aræthure,	6 60
And Sicyon, where Adrastus reigned of old,	
And Gonoessa's promontory steep,	
And Hyperesia, and Pellene's rock;	
In Ægium, and the scattered towns that lie	
Along the beach, and wide-spread Helice;	665
Of these a hundred ships obeyed the rule	
Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son.	
The largest and the bravest host was his;	
And he himself, in dazzling armour clad,	
O'er all the heroes proudly eminent,	670
Went forth exulting in his high estate,	
Lord of the largest host, and chief of chiefs.	
Those who in Lacedæmon's lowland plains,	
And who in Sparta and in Phare dwelt,	
And who on Messa's dove-frequented cliffs,	675
Bryseia, and Ægæa's lovely vale,	
And in Amyclæ, and the sea-bathed fort	
Of Helos, Œtylus and Laas dwelt,	
His valiant brother Meneläus led,	
With sixty ships; but ranged apart they lay.	680
Their chief, himself in martial ardour bold,	
Inspiring others, filled with fierce desire	•
The rape of Helen and his wrongs to avenge.	
They who in Pylos and Arene dwelt,	
And Thryum, by the ford of Alpheus' stream,	685
In Cyparissus and Amphigene,	
Pteleon, and lofty Æpus' well-built fort,	
Helos, and Dorium, where the Muses met,	

And put to silence Thracian Thamyris, As from Œchalia, from the royal house 690 Of Eurytus he came: he. over-bold. Boasted himself pre-eminent in song, Ev'n though the daughters of Olympian Jove. The Muses, were his rivals: they in wrath Him of his sight at once and power of song 695 Amerced, and bade his hand forget the lyre. These by Gerenian Nestor all were led. In fourscore ships and ten in order due. They of Arcadia, and the realm that lies Beneath Cyllene's mountain high, around 700 The tomb of Æpytus, a warrior race; The men of Pheneus and Orchomenus In flocks abounding; who in Ripa dwelt, In Stratia, and Enispe's breezy height, Or Tegea held, and sweet Mantinea, 705 Stymphalus and Parrhasia; these were led By Agapenor brave, Anchæus' son, In sixty ships: in each a numerous crew Of stout Arcadian youths, to war inured. The ships, wherewith they crossed the dark-blue sea. 710 Were given by Agamemnon, King of men, The son of Atreus; for the Arcadian youth Had neer to maritime pursuits been trained. Who in Buprasium and in Elis dwelt. Far as Hyrmine, and the extremest bounds 715 Of Myrsinus; and all the realm that lies Between Aleisium and the Olenian rock; These by four chiefs were led; and ten swift ships. By bold Epeians manned, each chief obeyed.

Amphimachus and Thalpius were the first,	720
Sons of two brothers, Cteatus the one,	
The other Eurytus, to Actor born;	
Next Amarynceus' son, Diores bold;	
The fourth Polyxenus, the godlike son	
Of Augeas' royal heir, Agasthenes.	725
They of Dulichium, and the sacred isles,	
The Echinades, which face, from o'er the sea,	
The coast of Elis, were by Meges led,	
The son of Phyleus, dear to Jove, in arms	
Valiant as Mars; who, with his sire at feud,	730
Had left his home, and to Dulichium come:	
In his command were forty dark-ribbed ships.	
Those who from warlike Cephallenia came,	
And Ithaca, and leafy Neritus,	
And Crocyleium; rugged Ægilips,	735
And Samos, and Zacynthus, and the coast	
Of the mainland with its opposing isles;	
These in twelve ships, with scarlet-painted bows,	
Ulysses led, in council sage as Jove.	
Thoas, Andræmon's son, the Ætolians led;	74 0
From Pleuron, and Pylone, Olenus,	
Chalcis-by-sea, and rocky Calydon:	
The race of Œneus was no more; himself,	
And fair-hair'd Meleager, both were dead:	
Whence all Ætolia's rule on him was laid.	745
In his command came forty dark-ribbed ships.	
The King Idomeneus the Cretans led,	
From Cnossus, and Gortyna's well-walled town,	
Miletus, and Lycastus' white-stone cliffs,	
Lyctus, and Phæstus, Rhytium, and the rest	750
TOT I	

Whom Crete from all her hundred cities sent:	
These all Idomeneus, a spearman skilled,	
Their King, commanded; and Meriones,	
In battle terrible as blood-stained Mars.	
In their command came fourscore dark-ribbed ships.	758
Valiant and tall, the son of Hercules,	
Tlepolemus, nine vessels brought from Rhodes,	
By gallant Rhodians manned, who tripartite	
Were settled, and in Ialyssus dwelt,	
In Lindus, and Cameirus' white-stone hills.	760
These all renowned Tlepolemus obeyed,	
Who to the might of Hercules was born	
Of fair Astyoche; his captive she,	
When many a goodly town his arms had razed,	
Was brought from Ephyra, by Selles' stream.	765
Reared in the royal house, Tlepolemus,	
In early youth, his father's uncle slew,	
A warrior once, but now in life's decline,	
Lycimnius; then in haste a fleet he built,	
Mustered a numerous host; and fled, by sea,	770
The threatened vengeance of the other sons	
And grandsons of the might of Hercules.	
Long wanderings past, and toils and perils borne,	
To Rhodes he came; his followers, by their tribes,	
Three districts formed; and so divided, dwelt,	775
Beloved of Jove, the King of Gods and men,	
Who showered upon them boundless store of wealth	n.
Nireus three well-trimmed ships from Syme brough	t;
Nireus, to Charops whom Aglaia bore;	
Nireus, the goodliest man of all the Greeks,	780
Who came to Troy, save Peleus' matchless son:	

But scant his fame, and few the troops he led.	
Who in Nisyrus and in Carpathus,	
And Cos, the fortress of Eurypylus,	
And Casos dwelt, and the Calydnian Isles,	785
Were by Phidippus led, and Antiphus,	
Two sons of Thessalus, Alcides' son;	
With them came thirty ships in order due.	
Next those who in Pelasgian Argos dwelt,	
And who in Alos, and in Alope,	790
Trachys, and Phthia, and in Hellas famed	
For women fair; of these, by various names,	
Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenes, known,	
In fifty ships, Achilles was the chief.	
But from the battle-strife these all abstained,	795
Since none there was to marshal their array.	
For Peleus' godlike son, the swift of foot,	
Lay idly in his tent, the loss resenting	
Of Brises' fair-haired daughter; whom himself	
Had chosen, prize of all his warlike toil,	800
When he Lyrnessus and the walls of Thebes	000
O'erthrew, and Mynes and Epistrophus	
Struck down, bold warriors both, Evenus' sons,	
Selepius' royal heir; for her in wrath,	
He held aloof, but soon again to appear.	805
Those in the flowery plain of Pyrrhasus,	
To Ceres dear, who dwelt; in Phylace,	
In Iton, rich in flocks, and, by the sea,	
In Antron, and in Pteleon's grass-clad meads;	
These led Protesiläus, famed in arms,	810
While yet he lived; now laid beneath the sod.	
In Phylace were left his weeping wife,	
E 2	

And half-built house; him, springing to the shore, First of the Greeks, a Dardan warrior slew. Nor were his troops, their leader though they mourned, 815 Left leaderless; the post of high command Podarces claimed of right, true plant of Mars, Iphiclus' son, the rich Phylacides; The brother of Protesiläus he, Younger in years, nor equal in renown; 820 Yet of a chief no want the forces felt. Though much they mourned their valiant leader slain. In his command came forty dark-ribbed ships. Those who from Pheræ came, beside the lake Bœbeis, and who dwelt in Glaphyræ, 825 In Boebe, and Iolcos' well-built fort, These in eleven ships Eumelus led. Whom Pelias' daughter, fairest of her race. Divine Alcestis to Admetus bore. Who in Methone and Thaumacia dwelt, 830 In Meliboea and Olizon's rock; These Philoctetes, skilful archer, led. Seven ships were theirs, and every ship was manned By fifty rowers, skilful archers all. But he, their chief, was lying, racked with pain, 835 On Lemnos' sacred isle; there left perforce In torture from a venomous serpent's wound: There he in anguish lay; nor long, ere Greeks Of royal Philoctetes felt their need. Yet were his troops, their leader though they mourned, 840 Not leaderless: Oïleus' bastard son. Medon, of Rhene born, their ranks arrayed.

Who in Œchalia, Eurytus' domain,

In Tricca, and in rough Ithome dwelt,	
These Podalirius and Machaon led,	845
Two skilful leeches, Æsculapius' sons.	
Of these came thirty ships in order due.	
Who in Ormenium and Asterium dwelt,	
By Hypereia's fount, and on the heights	
Of Titanum's white peaks, of these was chief	850
Eurypylus, Euæmon's gallant son;	
In his command came forty dark-ribbed ships.	
Who in Argissa and Gyrtona dwelt,	
Ortha, Elone, and the white-walled town	
Of Oloösson, Polypætes led;	855
Son of Pirithöus, progeny of Jove,	
A warrior bold; Hippodamia fair	
Him to Pirithöus bore, what time he slew	
The shaggy Centaurs, and from Pelion's heights	
For refuge 'mid the rude Æthices drove.	860
Nor he alone; with him to Troy there came	
A scion true of Mars, Leonteus, heir	
Of nobly-born Coronus, Cæneus' son.	
In their command came forty dark-ribbed ships.	
With two and twenty vessels Gouneus came	865
From Cyphus; he the Enienes led,	
And the Peræbians' warlike tribes, and those	
Who dwelt around Dodona's wintry heights,	
Or tilled the soil upon the lovely banks	
Of Titaresius, who to Peneus pours	870
The tribute of his clearly-flowing stream;	
Yet mingles not with Peneus' silver waves,	
But on the surface floats like oil, his source	
From Styx deriving, in whose awful name	

905

Both Gods and men by holiest oaths are bound. 875 Magnesia's troops, who dwelt by Peneus' stream, Or beneath Pelion's leafy-quivering shades. Swift-footed Prothöus led, Tenthredon's son: In his command came forty dark-ribbed ships. These were the leaders and the chiefs of Greece: 880 Say, Muse, of these, who with the Atridæ came, Horses and men, who claimed the highest praise. Of steeds, the bravest and the noblest far Were those Eumelus drove. Admetus' son: Both swift as birds, in age and colour matched, 885 Alike in height, as measured o'er the back; Both mares, by Phœbus of the silver bow Reared in Pieria, thunderbolts of war. Of men, while yet Achilles held his wrath, The mightiest far was Ajax Telamon; 890 For with Achilles, and the steeds that bore The matchless son of Peleus, none might vie: But 'mid his beaked ocean-going ships He lay, with Agamemnon, Atreus' son, Indignant; while his troops upon the beach 895 With quoits and javelins whiled away the day. And feats of archery; their steeds the while The lotus-grass and marsh-grown parsley cropped, Each standing near their car; the well-wrought cars Lay all unheeded in the warriors' tents; 900 They, inly pining for their godlike chief, Roamed listless up and down, nor joined the fray. Such was the host, which, like devouring fire, O'erspread the land; the earth beneath them groaned:

As when the Lord of thunder, in his wrath,

The earth's foundations shakes, in Arimi. Where, buried deep, 'tis said, Typhoeus lies; So at their coming, grouned beneath their feet The earth, as quickly o'er the plain they spread. To Troy, sent down by ægis-bearing Jove, 910 With direful tidings storm-swift Iris came. At Priam's gate, in solemn conclave met. Were gathered all the Trojans, young and old: Swift Iris stood amidst them, and, the voice Assuming of Polites, Priam's son, 915 The Trojan scout, who, trusting to his speed. Was posted on the summit of the mound Of ancient Æsuetes, there to watch Till from their ships the Grecian troops should march: His voice assuming, thus the Goddess spoke: 920 "Old man, as erst in peace, so still thou lov'st The strife of words; but fearful war is nigh. Full many a host in line of battle ranged My eyes have seen; but such a force as this. So mighty and so vast, I ne'er beheld: 925 In number as the leaves, or as the sand. Against the city o'er the plain they come. Then, Hector, for to thee I chiefly speak, This do; thou know'st how various our allies. Of different nations and discordant tongues: 930 Let each then those command o'er whom he reigns, And his own countrymen in arms array." She said; and Hector knew the voice divine, And all, dissolved the council, flew to arms. The gates were opened wide; forth poured the crowd, 935 Both foot and horse; and loud the tumult rose.

Before the city stands a lofty mound,	
Each way encircled by the open plain;	
Men call it Batizea; but the Gods	
The tomb of swift Myrinna; mustered there	94 0
The Trojans and Allies their troops arrayed.	
The mighty Hector of the glancing helm,	
The son of Priam, led the Trojan host:	
The largest and the bravest band were they,	
Bold spearmen all, who followed him in arms.	945
Anchises' valiant son, Æneas, led	
The Dardans; him, 'mid Ida's jutting peaks,	
Immortal Venus to Anchises bore,	
A Goddess yielding to a mortal's love:	
With him, well skilled in war, Archilochus	950
And Acamas, Antenor's gallant sons.	
Who in Zeleia dwelt, at Ida's foot,	
Of Trojan race, a wealthy tribe, who drank	
Of dark Æsepus' waters, these were led	
By Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son,	955
Taught by Apollo's self to draw the bow.	
Who from Adraste, and Apæsus' realm,	
From Pityeia, and the lofty hill	
Tereian came, with linen corslets girt,	
Adrastus and Amphius led; two sons	960
Of Merops of Percote; deeply versed	
Was he in prophecy; and from the war	
Would fain have kept his sons; but they, by fate	
Doomed to impending death, his caution scorned.	
Those who from Practium and Percote came,	965
And who in Sestos and Abydos dwelt,	
And in Arisba fair; those Asius led,	

The son of Hyrtacus, of heroes chief;	
Asius the son of Hyrtacus, who came	
From fair Arisba, borne by fiery steeds	970
Of matchless size and strength, from Selles' stream.	
Hippothöus led the bold Pelasgian tribes,	
Who dwell in rich Larissa's fertile soil,	
Hippothöus and Pylæus, Lethus' sons,	
The son of Teutamus, Pelasgian chief.	975
The Thracians, by fast-flowing Hellespont	
Encompassed, Acamas and Peiröus brave;	
The spear-skilled Cicones Euphemus led,	
Son of Treezenus, Cëus' highborn son.	
From distant Amydon Pyræcmes brought	980
The Pæon archers from broad Axius' banks;	
Axius, the brightest stream on earth that flows.	
The hairy strength of great Pylæmenes	
The Paphlagonians led from Eneti	
(Whence first appeared the stubborn race of mules),	985
Who in Cytorus and in Sesamum,	
And round Parthenius' waters had their home;	
Who dwelt in Cromne, and Ægialus,	
And on the lofty Erythinian rock.	
By Hodius and Epistrophus were brought	990
From distant Alybe, the wealthy source	
Of silver ore, the Alizonian bands.	
Chromis the Mysians led, and Ennomus;	
A skilful augur, but his augury	
From gloomy death to save him nought availed;	995
Slain by the son of Peleus, in the stream,	
Where many another Trojan felt his arm.	
From far Ascania's lake, with Phorcys joined,	

The godlike presence of Ascanius brought	
The Phrygians, dauntless in the standing fight.	1000
From Lydia came Pylæmenes' two sons,	
Born of the lake Gygeian; Antiphus,	
And Mesthles; these Mæonia's forces led,	
Who dwelt around the foot of Tmolus' hill.	
In charge of Nastes came the Carian troops,	1005
Of barbarous speech; who in Miletus dwelt,	
And in the dense entangled forest shade	
Of Phthira's hill, and on the lofty ridge	
Of Mycale, and by Mæander's stream;	
These came with Nastes and Amphimachus;	1010
Amphimachus and Nastes, Nomion's sons;	
With childish folly to the war he came,	
Laden with store of gold; yet nought availed	
His gold to save him from the doom of death;	
Slain by the son of Peleus in the stream;	1015
And all his wealth Achilles bore away.	
Sarpedon last, and valiant Glaucus led	
The Lycian bands, from distant Lycia's shore,	
Beside the banks of Xanthus' eddying stream.	1019

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BOOK III.

WHEN by their several chiefs the troops were ranged, With noise and clamour, as a flight of birds, The men of Troy advanced; as when the cranes, Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high Their dissonant clamours, while o'er the ocean stream 5 They steer their course, and on their pinions bear Battle and death to the Pygmæan race.

On the other side the Greeks in silence moved, Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid. As when the south wind o'er the mountain tops Spreads a thick veil of mist, the shepherd's bane, But friendlier to the thief than shades of night, That a stone's throw the range of vision bounds; So rose the dust-cloud, as in serried ranks With rapid step they moved across the plain. But when the opposing forces near were met, A panther's skin across his shoulders flung, Armed with his bow and sword, in front of all Advanced the godlike Paris; in his hand He poised two brass-tipped javelins, and defied To mortal combat all the chiefs of Greece.

Him when the warlike Menelaus saw
With haughty strides advancing from the crowd;
As when a lion, hunger-pinched, espies
Some mighty beast of chase, or antiered stag.

Or mountain goat, and with exulting spring Strikes down his prey, and on the carcase feeds, Unscared by baying hounds and eager youths: So Meneläus saw with fierce delight The godlike Paris; for he deemed at length 30 To wreak his vengeance on the offender's head; And from his car, all armed, to earth he sprang. But when the godlike Paris saw him spring Defiant from the ranks, with quailing heart, Back to his comrades' sheltering crowd he sprang, 35 In fear of death; as when some traveller spies, Coiled in his path upon the mountain side, A deadly snake, back he recoils in haste, His limbs all trembling, and his cheek all pale; So back recoiled, in fear of Atreus' son. 40 The godlike Paris 'mid the Trojan host. To whom in stern rebuke thus Hector spoke: "Thou wretched Paris, though in form so fair, Thou slave of woman, manhood's counterfeit! Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or died at least Unwedded; so 'twere better far for all, Than thus to live a scandal and reproach. Well may the long-haired Greeks derisive laugh. Who think thee, from thine outward show, a chief Among our warriors; but thou hast in truth 50 Nor strength of mind, nor courage in the fight. How was't that such as thou could e'er induce A noble band, in ocean-going ships To cross the main, with men of other lands Mixing in amity, and bearings 55 A woman, fair of face, by

Bound to a race of warriors; to thy sire, Thy state, thy people, cause of endless grief, Of triumph to thy foes, contempt to thee! Durst thou the warlike Menelaus meet, 60 Thou to thy cost shouldst learn the might of him Whose bride thou didst not fear to bear away: Then shouldst thou find of small avail thy lyre, Or Venus' gifts of beauty and of grace, Or, trampled in the dust, thy flowing hair. 65 But too forbearing are the men of Troy; Else for the ills that thou hast wrought the state. Ere now thy body had in stone been cased." To whom the godlike Paris thus replied: "Hector, I needs must own thy censure just, 70 Nor without cause; thy dauntless courage knows Nor pause nor weariness; but as an axe, That in a strong man's hand, who fashions out Some naval timber, with unbated edge Cleaves the firm wood, and aids the striker's force: 75 Ev'n so unwearied is thy warlike soul. Yet blame not me for golden Venus' gifts: The gifts of Heaven are not to be despised, Which Heaven may give, but man could not command. But if thou wilt that I should dare the fight. 80 Bid that the Trojans and the Grecians all Be seated on the ground; and in the midst The warlike Meneläus and myself Stand front to front, for Helen and the spoils Of war to combat; and whoe'er shall prove 85 The better man in conflict, let him bear The woman and the spoils in triumph home;

While ye, the rest, in peace and friendship sworn, Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy; And to their native Argos they return. 90 For noble steeds and lovely women famed." He said, and Hecter joyed to hear his words: Forth in the midst he stepped, and with his spear Grasped by the middle, stayed the Trojan ranks. At him the long-haired Grecians bent their bows, 95 Prompt to assail with arrows and with stones; But loud the monarch Agamemnon's voice Was heard; "Hold, Argives, hold! ye sons of Greece, Shoot not! for Hector of the glancing helm Hath, as it seems, some message to impart." 100 He said: they held their hands, and silent stood Expectant, till to both thus Hector spoke: "Hear now, ye Trojans, and ye well-greaved Greeks. The words of Paris, cause of all this war. He asks through me that all the host of Troy 105 And Grecian warriors on the fruitful ground Shall lay their glittering arms; while in the midst The warlike Meneläus and himself Stand forth, for Helen and the spoils of war Singly to combat; and whoe'er shall prove 110 The better man in conflict, let him bear The woman and the spoils in triumph home. While we, the rest, firm peace and friendship swear." Thus Hector spoke; the rest in silence heard: But Meneläus, bold in fight, replied: 115 "Hear now my answer; in this quarrel I May claim the chiefest share; and now I hope

Trojans and Greeks may see the final close

Of all the labours ye so long have borne	
To avenge my wrong, at Paris' hand sustained.	120
And of us two whiche'er is doomed to death,	
So let him die! the rest, depart in peace.	
Bring then two lambs, one white, the other black,	
For Tellus and for Sol; we on our part	
Will bring another, for Saturnian Jove:	125
And let the majesty of Priam too	
Appear, himself to consecrate our oaths,	
(For reckless are his sons, and void of faith,)	
That none Jove's oath may dare to violate.	
For young men's spirits are too quickly stirred;	130
But in the councils checked by reverend age,	
Alike are weighed the future and the past,	
And for all interests due provision made."	
He said, and Greeks and Trojans gladly heard,	
In hopes of respite from the weary war.	135
They ranged the cars in ranks; and they themselve	8
Descending doffed their arms, and laid them down	
Close each by each, with narrow space between.	
Two heralds to the city Hector sent	
To bring the lambs, and aged Priam call;	140
While Agamemnon to the hollow ships,	
Their lamb to bring, in haste Talthybius sent:	
He heard, and straight the monarch's voice obeyed.	
Meantime to white-armed Helen Iris sped,	
The heavenly messenger: in form she seemed	145
Her husband's sister, whom Antenor's son	
The valiant Helicaon had to wife,	
Laodice, of Priam's daughters all	
Loveliest of face: she in her chamber found	

Her whom she sought: a mighty web she wove,	150
Of double woof and brilliant hues; whereon	
Was interwoven many a toilsome strife	
Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks,	
For her encountered at the hand of Mars.	
Beside her Iris stood, and thus she spoke:	155
"Come, sister dear, and see the glorious deeds	•
Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks.	
They who erewhile, impatient for the fight,	
Rolled o'er the plain the woful tide of war,	
Now silent sit, the storm of battle hushed,	160
Reclining on their shields, their lances bright	
Beside them reared; while Paris in the midst,	
And warlike Meneläus, stand prepared	
With the long spear for thee to fight; thyself	
The prize of conquest and the victor's wife."	165
Thus as she spoke, in Helen's breast arose	
Fond recollection of her former Lord,	
Her home, and parents; o'er her head she threw	
A snowy veil; and shedding tender tears	
She issued forth, not unaccompanied;	170
For with her went fair Æthra, Pittheus' child,	
And stag-eyed Clymene, her maidens twain.	
They quickly at the Scean gate arrived.	
Attending there on aged Priam, sat	
The Elders of the city; Panthöus,	175
And Lampus, and Thymætes; Clytius,	
Bold Icetäon, and Ucalegon,	
With sage Antenor, wise in council both:	
All these were gathered at the Scæan gate;	
By age exempt from wer but in discourse	100

Abundant, as the cricket, that on high	
From topmost boughs of forest tree sends forth	
His delicate music; so on Ilion's towers	
Sat the sage chiefs and councillors of Troy.	
Helen they saw, as to the tower she came;	185
And, "'tis no marvel," one to other said,	
"The valiant Trojans and the well-greaved Greeks	
For beauty such as this should long endure	
The toils of war; for goddess-like she seems;	
And yet, despite her beauty, let her go,	190
Nor bring on us and on our sons a curse."	
Thus they; but aged Priam Helen called:	
"Come here, my child, and sitting by my side,	
From whence thou canst discern thy former Lord,	
His kindred, and thy friends (not thee I blame,	195
But to the Gods I owe this woful war),	
Tell me the name of yonder mighty chief	
Among the Greeks a warrior brave and strong:	
Others in height surpass him; but my eyes	
A form so noble never yet beheld,	2 00
Nor so august; he moves, a King indeed!"	
To whom in answer, Helen, heavenly fair:	
"With reverence, dearest father, and with shame	
I look on thee: oh would that I had died	
That day when hither with thy son I came,	205
And left my husband, friends, and darling child,	
And all the loved companions of my youth:	
That I died not, with grief I pine away.	
But to thy question: I will tell thee true;	
Yon chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,	210
Wide-reigning, mighty monarch, ruler good,	
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And valiant warrior; in my husband's name,	
Lost as I am, I called him brother once."	
She spoke: the old man admiring gazed, and cried	ł,
"Oh blessed Atrides, child of happy fate,	215
Favoured of Heaven! how many noble Greeks	
Obey thy rule! In vine-clad Phrygia once	
I saw the hosts of Phrygian warriors wheel	
Their rapid steeds; and with them, all the bands	
Of Otreus, and of Mygdon, godlike King,	220
Who lay encamped beside Sangarius' stream:	
I too with them was numbered, in the day	
When met them in the field the Amazons,	
The woman-warriors; but their forces all	
Reached not the number of the keen-eyed Greeks."	225
Ulysses next the old man saw, and asked,	
"Tell me again, dear child, who this may be,	
Less by the head than Atreus' royal son,	
But broader-shouldered, and of ampler chest.	
His arms are laid upon the fertile plain,	2 30
But he himself is moving through the ranks,	
Inspecting, like a full-fleeced ram, that moves	
Majestic through a flock of snow-white ewes."	
To whom Jove's offspring, Helen, thus replied:	
"The wise Ulysses that, Laertes' son:	235
Though bred in rugged Ithaca, yet versed	
In every stratagem, and deep device."	
"O woman," then the sage Antenor said,	
"Of these thy words I can the truth avouch;	
For hither when on thine account to treat,	24 0
Brave Meneläus and Ulysses came,	
I ladged them in my house and lawed them both	

And studied well the form and mind of each. As they with Trojans mixed in social guise. When both were standing, o'er his comrade high 245 With broad-set shoulders Menelaus stood: Seated, Ulysses was the nobler form: Then, in the great Assembly, when to all Their public speech and argument they framed. In fluent language Meneläus spoke, 250 In words though few, yet clear; though young in years, No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech: But when the skilled Ulysses rose to speak, With down-cast visage would he stand, his eyes Bent on the ground; the staff he bore, nor back 255 He waved, nor forward, but like one untaught, He held it motionless: who only saw Would say that he was mad, or void of sense: But when his chest its deep-toned voice sent forth, With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow. **260** No mortal with Ulysses could compare: Then little recked we of his outward show." At sight of Ajax next the old man enquired; "Who is you other warrior, brave and strong, Towering o'er all with head and shoulders broad?" 265 To whom, in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair: "Gigantic Ajax that, the prop of Greece; And by his side Idomeneus of Crete Stands godlike, circled round by Cretan chiefs. The warlike Meneläus welcomed him 270 Oft in our palace, when from Crete he came. Now all the other keen-eyed Greeks I see, Whom once I knew, and now could call by name:

But two I miss, two captains of the host,	
My own two brethren, and my mother's sons,	275
Castor and Pollux; Castor, charioteer	
Unrivalled, Pollux, matchless pugilist.	
In Lacedæmon have they stayed behind?	
Or can it be, in ocean-going ships	
That they have come indeed, but shun to join	280
The fight of warriors, fearful of the shame,	
And deep disgrace that on my name attend?"	
Thus she; but they beneath the teeming earth	
In Lacedemon lay, their native land.	
Meanwhile the heralds through the city bore	285
The treaty offerings to the Gods; the lambs,	
And genial wine, the produce of the soil,	
In goat-skin flasks: therewith a flagon bright,	
And cups of gold, Idæus brought, and stood	
Beside the aged King, as thus he spoke:	29 0
"Son of Laomedon, arise! the chiefs	
Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks	
Call for thy presence on the battle-plain	
To swear a truce; where Paris in the midst	
And warlike Meneläus stand prepared	295
With the long spear for Helen and the spoils	
Of war to combat, that whoe'er may prove	
The better man in fight, may bear away	
The woman and the spoils in triumph home;	
While we, the rest, in peace and friendship sworn,	300
Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy;	
And to their native Argos they return,	
For noble steeds and lovely women famed."	
He saids the old man shaddened at his meads.	

But to his comrades gave command forthwith	305
To yoke his car; and they his word obeyed.	
Priam, ascending, gathered up the reins,	
And with Antenor by his side, the twain	
Drove through the Scean gate their flying steeds.	
But when between the opposing ranks they came,	310
Alighting from the car, they moved on foot	•
Between the Trojan and the Grecian hosts.	
Uprose then Agamemnon, King of men,	
Uprose the sage Ulysses; to the front	
The heralds brought the offerings to the Gods,	315
And in the flagon mixed the wine, and poured	
The hallowing water on the monarchs' hands.	
His dagger then the son of Atreus drew,	
Suspended, as was wont, beside the hilt	
Of his great sword; and from the victim's head	320
He cut the sacred lock, which to the chiefs	
Of Troy and Greece the heralds portioned out.	
Then with uplifted hands he prayed aloud:	
"O Father Jove! who rul'st from Ida's height,	
Most great! most glorious! and thou Sun, who see'st	325
And hearest all things! Rivers! and thou Earth!	
And ye, who after death beneath the earth	
Your vengeance wreak on souls of men forsworn,	
Be witness ye, and this our covenant guard.	
If Meneläus fall by Paris' hand,	330
Let him retain both Helen and the spoil,	
While in our ships we take our homeward way;	
If Paris be by Meneläus slain,	
Troy shall surrender Helen and the spoil,	
With compensation due to Greece, that so	335

A record may to future days remain. But, Paris slain, if Priam and his sons The promised compensation shall withhold, Then here, my rights in battle to assert, Will I remain, till I the end achieve."

340

Thus as he spoke, across the victims' throats
He drew the pitiless blade, and on the ground
He laid them gasping, as the stream of life
Poured forth, their vigour by the blade subdued.
Then, from the flagon drawn, from out the cups 345
The wine they poured; and to the eternal Gods
They prayed; and thus from Trojans and from Greeks
Arose the joint petition; "Grant, O Jove!
Most great! most glorious! grant, ye heavenly powers,
That whosoe'er this solemn truce shall break, 350
Ev'n as this wine we pour, their hearts' best blood,
Theirs and their children's, on the earth be poured,
And strangers in subjection take their wives!"

Thus they; but Jove, unyielding, heard their prayer.

The rites performed, then aged Priam spoke: 355

"Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greaved Greeks!

To Ilion's breezy heights I now withdraw,

For that mine eyes will not endure the sight

Of warlike Meneläus and my son

Engaged in deadly combat; of the two 360

Which may be doomed to death, is only known

To Jove, and to the immortal powers of Heaven."

Thus spoke the godlike King; and on the car He placed the consecrated lambs; himself Ascending then, he gathered up the reins, And with Antenor by his side, the twain

365

To Ilion's walls retraced their homeward way. Then Hector, son of Priam, measured out, With sage Ulysses joined, the allotted space; Next, in the brass-bound helmet cast the lots. 370 Which of the two the first should throw the spear. The crowd, with hands uplifted, to the Gods, Trojans and Greeks alike, addressed their prayer: "O Father Jove! who rul'st from Ida's height, Most great! most glorious! grant that whosoe'er 375 On both our armies hath this turmoil brought May undergo the doom of death, and we. The rest, firm peace and lasting friendship swear." Thus they; great Hector of the glancing helm. With eyes averted, shook the casque; and forth 380 Was cast the lot of Paris; on the ground The rest lay down by ranks, where near to each Were ranged his active steeds, and glittering arms. Then o'er his shoulders fair-haired Helen's Lord. The godlike Paris, donned his armour bright: 385 1 First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fixed. Fastened with silver clasps; his ample chest A breastplate guarded, by Lycaon lent, His brother, but which fitted well his form. Around his shoulders slung, his sword he bore. 390 Brass-bladed, silver-studded; then his shield Weighty and strong; and on his firm-set head A helm he wore, well-wrought, with horsehair plume That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand Grasped the firm spear, familiar to his hold. 395 Prepared alike the adverse warrior stood.

They, from the crowd apart their armour donned.

420

425

Came forth between the hosts of Troy and Greece, With stern aspect: admiring wonder seized The Trojan warriors and the well-greaved Greeks. As in the measured ground they stood opposed, And poised their spears, with mutual hate possessed. First Paris threw his weighty spear, and struck Fair in the midst Atrides' buckler round, But broke not through; upon the stubborn targe 405 Was bent the lance's point; then thus to Jove, His weapon hurling, Meneläus prayed: "Great King, on him who wrought me causeless wrong, On Paris, grant that retribution due My arm may bring; that men in days to come 410 May fear their host to injure, and repay With treacherous wile his hospitable cares."

He said, and poising, hurled his weighty spear:
Full in the midst it struck the buckler round;
Right through the buckler passed the sturdy spear, 415
And through the gorgeous breastplate, and within
Cut through the linen vest; but Paris, back
Inclining, stooped, and shunned the doom of death.

Atrides then his silver-studded sword
Rearing on high, a mighty blow let fall
On Paris' helm; but shivering in his hand
In countless fragments flew the faithless blade.
Then thus to Jove, with eyes uplift to Heaven,
Atrides made his moan: "O Father Jove!
Of all the Gods, the most unfriendly thou!
On Paris' head I hoped for all his crimes
To wreak my vengeance due; but in my grasp
My faithless sword is shattered, and my spear

Hath bootless left my hand, nor reached my foe." Then onward rushing, by the horsehair plume 430 He seized his foeman's helm, and wrenching round Dragged by main force amid the well-greaved Greeks. The broidered strap, that, passed beneath his beard, The helmet held, the warrior's throat compressed: Then had Atrides dragged him from the field, 435 And endless fame acquired; but Venus, child Of Jove, her favourite's peril quickly saw, And broke the throttling strap of tough bull's-hide. In the broad hand the empty helm remained. The trophy, by their champion whirled amid 440 The well-greaved Greeks, his eager comrades seized; While he, infuriate, rushed with murderous aim On Priam's son; but him, the Queen of Love (As Gods can only) from the field conveyed, Wrapt in a misty cloud; and on a couch. 445 Sweet perfumes breathing, gently laid him down; Then went in search of Helen; her she found, Circled with Trojan dames, on Ilion's tower: Her by her airy robe the Goddess held. And in the likeness of an aged dame 450 Who oft for her, in Sparta when she dwelt, Many a fair fleece had wrought, and loved her well, Addressed her thus: "Come, Helen, to thy house; Come. Paris calls thee; in his chamber he Expects thee, resting on luxurious couch, 455 In costly garb, with manly beauty graced: Not from the fight of warriors wouldst thou deem He late had come, but for the dance prepared, Or resting from the dance's pleasing toil."

She said, and Helen's spirit within her moved;	46 0
And when she saw the Goddess' beauteous neck,	
Her lovely bosom, and her glowing eyes,	
She gazed in wonder, and addressed her thus:	
"Oh why, great Goddess, make me thus thy sport	?
Seek'st thou to bear me far away from hence	465
To some fair Phrygian or Mæonian town,	
If there some mortal have thy favour gained?	
Or, for that Meneläus in the field	
Hath vanquished Paris, and is willing yet	
That I, his bane, should to his home return,	470
Here art thou found, to weave again thy wiles?	
Go then thyself! thy godship abdicate!	
Renounce Olympus! lavish here on him	
Thy pity and thy care! he may perchance	
Make thee his wife—at least his paramour!	475
But thither go not I! foul shame it were	
Again to share his bed; the dames of Troy	
Will for a byword hold me; and e'en now	
My soul with endless sorrow is possessed."	
To whom in anger heavenly Venus spoke:	480
"Incense me not, poor fool! lest I in wrath	
Desert thee quite, and as I heretofore	
Have loved, so make thee object of my hate;	
And kindle, 'twixt the Trojans and the Greeks,	
Such bitter feuds, as both shall wreak on thee."	485
She said; and trembled Helen, child of Jove:	
She rose in silence; in a snow-white veil	
All glittering, shrouded; by the Goddess led	
She passed, unnoticed by the Trojan dames.	
But when to Paris' splendid house they came,	490

Thronging around her, her attendants gave	
Their duteous service; through the lofty hall	
With queenly grace the godlike woman passed.	
A seat the laughter-loving Goddess placed	
By Paris' side; there Helen sat, the child	495
Of ægis-bearing Jove, with downcast eyes,	
Yet with sharp words she thus addressed her Lord	:
"Back from the battle? would thou there hadst die	_
Beneath a warrior's arm, whom once I called	
My husband! vainly didst thou boast erewhile	500
Thine arm, thy dauntless courage, and thy spear	
The warlike Meneläus should subdue!	
Go now again, and challenge to the fight	
The warlike Meneläus. Be thou ware!	
I warn thee, pause, ere madly thou presume	5 0 5
With fair-haired Meneläus to contend!	
Soon shouldst thou fall beneath his conquering spec	ır."
To whom thus Paris: "Wring not thus my soul	
With keen reproaches: now, with Pallas' aid,	
Hath Meneläus conquered; but my day	510
Will come: I too can boast my guardian Gods.	
But turn we now to love, and love's delights;	
For never did thy beauty so inflame	
My sense; not when from Lacedæmon first	
I bore thee in my ocean-going ships,	515
And revelled in thy love on Cranaë's isle,	
As now it fills my soul with fond desire."	
He said, and led her to the nuptial couch;	
Her Lord she followed; and while there reclined	
Upon the richly-inlaid couch they lay,	52 0
Atridag like a lion haffled muched	

Amid the crowd, if haply he might find The godlike Paris; but not one of all The Trojans and their brave allies could aid The warlike Meneläus in his search: 525 Not that, for love, would any one that knew Have screened him from his anger, for they all Abhorred him as the shade of death: then thus Outspoke great Agamemnon, King of men: "Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies! 530 With warlike Meneläus rests, 'tis plain, The prize of victory: then surrender ye The Argive Helen and the spoils of war, With compensation due to Greece, that so A record may to future days remain." 535 Thus he; the Greeks, assenting, cheered his words. 536

BOOK IV.

N golden pavement, round the board of Jove,	
The Gods were gathered; Hebe in the midst	
Poured the sweet nectar; they, in golden cups,	
Each other pledged, as down they looked on Troy.	
Then Jove, with cutting words and taunts oblique,	5
Began the wrath of Juno to provoke:	
"Two are the Goddesses who aid the cause	
Of Meneläus; Juno, Argive Queen,	
And Pallas, shield of warriors; but they two	
Sitting aloof, well-pleased it seems, look on;	10
While laughter-loving Venus, at the side	
Of Paris standing, still averts his fate,	
And rescues, when, as now, expecting death.	
Yet may the warlike Meneläus claim	
Of right, the victory; but consult we now	15
What may the issue be; if we shall light	
Again the flame of war and discord flerce,	
Or the two sides in peace and friendship join.	
For me, if thus your general voice incline,	
Let Priam's city stand, and Helen back	20
To warlike Meneläus be restored."	
So spoke the God; but seated side by side,	
Juno and Pallas glances interchanged	
Of ill portent for Troy; Pallas indeed	
Sat silent; and, though inly wroth with Jove,	25

Yet answered not a word; but Juno's breast	
Could not contain her rage, and thus she spoke:	
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak	?
How wouldst thou render vain, and void of fruit,	
My weary labour and my horses' toil,	30
To stir the people, and on Priam's self,	
And Priam's offspring, bring disastrous fate?	
Do as thou wilt! yet not with our consent."	
To whom, in wrath, the Cloud-compeller thus:	
"Revengeful! how have Priam and his sons	35
So deeply injured thee, that thus thou seek'st	
With unabated anger to pursue,	
Till thou o'erthrow, the strong-built walls of Troy?	
Couldst thou but force the gates, and entering in,	
On Priam's mangled flesh, and Priam's sons,	40
And Trojans all, a bloody banquet make,	
Perchance thy fury might at length be stayed.	
But have thy will, lest this in future times	
Twixt me and thee be cause of strife renewed.	
Yet hear my words, and ponder what I say:	45
If e'er, in times to come, my will should be	
Some city to destroy, inhabited	
By men beloved of thee, seek not to turn	
My wrath aside, but yield, as I do now,	
Consenting, but with heart that ill consents;	5 0
For of all cities fair, beneath the sun	
And starry Heaven, the abode of mortal men,	
None to my soul was dear as sacred Troy,	
And Priam's self, and Priam's warrior race.	
For with drink-offerings due, and fat of lambs,	55
My alter still both at their bands been fed:	

Such honour hath to us been ever paid."	
To whom the stag-eyed Juno thus replied:	
"Three cities are there, dearest to my heart;	
Argos, and Sparta, and the ample streets	60
Of rich Mycenæ; work on them thy will;	
Destroy them, if thine anger they incur;	
I will not interpose, nor hinder thee;	
Mourn them I shall; reluctant see their fall,	
But not resist; for sovereign is thy will.	65
Yet should my labours not be fruitless all;	
For I too am a God; my blood is thine;	
Worthy of honour, as the eldest born	
Of deep-designing Saturn, and thy wife;	
Thine, who o'er all the Immortals reign'st supreme.	70
But yield we each to other, I to thee,	
And thou to me; the other Gods will all	
By us be ruled. Then bid that Pallas haste	
Down to the battle-field of Greece and Troy	
And so contrive that Trojans, breaking faith,	7 5
May first assail the now exulting Greeks."	
She said: the Sire of Gods and men complied,	
And thus with wingèd words to Pallas spoke:	
"Haste to the battle-field of Greece and Troy,	
And so contrive that Trojans, breaking faith,	80
May first assail the now exulting Greeks."	
His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,	
And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped;	
Like to a meteor, that, of grave portent	
To warring armies or sea-faring men,	85
The son of deep-designing Saturn sends,	
Bright-flashing, scattering flery sparks around,	

The blue-eyed Goddess darted down to earth, And lighted in the midst; amazement held The Trojan warriors and the well-greaved Greeks; 90 And one to other looked and said, "What means This sign? Must fearful battle rage again. Or may we hope for gentle peace from Jove, Who to mankind dispenses peace and war?" Such was the converse Greeks and Trojans held. 95 Pallas meanwhile, amid the Trojan host, Clad in the likeness of Antenor's son, Läodocus, a spearman stout and brave, Searched here and there, if haply she might find The godlike Pandarus; Lycaon's son 100 She found, of noble birth and stalwart form, Standing, encircled by his sturdy band Of bucklered followers from Æsepus' stream. She stood beside him, and addressed him thus: "Wilt thou by me be ruled, Lycaon's son? 105 For durst thou but at Meneläus shoot Thy winged arrow, great would be thy fame, And great thy favour with the men of Troy. And most of all with Paris; at his hand Thou shalt receive rich guerdon, when he hears 110 That warlike Meneläus, by thy shaft Subdued, is laid upon the funeral pyre. Bend then thy bow at Atreus' glorious son, Vowing to Phœbus, Lycia's guardian God, The Archer-King, to pay of firstling lambs 115 An ample hecatomb, when home returned In safety to Zeleia's sacred town." Thus she; and, fool, he listened to her words.

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Straight he uncased his polished bow, his spoil Won from a mountain ibex (which himself. 120 In ambush lurking, through the breast had shot, True to his aim, as from behind a crag He came in sight; prone on the rock he fell; With horns of sixteen palms his head was crowned; These deftly wrought a skilful workman's hand, And polished smooth, and tipped the ends with gold). Then on the ground he rested, duly placed, His bended bow: his faithful comrades held Their shields before him, lest the sons of Greece Should make their onset ere his shaft could reach The warlike Meneläus, Atreus' son. His quiver next withdrawing from its case, With care a shaft he chose, ne'er shot before, Well-feathered, messenger of pangs and death; The stinging arrow fitted to the string, 135 And vowed to Phœbus, Lycia's guardian God, The Archer-King, to pay of firstling lambs An ample hecatomb, when home returned In safety to Zeleia's sacred town. At once the sinew and the notch he drew; 140 The sinew to his breast, and to the bow The iron head; then, when the mighty bow Was to a circle strained, sharp rang the horn, And loud the sinew twanged, as toward the crowd With deadly speed the eager arrow sprang. 145 Nor, Meneläus, was thy safety then Uncared for of the Gods; Jove's daughter first, Pallas, before thee stood, and turned aside The pointed arrow; turned it so aside VOL. I.

As when a mother from her infant's cheek,	150
Wrapt in sweet slumbers, brushes off a fly;	
Its course she so directed that it struck	
Just where the golden clasps the belt confined,	
And where the corslet's plates, o'erlapping, met.	
On the close-fitting belt the arrow struck;	155
Right through the belt of curious workmanship	
It drove, and through the corslet richly wrought,	
And through the coat of mail he wore beneath,	
His inmost guard and best defence to check	
The hostile weapons' force; yet onward still	160
The arrow drove, and grazed the hero's flesh.	
Forth issued from the wound the crimson blood.	
As when some Carian or Mæonian maid,	
With crimson dye the ivory stains, designed	
To be the cheek-piece of a warrior's steed,	165
By many a valiant horseman coveted,	
As in the house it lies, a monarch's boast,	
The horse adorning, and the horseman's pride:	
So, Moneläus, then thy graceful thighs,	
And knees, and ancles, with thy blood were dyed.	170
Great Agamemnon shuddered as he saw	
The crimson drops out-welling from the wound;	
Shuddered the warlike Meneläus' self;	
But when not buried in his flesh he saw	
The barb and sinew, back his spirit came.	175
Then deeply groaning, Agamemnon spoke,	
As Moneläus by the hand he held,	
And with him groaned his comrades: "Brother do	
I wrought thy death when late, on compact sworn,	
I sent thee forth alone for Greece to fight,	180

Wounded by Trojans, who their plighted faith Have trodden under foot; but not in vain Are solemn covenants and the blood of lambs. The treaty wine outpoured, and hand-plight given, Wherein men place their trust; if not at once, 185 Yet soon or late doth Jove assert their claim: And heavy penalties the perjured pay With their own blood, their children's, and their wives'. So in my inmost soul full well I know The day shall come when this imperial Troy, 190 And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self. Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown: And Saturn's son himself, high-throned Jove, Who dwells in Heaven, shall in their faces flash His ægis dark and dread, this treacherous deed 195 Avenging; this shall surely come to pass. But, Meneläus, deep will be my grief, If thou shouldst perish, meeting thus thy fate. To thirsty Argos should I then return By foul disgrace o'erwhelmed; for, with thy fall, 200 The Greeks will mind them of their native land: And as a trophy to the sons of Troy The Argive Helen leave; thy bones meanwhile Shall moulder here beneath a foreign soil, Thy work undone; and with insulting scorn 205 Some vaunting Trojan, leaping on the tomb Of noble Meneläus, thus shall say: 'On all his foes may Agamemnon so His wrath accomplish, who hath hither led Of Greeks a mighty army, all in vain; 210 And bootless home with empty ships hath gone,

And valiant Meneläus left behind:' Thus when men speak, gape, earth, and hide my shame." To whom the fair-haired Menelaus thus With cheering words: "Fear not thyself, nor cause 215 The troops to fear; the arrow hath not touched A vital part; the sparkling belt hath first Turned it aside, the doublet next beneath, And coat of mail, the work of armourer's hands." To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus: 220 "Dear Meneläus, may thy words be true! The leech shall tend thy wound, and spread it o'er With herbs of power to soothe the bitter pain." He said, and to the sacred herald called: "Haste thee, Talthybius! summon with all speed 225 The son of Æsculapius, peerless leech, Machaon: bid him hither haste to see The warlike Menelaus, chief of Greeks, Who by an arrow from some practised hand, Trojan or Lycian, hath received a wound; 230 A cause of boast to him, of grief to us." He said: nor did the herald not obey. But through the brass-clad ranks of Greece he passed. In search of brave Machaon; him he found Standing, by bucklered warriors bold begirt, 235 Who followed him from Trica's grassy plains. He stood beside him, and addressed him thus: "Up, son of Æsculapius! Atreus' son, The mighty monarch, summons thee to see The warlike Meneläus, chief of Greeks, 240 Who by an arrow from some practised hand, Trojan or Lycian, hath received a wound:

A cause of boast to him, of grief to us."	
Thus he; and not unmoved Machaon heard:	
They through the crowd, and through the wide-sp	read
host,	245
Together took their way; but when they came	
Where fair-haired Meneläus, wounded, stood,	
Around him in a ring the best of Greece,	
And in the midst the godlike chief himself,	
From the close-fitting belt the shaft he drew,	25 0
Breaking the pointed barbs; the sparkling belt	
He loosened, and the doublet underneath,	
And coat of mail, the work of armourer's hand.	
But when the wound appeared in sight, where stru	c k
The stinging arrow, from the clotted blood	255
He cleansed it, and applied with skilful hand	
The herbs of healing power, which Chiron erst	
In friendly guise upon his sire bestowed.	
While round the valiant Meneläus they	
Were busied thus, advanced the Trojan hosts:	260
They for the fight again their armour donned.	
In Agamemnon then no trace was seen	
Of laggard sloth, no shrinking from the fight,	
But full of ardour to the field he rushed.	
He left his horses and brass-mounted car	265
(The champing horses by Eurymedon,	
The son of Ptolemy, Peiræus' son,	
Were held aloof), but with repeated charge	
Still to be near at hand, when faint with toil	
His limbs should fail him marshalling his host.	27 0
Himself on foot the warrior ranks reviewed;	
With cheering words addressing whom he found	

With zeal preparing for the battle-field:
"Relax not, valiant friends, your warlike toil;
For Jove to falsehood ne'er will give his aid; 275
And they who first, regardless of their oaths,
Have broken truce, shall with their flesh themselves
The vultures feed, while we, their city razed,
Their wives and helpless children bear away."
But whom remiss and shrinking from the war 280
He found, with keen rebuke he thus assailed:
"Ye wretched Greeks, your country's foul reproach,
Have ye no sense of shame? Why stand ye thus
Like timid fawns, that in the chase run down,
Stand all bewildered, spiritless and tame? 285
So stand ye now, nor dare to face the fight.
What! will ye wait the Trojans' near approach,
Where on the beach, beside the hoary deep,
Our goodly ships are drawn, and see if Jove
Will o'er you his protecting hand extend?" 290
Reviewing thus the warrior ranks, the King
Passed through the crowd, and came where round their
chief
Idomeneus, the warlike bands of Crete
Were arming for the fight; Idomeneus,
Of courage stubborn as the forest boar, 295
The foremost ranks arrayed; Meriones
The rearmost squadrons had in charge; with joy
The monarch Agamemnon saw, and thus
With accents bland Idomeneus addressed:
"Idomeneus, above all other Greeks, 300
In battle and elsewhere, I honour thee;
And in the banquet, where the noblest mix

The ruddy wine for chiefs alone reserved, Though others drink their share, yet by thy side Thy cup, like mine, still new replenished stands 305 To drink at pleasure. Up then to the fight. And show thyself the warrior that thou art." To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus: "In me, Atrides, thou shalt ever find, As at the first I promised, comrade true; 310 But go, and stir the other long-haired Greeks To speedy battle; since the Trojans now The truce have broken; and defeat and death Must wait on those who have their oaths forsworn." He said, and Agamemnon went his way 315 Rejoicing; through the crowd he passed, and came Where stood the Ajaces; them, in act to arm, Amid a cloud of infantry he found; And as a goat-herd from his watch-tower crag Beholds a cloud advancing o'er the sea. 320 By Zephyr's breath impelled; as from afar He gazes, black as pitch, it sweeps along O'er the dark ocean's face, and with it brings A hurricane of rain; he, shuddering, sees, And drives his flock beneath the sheltering cave; 325 So thick and dark, about the Ajaces stirred. Impatient for the war, the stalwart youths, Black masses, bristling close with spear and shield. Well pleased, the monarch Agamemnon saw. And thus addressed them: "Valiant chiefs, to you, 330 The leaders of the brass-clad Greeks, I give ('Twere needless and unseemly) no commands;

For well ye understand your troops to rouse

To deeds of dauntless courage; would to Jove, To Pallas and Apollo, that such mind 335 As is in you, in all the camp were found; Then soon should Priam's lofty city fall, Tak'n and destroyed by our victorious hands." Thus saying, them he left, and onward moved. Nestor, the smooth-tongued Pylian chief, he found 340 His troops arraying, and to valiant deeds Encouraging his friends; stout Pelagon, Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon, warlike Prince, And Bias bold, his people's sure defence. In the front rank, with chariot and with horse, 345 He placed the car-borne warriors; in the rear, Numerous and brave, a cloud of infantry, Compactly massed, to stem the tide of war. Between the two he placed the inferior troops, That e'en against their will they needs must fight. 350 The horsemen first he charged, and bade them keep Their horses well in hand, nor wildly rush Amid the tumult: "See," he said, "that none, In skill or valour over-confident, Advance before his comrades, nor alone 355 Retire; for so your lines were easier forced; But ranging each beside a hostile car, Thrust with your spears; for such the better way; By men so disciplined, in elder days Were lofty walls and fenced towns destroyed." 360 Thus he, experienced in the wars of old; Well pleased, the monarch Agamemnon saw, And thus addressed him: "Would to Heaven, old man, That, as thy spirit, such too were thy strength

And vigour of thy limbs; but now old age,	365
The common lot of mortals, weighs thee down;	
Would I could see some others in thy place,	
And thou couldst still be numbered with the your	g!"
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:	
"Atrides, I too fain would see restored	370
The strength I once possessed, what time I slew	
The godlike Ereuthalion; but the Gods	
On man bestow not all their gifts at once;	
I then was young, and now am bowed with age,	
Yet with the chariots can I still go forth,	375
And aid with sage advice: for such the right	
And privilege of age; to hurl the spear	
Belongs to younger men, who after me	
Were born, who boast their vigour unimpaired."	
He said; and Agamemnon went his way,	380
Rejoicing: to Menestheus next he came,	
The son of Petëus, charioteer renowned;	
Him found he, circled by the Athenian bands,	
The raisers of the war-cry; close beside	
The sage Ulysses stood, around him ranged,	385
Not unrenowned, the Cephallenian troops:	
The sound of battle had not reached their ears;	
For but of late the Greek and Trojan hosts	
Were set in motion; they expecting stood,	
Till other Grecian columns should advance,	390
Assail the Trojans, and renew the war.	
Atrides saw, and thus, reproachful, spoke:	
"O son of Petëus, Heaven-descended King!	
And thou too, master of all tricky arts,	
Why, lingering, stand ye thus aloof, and wait	395

For others coming? ye should be the first The hot assault of battle to confront: For ye are first my summons to receive, Whene'er the honoured banquet we prepare: And well ye like to eat the savoury meat, 400 And, at your will, the luscious wine-cups drain: Now stand ye here, and unconcerned would see Ten columns pass before you to the fight." To whom, with stern regard, Ulysses thus: "What words have passed the barrier of thy lips, 405 Atrides? how with want of warlike zeal Canst thou reproach us? when the Greeks again The furious war shall waken, thou shalt see (If that thou care to see) amid the ranks Of Troy, the father of Telemachus 410 In the fore-front: thy words are empty wind." Atrides saw him chafed, and smiling, thus Recalled his former words: "Ulysses sage. Laertes' high-born son, not over-much I give thee blame, or orders; for I know 415 Thy mind to gentle counsels is inclined; Thy thoughts are one with mine: then come, henceforth Shall all be well; and if a hasty word Have passed, may Heaven regard it as unsaid." Thus saying, them he left, and onward moved. 420 The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed, Standing he found amid his warlike steeds And well-built cars; beside him, Sthenelus, The son of Capaneus; Atrides saw, And thus addressed him with reproachful words: "Alas! thou son of Tydeus, wise and bold,

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Why crouch with fear? why thus appalled survey	
The pass of war? not so had Tydeus crouched;	
His hand was ever ready from their foes	
To guard his comrades; so, at least, they say	430
Whose eyes beheld his labours; I myself	
Nor met him e'er, nor saw; but, by report,	
Thy father was the foremost man of men.	
A stranger to Mycenæ once he came,	
With godlike Polynices; not at war,	435
But seeking succour for the troops who then	
Were marching 'gainst the sacred walls of Thebes;	
For reinforcements earnestly they sued;	
The boon they asked was granted them, but Jove	
With unpropitious omens turned them back.	440
Advancing on their journey, when they reached	
Asopus' grassy banks and rushes deep,	
The Greeks upon a mission Tydeus sent:	
He went; and many Thebans there he found	
Feasting in Eteocles' royal hall:	445
Amid them all, a stranger and alone,	
He stood unterrified, and challenged all	
To wrestle with him, and with ease o'erthrew:	
So mighty was the aid that Pallas gave.	
Whereat indignant, they, on his return,	450
An ambush set, of fifty chosen youths;	
Two were their leaders; Hæmon's godlike son,	
Mæon, and Lycophontes, warrior brave,	
Son of Autophonus; and these too fared	
But ill at Tydeus' hand; he slew them all:	455
Mæon alone, obedient to the Gods,	
He spared, and bade him bear the tidings home.	

Such Tydeus was: though greater in debate,	
His son will never rival him in arms."	
He said: brave Diomed in silence heard,	460
Submissive to the monarch's stern rebuke;	
Then answered thus the son of Capaneus:	
"Atrides, speak not falsely: well thou know'st	
The truth, that we our fathers far surpass.	
The seven-gated city, Thebes, we took,	465
With smaller force beneath the wall of Mars,	
Trusting to heavenly signs, and favouring Jove,	
Where they by blind, presumptuous folly failed;	
Then tell me not our fathers equalled us."	
To whom thus Diomed, with stern regard:	470
"Father, be silent; hearken to my words:	
I blame not Agamemnon, King of men,	
Who thus to battle stirs the well-greaved Greeks:	
His will the glory be if we o'ercome	
The valiant Trojans, and their city take;	475
Great too his loss, if they o'er us prevail:	
Then come, let us too for the fight prepare."	
He said; and from the car leaped down in arms:	
Fierce rang the armour on the warrior's breast,	
That e'en the stoutest heart might quail with fear.	480
As by the west wind driven, the ocean waves	
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,	
Wave upon wave; first curls the ruffled sea	
With whitening crests; anon with thundering roar	
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags	485
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head	
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray:	
Column on column so the hosts of Greece	

Poured, ceaseless, to the war; to each the chiefs Their orders gave: the rest in silence moved: 490 Scarce might ye deem that mighty mass endued With power of speech, so silently they moved In awe of their great captains: far around Flashed the bright armour they were girt withal. On the other hand, the Trojans, as the flocks 495 That in the court-yard of some wealthy Lord In countless numbers stand, at milking time. Incessant bleating, as their lambs they hear; So rose their mingled clamours through the camp; For not one language nor one speech was there. 500 But many nations called from distant lands: These Mars inspired, and those the blue-eved Maid: And Fear, and Flight, and Discord unappeased. Of blood-stained Mars the sister and the friend: With humble crest at first, anon her head. 505 While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies. The rage of conflict in the midst she flung. Strode through the crowd, and woe to mortals wrought. When to the midst they came, together rushed Bucklers and lances, and the furious might 510 Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield Clattered in conflict; loud the clamour rose. Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood. As when, descending from the mountain's brow. 515 Two wintry torrents, from their copious source Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet Their mingled waters in some deep ravine.

Their weight of flood on the far mountain's side

The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose 520 The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts. First 'mid the foremost ranks Antilochus A Trojan warrior, Echepolus, slew, A crested chief, Thalysius' noble son. Beneath his horsehair-plumèd helmet's peak 525 The sharp spear struck; deep in his forehead fixed It pierced the bone; then darkness veiled his eyes, And, like a tower, amid the press he fell. Him Elephenor, brave Abantian chief, Son of Chalcodon, seizing by the feet, 530 Dragged from beneath the darts, in haste to strip His armour off; but short-lived was the attempt; For bold Agenor marked him as he drew The corpse aside, and with his brass-tipped spear Thrust through his flank, unguarded, as he stooped, 535 Beside his shield; and slacked his limbs in death. The spirit was fled; but hotly o'er him raged The war of Greeks and Trojans; fierce as wolves They fought, man struggling hand to hand with man. Then Ajax Telamon a stalwart youth. 540 Son of Anthemion, Simöisius, slew: Whose mother gave him birth on Simöis' banks, When with her parents down from Ida's heights She drove her flock; thence Simöisius named: Not destined he his parents to repay 545 Their early care; for short his term of life, By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued. Him, to the front advancing, in the breast, By the right nipple, Ajax struck; right through, From front to back, the brass-tipped spear was driven, 550

Out through the shoulder; prone in dust he fell: As some tall poplar, grown in marshy mead, Smooth-stemmed, with branches tapering toward the head; Which with the biting axe the wheelwright fells. To bend the felloes of his well-built car; 555 Sapless, beside the river, lies the tree: So lay the youthful Simöisius, felled By godlike Ajax' hand. At him, in turn, The son of Priam, Antiphus, encased In radiant armour, from amid the crowd 560 His javelin threw; his mark, indeed, he missed; But through the groin Ulysses' faithful friend. Leucus, he struck, in act to bear away The youthful dead; down on the corpse he fell. And, dying, of the dead relaxed his grasp. 565 Fierce anger, at his comrade's slaughter, filled Ulysses' breast; in burnished armour clad Forward he rushed; and standing near, around He looked, and poised on high his glittering lance: Beneath his aim the Trojans back recoiled: 570 Nor vainly flew the spear; Democoon, A bastard son of Priam, met the blow: He from Abydos came, his high-bred mares There left to pasture; him Ulysses, filled With fury at his loved companion's death. 575 Smote on the head; through either temple passed The pointed spear, and darkness veiled his eyes. Thundering he fell, and loud his armour rang. At this the Trojan chiefs, and Hector's self. 'Gan to give ground: the Greeks with joyful shouts 580 Seized on the dead, and forward urged their course.

From Ilion's heights Apollo, filled with wrath, Looked down, and to the Trojans shouted loud: "Uprouse ye, valiant Trojans! give not way Before the Greeks; their bodies are not stone. 585 Nor iron, to defy your trenchant swords; And great Achilles, fair-haired Thetis' son, Fights not, but o'er his anger broods apart." So from the city called the awful God; The Greeks, meanwhile, all-glorious Pallas fired, 590 Moved 'mid the tumult, and the laggards roused. Then fell Diores, Amarynceus' son: A rugged fragment of a rock had crushed His ancle and right leg: from Ænon came The Thracian chief who hurled it, Peirous, son 595 Of Imbrasus; the tendons both, and bones, The huge mass shattered; backward in the dust He fell, both hands extending to his friends,

The huge mass shattered; backward in the dust
He fell, both hands extending to his friends,
Gasping his life away; then quick up-ran
He who the blow had dealt, and with his spear 600
Thrust through him, by the navel; from the wound
His bowels gushed, and darkness veiled his eyes.
But he, advancing, through the breast was struck

But he, advancing, through the breast was struck Above the nipple, by th' Ætolian chief,
Thoas; and through his lungs the spear was driven; 605
Thoas approached, and from his breast withdrew
The sturdy spear, and with his sharp-edged sword
Across his waistband gave the mortal stroke:
Yet could not touch his arms; for all around
The Thracian warriors, with their tufted crowns, 610
Their long spears held before them, him, though stout,
And strong, and valiant, kept at bay; perforce

He yielded; and thus side by side were laid The two, the Thracian and the Epeian chief; And round them many a valiant soldier lay.

615

Well might the deeds achieved that day deserve His praise, who through that bloody field might pass By sword or spear unwounded, by the hand Of Pallas guarded from the weapon's flight; For many a Trojan, many a Greek, that day Prone in the dust, and side by side, were laid.

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BOOK V.

QUCH strength and courage then to Diomed, The son of Tydeus, Pallas gave, as raised, 'Mid all the Greeks, the glory of his name. Forth from his helm and shield a fiery light There flashed, like autumn's star, that brightest shines 5 When newly risen from his ocean bath. So from the warrior's head and shoulders flashed That fiery light, as to the midst he urged His furious course, where densest masses fought. There was one Dares 'mid the Trojan host, 10 The priest of Vulcan, rich, of blameless life; Two gallant sons he had, Idaeus named, And Phegeus, skilled in all the points of war. These, parted from the throng, the warrior met; They on their car, while he on foot advanced. 15 When near they came, first Phegeus threw his spear; O'er the left shoulder of Tydides passed The erring weapon's point, and missed its mark. His ponderous spear in turn Tydides threw. And not in vain; on Phegeus' breast it struck. 20 Full in the midst, and hurled him from the car. Ideaus from the well-wrought chariot sprang, And fled, nor durst his brother's corpse defend. Nor had he so escaped the doom of death, But Vulcan bore him safely from the field, 25

In darkness shrouded, that his aged sire Might not be wholly of his sons bereaved. The car Tydides to his comrades gave. And bade them to the ships the horses drive. Now when the Trojans Dares' sons beheld, 30 The one in flight, the other stretched in death, Their spirits within them quailed: but Pallas took The hand of Mars, and thus addressed the God: "Mars, Mars, thou bane of mortals, blood-stained Lord, Razer of cities, wherefore leave we not 35 The Greeks and Trojans to contend, and see To which the sire of all will victory give; While we retire, and shun the wrath of Jove?" Thus saying, from the battle Mars she led. And placed him on Scamander's steepy banks. 40 The Greeks drove back the Trojan host; the chiefs Slew each his victim; Agamemnon first, The mighty monarch, from his chariot hurled Hodius, the sturdy Halizonian chief: Him, as he turned, between the shoulder-blades The javelin struck, and through his chest was driven; Thundering he fell, and loud his armour rang. On Phæstus, Borus' son, Mæonian chief, Who from the fertile plains of Tarna came. Then sprang Idomeneus; and as he sought 50 To mount upon his car, the Cretan King Through his right shoulder drove the pointed spear: He fell; the shades of death his eyes o'erspread. And of his arms the followers stripped his corpse. The son of Atreus, Meneläus, slew 55 Scamandrius, son of Strophius, sportsman keen,

In woodcraft skilful; for his practised hand Had by Diana's self been taught to slay Each beast of chase the mountain forest holds. But nought availed him then the Archer-Queen 60 Diana's counsels, nor his boasted art Of distant aim; for as he fled, the lance Of Meneläus, Atreus' warlike son, Behind his neck, between the shoulder-blades, His flight arresting, through his chest was driven. 65 Headlong he fell, and loud his armour rang. Phereclus by Meriones was slain, Son of Harmonides, whose practised hand Knew well to fashion many a work of art: By Pallas highly favoured; he the ships 70 For Paris built, first origin of ill, Freighted with evil to the men of Troy, And to himself, who knew not Heaven's decrees. Him, in his headlong flight, in hot pursuit Meriones o'ertook, and thrust his lance 75 Through his right flank; beneath the bone was driven The spear, and pierced him through: prone on his knees, Groaning, he fell, and death his eyelids closed. Meges Pedæus slew. Antenor's son. A bastard born, but by Theano reared 80 With tender care, and nurtured as her son. With her own children, for her husband's sake.

Eurypylus, Euæmon's noble son,

Him, Phyleus' warrior son, approaching near, Thrust through the junction of the head and neck; Crashed through his teeth the spear beneath the tongue; 85 Prone in the dust he gnashed the brazen point.

Hypsenor slew, the godlike progeny Of Dolopion brave, Scamander's priest, And by the people as a God revered: 90 Him, as he fled before him, from behind Eurypylus, Euæmon's noble son, Smote with the sword; and from the shoulder-point The brawny arm he severed; to the ground Down fell the gory arm: the darkling shades 95 Of death, and rigorous doom, his eyelids closed. Thus laboured they amid the stubborn fight; But of Tydides none might say to whom His arm belonged, or whether with the hosts Of Troy or Greece he mingled in the fight: 100 Hither and thither o'er the plain he rushed, Like to a wintry stream, that brimming o'er Breaks down all barriers in its rapid course: Nor well-built bridge can stem the flood, nor fence That guards the fertile fields, as down it pours 105 Its sudden torrent, swoll'n with rain from Heaven, And many a goodly work of man destroys: So back were borne before Tydides' might The serried ranks of Troy, nor dared await, Despite their numbers, his impetuous charge. 110 Him when Lycaon's noble son beheld Careering o'er the plain, the serried ranks Driving before him, quick at Tydeus' son He bent his bow; and onward as he rushed, On the right shoulder, near the breastplate's joint, 115 The stinging arrow struck; right through it passed, And held its way, that blood the breastplate stained.

Then shouted loud Lycaon's noble son:

"Arouse ye, valiant Trojans, ye who goad
Your flying steeds; the bravest of the Greeks 120
Is wounded, nor, I deem, can long withstand
My weapon, if indeed from Lycia's shore
By Phœbus' counsel sent I joined the war."
Thus he, vain-glorious; but not so was quelled
The godlike chief; back he withdrew, and stood 125
Beside his car, and thus to Sthenelus,
The son of Capaneus, his speech addressed:
"Up, gentle son of Capaneus, descend
From off the car, and from my shoulder draw
This stinging arrow forth." He said, and down 130
Leaped from the chariot Sthenelus, and stood
Beside him; and as forth he drew the shaft,
Gushed out the blood, and dyed the twisted mail.
•
Then thus the valiant son of Tydeus prayed: "Hear me, thou child of ægis-bearing Jove. 135
Unconquered! if to me or to my Sire
In fiery fight thine aid hath e'er been given,
Let me again thy favour find; and grant
Within my reach and compass of my spear
That man may find himself, who unawares 140
Hath wounded me, and vainly boasting deems
I shall not long behold the light of day."
Thus prayed the chief, and Pallas heard his prayer;
To all his limbs, to feet and hands alike,
She gave fresh vigour; and with winged words, 145
Beside him as she stood, addressed him thus:
"Go fearless onward, Diomed, to meet
The Trojan hosts; for I within thy breast
Thy father's dauntless courage have infused,

Such as of old in Tydeus' bosom dwelt,	150
Bold horseman, buckler-clad; and from thine eyes	
The film that dimmed them I have purged away,	
That thou mayst well 'twixt Gods and men discern	•
If then some God make trial of thy force,	
With other of the Immortals fight thou not;	155
But should Jove's daughter Venus dare the fray,	
Thou needst not shun at her to cast thy spear."	
This said, the blue-eyed Goddess disappeared.	
Forthwith again amid the foremost ranks	
Tydides mingled; keenly as before	160
His spirit against the Trojans burned to fight,	
With threefold fury now he sought the fray.	
As when a lion hath o'erleaped the fold;	
If him perchance the guardian of the flock	
Hath wounded, not disabled, but to rage	165
Excited rather; then his fleecy charge	
Forsaking, seeks the shelter of the stalls;	
Abandoned by their guard, the affrighted sheep	
Stand huddled close together; o'er the fence	
Again with furious bound the Lion springs:	170
So sprang Tydides on the Trojan host.	
Astynöus and Hypeiron then he slew,	
His people's guardian; through the breast of one	
He drove his spear, and with his mighty sword	
He smote the other on the collar-bone,	175
The shoulder severing from the neck and back.	
Them left he there to lie; of Abas then	
And Polyeidus went in hot pursuit,	
Sons of Eurydamas, an aged seer,	
Whose visions stayed them not; but both were doomed	180

A prey to valiant Diomed to fall.

Xanthus and Thöon then the hero slew. The sons of Phænops, children of his age: He, worn with years, no other sons begot, Heirs of his wealth; they two together fell, 185 And to their father left a load of grief. That from the battle they returned not home, And distant kindred all his substance shared. On Chromius and Echemon next he fell. Two sons of Priam on one chariot borne; 190 And as a lion springs upon a herd, And breaks the neck of heifer or of steer, Feeding in woodland glade; with such a spring These two, in vain resisting, from their car Tydides hurled; then stripped their arms, and bade 195 His followers lead their horses to the ships. Him when Æneas saw amid the ranks Dealing destruction, through the fight and throng Of spears he plunged, if haply he might find The godlike Pandarus; Lycaon's son 200 He found, of noble birth and stalwart form. And stood before him, and addressed him thus: "Where, Pandarus, are now thy winged shafts, Thy bow, and well-known skill, wherein with thee Can no man here contend? nor Lycia boasts, 205 Through all her wide-spread plains, a truer aim; Then raise to Jove thy hands, and with thy shaft Strike down this chief, whoe'er he be, that thus Is making fearful havoc in our host, Relaxing many a warrior's limbs in death: 210 If he be not indeed a God, incensed

Against the Trojans for neglected rites; For fearful is the vengeance of a God." Whom answered thus Lycaon's noble son: "Æneas, chief and councillor of Troy, 215 Most like in all respects to Tydeus' son He seems; his shield I know, and visored helm, And horses: whether he himself be God. I cannot tell; but if he be indeed The man I think him, Tydeus' valiant son, 220 He fights not thus without the aid of Heaven; But by his side, his shoulders veiled in cloud, Some God attends his steps, and turns away The shaft that just hath reached him; for even now A shaft I shot, which by the breastplate's joint 225 Pierced his right shoulder through: full sure I deemed That shaft had sent him to the shades, and yet It slew him not; 'tis sure some angry God. Nor horse have I, nor car on which to mount: But in my sire Lycaon's wealthy house 230 Eleven fair chariots stand, all newly built, Each with its cover; by the side of each Two steeds on rye and barley white are fed; And in his well-built house, when here I came, Lycaon, aged warrior, urged me oft, 235 With horses and with chariots high upborne, To lead the Trojans in the stubborn fight: I hearkened not—'twere better if I had— Yet feared I lest my horses, wont to feed In plenty unstinted, by the soldiers' wants 240 Might of their customed forage be deprived; I left them there, and hither came on foot,

And trusting to my bow: vain trust, it seems; Two chiefs already have I struck, the sons Of Tydeus and of Atreus; with true aim 245 Drawn blood from both, yet but increased their rage. Sad was the hour when down from where it hung I took my bow, and hasting to the aid Of godlike Hector, hither led my troops; But should I e'er return, and see again 250 My native land, my wife, my lofty hall, Then may a stranger's sword cut off my head, If with these hands I shatter not, and burn, The bow that thus hath failed me at my need." Him answered thus Æneas, chief of Troy: 255 "Speak thou not thus; our fortunes shall not change Till thou and I, with chariot and with horse, This chief encounter, and his prowess prove; Then mount my car, and see how swift my steeds. Hither and thither, in pursuit or flight, 260 From those of Tros descended, scour the plain. So if the victory to Diomed, The son of Tydeus, should by Jove be given, We yet may safely reach the walls of Troy. Take thou the whip and reins, while I descend 265 To fight on foot; or thou the chief engage. And leave to me the conduct of the car." Whom answered thus Lycaon's noble son:

Whom answered thus Lycaon's noble son:
"Æneas, of thy horses and thy car
Take thou the charge; beneath the accustomed hand, 270
With more assurance would they draw the car,
If we from Tydeus' son be forced to fly;
Nor, struck with panic, and thy voice unheard,

Refuse to bear us from the battle-field;	
So should ourselves be slain, and Tydeus' son	275
In triumph drive thy horses to the ships.	
But thou thy horses and thy chariot guide,	
While I his onset with my lance receive."	
Thus saying, on the car they mounted both,	
And toward Tydides urged their eager steeds.	280
Them Sthenelus beheld, the noble son	
Of Capaneus, and to Tydides cried:	
"Oh son of Tydeus, dearest to my soul,	
Two men I see, of might invincible,	
Impatient to engage thee; Pandarus,	285
Well skilled in archery, Lycaon's son;	
With him Æneas, great Anchises' son,	
Who from immortal Venus boasts his birth.	
Then let us timely to the car retreat,	
Lest, moving thus amid the foremost ranks,	290
Thy daring pay the forfeit of thy life."	
To whom brave Diomed with stern regard:	
"Talk not to me of flight! I heed thee not!	
It is not in my nature so to fight	
With skulking artifice and faint retreat;	295
My strength is yet unbroken; I should shame	
To mount the car; but forward will I go	
To meet these chiefs' encounter; for my soul	
Pallas forbids the touch of fear to know.	
Nor shall their horses' speed procure for both	300
A safe return, though one escape my arm.	
This too I say, and bear my words in mind;	
By Pallas' counsel if my hap should be	
To slay them both, leave thou my horses here,	

The reins attaching to the chariot-rail, 305
And seize, and from the Trojans to the ships
Drive off the horses in Æneas' car;
From those descended, which all-seeing Jove
On Tros, for Ganymede his son, bestowed:
With these may none beneath the sun compare. 310
Anchises, King of men, the breed obtained
By cunning, to the horses sending mares
Without the knowledge of Laomedon.
Six colts were thus engendered: four of these
In his own stalls he reared; the other two 313
Gave to Æneas, fear-inspiring chief:
These could we win, our praise were great indeed."
Such converse while they held, the twain approached,
Their horses urged to speed; then thus began,
To Diomed, Lycaon's noble son:
"Great son of Tydeus, warrior brave and skilled,
My shaft, it seems, has failed to reach thy life;
Try we then now what hap attends my spear."
He said; and, poising, hurled his ponderous spear,
And struck Tydides' shield; right through the shield 324
Drove the keen weapon, and the breastplate reached.
Then shouted loud Lycaon's noble son:
"Thou hast it through the flank, nor canst thou long
Survive the blow; great glory now is mine."
To whom, unmoved, the valiant Diomed:
"Thine aim bath failed. I am not touched; and now

I deem we part not hence till one of ye Glut with his blood the insatiate Lord of War." He said: the spear, by Pallas guided, struck Beside the nostril, underneath the eye;

335

Crashed through the teeth, and cutting through the tongue Beneath the angle of the jaw came forth: Down from the car he fell; and loudly rang His glittering arms: aside the startled steeds Sprang devious: from his limbs the spirit fled. 340 Down leaped Æneas, spear and shield in hand. Against the Greeks to guard the valiant dead: And like a lion, fearless in his strength, Around the corpse he stalked, this way and that, His spear and buckler round before him held. 345 To all who dared approach him threatening death. With fearful shouts: a rocky fragment then Tydides lifted up, a mighty mass, Which scarce two men could raise, as men are now: But he, unaided, lifted it with ease. 350 With this he smote Æneas near the groin. Where the thigh-bone, inserted in the hip, Turns in the socket-joint; the rugged mass The socket crushed, and both the tendons broke. And tore away the flesh: down on his knees, 355 Yet resting on his hand, the hero fell; And o'er his eyes the shades of darkness spread. Then had Æneas, King of men, been slain, Had not his mother. Venus, child of Jove, Who to Anchises, where he fed his flocks. 360 The hero bore, his peril quickly seen: Around her son she threw her snowy arms. And with a veil, thick-folded, wrapt him round, From hostile spears to guard him, lest some Greek Should pierce his breast, and rob him of his life. 365 She from the battle thus her son removed;

Nor did the son of Capaneus neglect

395

The strict injunction by Tydides given; His reins attaching to the chariot-rail. Far from the battle-din he checked, and left, 370 His own fleet steeds; then rushing forward, seized, And from the Trojans toward the camp drove off, The sleek-skinned horses of Æneas' car. These to Deipylus, his chosen friend, He gave, of all his comrades best esteemed, 375 Of soundest judgment, toward the ships to drive. Then, his own car remounting, seized the reins, And urged with eager haste his fiery steeds, Seeking Tydides; he, meanwhile, pressed on In keen pursuit of Venus; her he knew 380 A weak, unwarlike Goddess, not of those That like Bellona fierce, or Pallas, range Exulting through the blood-stained fields of war. Her, searching through the crowd, at length he found. And springing forward, with his pointed spear 385 A wound inflicted on her tender hand. Piercing the ambrosial veil, the Graces' work. The sharp spear grazed her palm below the wrist. Forth from the wound the immortal current flowed, Pure ichor, life-stream of the blessed Gods; 390 They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine; Thence are they bloodless and exempt from death. The Goddess shrieked aloud, and dropped her son; But in his arms Apollo bore him off

In a thick cloud enveloped, lest some Greek

Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life. Loud shouted brave Tydides, as she fled:

"Daughter of Jove, from battle-fields retire: Enough for thee weak women to delude: If war thou seek'st, the lesson thou shalt learn 400 Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it named." Thus he; but ill at ease, and sorely pained. The Goddess fled: her, Iris, swift as wind, Caught up, and from the tumult bore away. Weeping with pain, her fair skin bruised and torn, 405 Mars on the left hand of the battle-field She found, his spear reclining by his side, And, veiled in cloud, his car and flying steeds. Kneeling, her brother she besought to lend The flying steeds, with golden frontlets crowned: 410 "Dear brother, aid me hence, and lend thy car To bear me to Olympus, seat of Gods; Great is the pain I suffer from a wound Received from Diomed, a mortal man. Who now would dare with Jove himself to fight." 415 He lent the steeds, with golden frontlets crowned: In deep distress she mounted on the car: Beside her Iris stood, and took the reins. And urged the coursers: nothing loth they flew. And soon to high Olympus, seat of Gods, 420 They came: swift Iris there the coursers staved. Loosed from the chariot, and before them placed Ambrosial forage: on her mother's lap. Dione, Venus fell; she in her arms Embraced, and soothed her with her hand, and said: 425 "Which of the heavenly powers hath wronged thee thus. My child, as guilty of some open shame?" Whom answered thus the laughter-loving Queen:

"The haughty son of Tydeus, Diomed, Hath wounded me, because my dearest son, 430 Æneas, from the field I bore away. No more 'twixt Greeks and Trojans is the fight. But with the Gods themselves the Greeks contend." To whom Dione, heavenly Goddess, thus: "Have patience, dearest child; though much enforced, 435 Restrain thine anger: we in Heaven who dwell. Have much to bear from mortals; and ourselves Too oft upon each other sufferings lay. Mars had his sufferings; by Alöeus' sons, Otus and Ephialtes, strongly bound, 440 He thirteen months in brazen fetters lay: And there had pined away the God of War, Insatiate Mars, had not their step-mother, The beauteous Eribœa, sought the aid Of Hermes; he by stealth released the God. 445 Sore worn and wasted by his galling chains. Juno too suffered, when Amphitryon's son Through her right breast a three-barbed arrow sent: Dire, and unheard of, were the pangs she bore. Great Pluto's self the stinging arrow felt. 450 When that same son of ægis-bearing Jove Assailed him in the very gates of hell. And wrought him keenest anguish; pierced with pain To high Olympus, to the courts of Jove. Groaning, he came: the bitter shaft remained 455 Deep in his shoulder fixed, and grieved his soul: But Pæon's hand with soothing anodynes (For death on him was powerless) healed the wound. Accursed was he, of daring over-bold,

Reckless of evil deeds, who with his bow	460
Assailed the Gods, who on Olympus dwell.	
The blue-eyed Pallas, well I know, has urged	
Tydides to assail thee; fool and blind!	
Unknowing he how short his term of life	
Who fights against the Gods! for him no child	465
Upon his knees shall lisp a father's name,	
Safe from the war and battle-field returned.	
Brave as he is, let Diomed beware	
He meet not some more dangerous foe than thee.	
Then fair Ægiale, Adrastus' child,	470
The noble wife of valiant Diomed,	2.0
Shall long, with lamentations loud, disturb	
The slumbers of her house, and vainly mourn	
Her youthful Lord, the bravest of the Greeks."	
She said; and wiped the ichor from the wound;	475
The hand was healed, the grievous pains allayed.	110
But Juno and Minerva, looking on,	
With words of bitter mockery Saturn's son	
Provoked: and thus the blue-eyed Goddess spoke:	400
"O Father! may I speak without offence?	480
Venus, it seems, has sought to lead astray	
Some Grecian woman, and persuade to join	
Those Trojans, whom she holds in high esteem;	
And, as her hand the gentle dame caressed,	40~
A golden clasp has scratched her slender arm."	485
Thus she: and smiled the Sire of Gods and men	ι;
He called the golden Venus to his side,	
And, "Not to thee, my child," he said, "belong	
The deeds of war; do thou bestow thy care	
On deeds of love, and tender marriage ties;	490
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But leave to Mars and Pallas feats of arms."	
Such converse while they held, brave Diomed	
Again assailed Æneas; well he knew	
Apollo's guardian hand around him thrown;	
Yet by the God undaunted, on he pressed	495
To slay Æneas, and his arms obtain.	
Thrice was his onset made, with murderous aim;	
And thrice Apollo struck his glittering shield;	
But when, with god-like force, he sought to make	
His fourth attempt, the Far-destroyer spoke	500
In terms of awful menace: "Be advised,	
Tydides, and retire; nor as a God	
Esteem thyself; since not alike the race	
Of Gods immortal and of earth-born men."	
He said; and Diomed a little space	505
Before the Far-destroyer's wrath retired:	
Apollo then Æneas bore away	
Far from the tumult; and in Pergamus,	
Where stood his sacred shrine, bestowed him safe.	
Latona there, and Dian, Archer-Queen,	510
In the great temple's innermost recess,	
Gave to his wounds their care, and soothed his pri	ide.
Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow	
A phantom form prepared, the counterpart	
Of great Æneas, and alike in arms:	515
Around the form, of Trojans and of Greeks,	
Loud was the din of battle; fierce the strokes	
That fell on rounded shield of tough bull's-hide,	
And lighter targe, before each warrior's breast.	
Then thus Apollo to the God of War:	520
"Mara! Mara! thou hene of mortals blood-stained I	ord

Razer of cities, wer't not well thyself To interpose, and from the battle-field Withdraw this chief, Tydides? such his pride, He now would dare with Jove himself to fight. 525Venus, of late, he wounded in the wrist; And, like a God, but now confronted me." He said, and sat on Ilion's topmost height: While Mars, in likeness of the Thracian chief, Swift Acamas, amid the Trojan ranks 530 Moved to and fro, and urged them to the fight. To Priam's Heaven-descended sons he called; "Ye sons of Priam, Heaven-descended King, How long will ye behold your people slain? Till to your very doors the war be brought? 535 Æneas, noble-souled Anchises' son, In like esteem with Hector held, is down; On to his aid! our gallant comrade save!" He said: his words fresh courage gave to all: Then thus Sarpedon, in reproachful tone, 540 Addressed the godlike Hector: "Where is now, Hector, the spirit that heretofore was thine? 'Twas once thy boast that even without allies Thyself, thy brethren, and thy house, alone The city could defend: for all of these 545 I look in vain, and see not one; they all, As curs around a lion, cower and crouch: We, strangers and allies, maintain the fight. I to your aid, from lands afar remote, From Lycia came, by Xanthus' eddying stream; 550 There left a cherished wife, and infant son. And rich possessions, which might envy move;

Yet I my troops encourage: and myself Have played my part, though nought have I to lose, Nought that the Greeks could drive or bear away; 555 But thou stand'st idly by; nor bidd'st the rest Maintain their ground, and guard their wives and homes. Beware lest ye, as in the meshes caught Of some wide-sweeping net, become the prey And booty of your foes, who soon shall lay 560 Your prosperous city level with the dust. By day and night should this thy thoughts engage. With constant prayer to all thy brave allies, Firmly to stand, and wipe this shame away." He said; and Hector felt the biting speech; Down from his car he leaped; and through the ranks, Two javelins brandishing, he passed, to arms Exciting all, and raised his battle-cry. Again they rallied; faced again the Greeks: In serried ranks the Greeks, undaunted, stood, 570 As when the wind from off a threshing-floor. Where men are winnowing, blows the chaff away; When yellow Ceres with the breeze divides The corn and chaff, which lies in whitening heaps; So thick the Greeks were whitened o'er with dust. 575 Which to the brazen vault of Heaven arose Beneath the horses' feet, as here and there Their drivers urged them, mingling with the crowd. Unwearied still, they bore the brunt; but Mars, Ranging all round to aid the Trojan host. 580 With clouds of night o'erspread the battle-field. Thus he of Phœbus of the golden sword Obeyed the injunction, bidding him arouse

The courage of the Trojans, when he saw
Pallas approaching to support the Greeks. 585
Then from the wealthy shrine Apollo's self
Æneas brought, and vigour fresh infused:
Amid his comrades once again he stood;
They joyed to see him yet alive, and sound,
And full of vigour; yet no question asked: 590
No time for question then, amid the toils
Imposed by Phœbus of the silver bow,
And blood-stained Mars, and Discord unappeased.
Meanwhile Ulysses, and the Ajaces both,
And Diomed, with courage for the fight 595
The Grecian force inspired; they undismayed
Shrank not before the Trojans' rush and charge;
In masses firm they stood, as when the clouds
Are gathered round the misty mountain top
By Saturn's son, in breathless calm, while sleep 600
The force of Boreas and the stormy winds,
That with their breath the shadowy clouds disperse;
So stood the Greeks, nor shunned the Trojans' charge.
Through all the army Agamemnon passed,
And cried, "Brave comrades, quit ye now like men; 605
Bear a stout heart; and in the stubborn fight,
Let each to other mutual succour give;
By mutual succour more are saved than fall;
In timid flight nor fame nor safety lies."
Thus he: and straight his javelin threw, and struck 610
A man of mark, Æneas' faithful friend,
Deicöon, the son of Pergasus,
By Troy, as ever foremost in the field,
In equal honour held with Priam's sons.

His shield the monarch Agamemnon struck;	615
The shield's defence was vain; the spear passed thro	ugh
Beneath the belt, and in his groin was lodged;	_
Thundering he fell, and loud his armour rang.	
On the other side, Æneas slew two chiefs,	
The bravest of the Greeks, Orsilochus	620
And Crethon, sons of Diocles, who dwelt	
In thriving Phera; rich in substance he,	
And from the mighty River Alpheus traced	
His high descent, who through the Pylian land	
His copious waters pours; to him was born	625
Orsilochus, of numerous tribes the chief;	
To him succeeded valiant Diocles;	
To whom were born twin sons, Orsilochus	
And Crethon, skilled in every point of war.	
They, in the vigour of their youth, to Troy	630
Had sailed amid the dark-ribbed ships of Greece,	
Of Atreus' sons the quarrel to uphold;	
But o'er them both the shades of death were spread	i.
As two young lions, by their tawny dam	
Nursed in the mountain forest's deep recess,	635
On flocks and herds their youthful fury pour,	
With havoc to the sheepfolds, till themselves	
Succumb, o'ermastered by the hand of man:	
So fell these two beneath Æneas' hand,	
And like two lofty pines in death they lay.	640
The warlike Menelaus saw their fall	
With pitying eye; and through the foremost ranks	
With brandished spear advanced, by Mars impelled,	
Who hoped his death by great Æneas' hand.	
Him Nestor's son, Antilochus, beheld.	645

And hastened to his aid; for much he feared Lest ill befall the monarch, and his death Deprive them of their warlike labours' fruit. They two, with force combined of hand and spear, Pressed onward to the fight; Antilochus 650 His station keeping close beside the King. Before the two combined. Æneas feared. Bold warrior as he was, to hold his ground. The slain they drew within the Grecian lines, Placed in their comrades' hands, and turning back 655 Amid the foremost mingled in the fray. Then, brave as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew, The bucklered Paphlagonians' warlike chief; Him Meneläus, hand to hand engaged. Pierced with a spear-thrust through the collar-bone; 660 While, with a ponderous stone, Antilochus Full on the elbow smote Atymnius' son. Mydon, his charioteer, in act to turn His fiery steeds to flight: down from his hands Fell to the ground the ivory-mounted reins. 665 On rushed Antilochus, and with his sword Across the temples smote him; gasping, he Upon his neck and shoulders from the car Pitched headlong; and (for there the sand was deep) Awhile stood balanced, till the horses' feet 670 Dashed him upon the ground; Antilochus. The horses seizing, drove them to the ships. Hector beheld athwart the ranks, and rushed. Loud shouting to the encounter: at his back Followed the thronging bands of Troy, by Mars 675 And fierce Bellona led: she by the hand

Wild Uproar held; while Mars a giant spear	
Brandished aloft; and stalking now before,	
Now following after Hector, urged them on.	
Quailed at the sight the valiant Diomed:	680
As when a man, long journeying o'er the plain,	
All unprepared, stands sudden on the brink	
Of a swift stream, down rushing to the sea,	
Boiling with foam, and back recoils; so then	
Recoiled Tydides, and addressed the crowd:	685
"O friends, we marvel at the might displayed	
By Hector, spearman skilled and warrior bold;	
But still some guardian God his steps attends,	
And shields from danger; now beside him stands,	
In likeness of a mortal, Mars himself.	690
Then turning still your faces to your foes,	
Retire, nor venture with the Gods to fight."	
He said; the Trojans now were close at hand,	
And, mounted both upon a single car,	
Two chiefs, Menesthes and Anchialus,	695
Well skilled in war, by Hector's hand were slain.	
With pitying eyes great Ajax Telamon	
Beheld their fall; advancing close, he threw	
His glittering spear; the son of Selagus	
It struck, Amphius, who in Pæsus dwelt,	700
In land and substance rich; by evil fate	
Impelled, to Priam's house he brought his aid.	
Below the belt the spear of Ajax struck,	
And in his groin the point was buried deep;	
Thundering he fell; then forward Ajax sprang	705
To seize the spoils of war; but fast and fierce	
The Trojans showered their weapons bright and ke	en,

And many a lance the mighty shield received. Ajax, his foot firm planted on the slain, Withdrew the brazen spear; yet could not strip 710 His armour off, so galling flew the shafts: And much he feared the foes might hem him in, Who closely pressed upon him, many and brave; And, valiant as he was, and tall, and strong, Still drove him backward; he perforce retired. 715 Thus laboured they amid the stubborn fight. Then evil fate induced Tlepolemus, Valiant and strong, the son of Hercules, Heaven-born Sarpedon to confront in fight. When near they came, of cloud-compelling Jove 720 Grandson and son, Tlepolemus began: "Sampedon, Lycian chief, what brings thee here. Trembling and crouching, all unskilled in war? Falsely they speak who fable thee the son Of ægis-bearing Jove; so far art thou 725 Beneath their mark who claimed in elder days That royal lineage: such as was, men say, The might of Hercules, my godlike Sire, Of courage resolute, of lion heart. With but six ships, and with a scanty band. 730 The horses by Laomedon withheld Avenging, he o'erthrew this city, Troy, And made her streets a desert; but thy soul Is poor, thy troops are wasting fast away; Nor deem I that the Trojans will in thee 735 (E'en were thy valour more) and Lycia's aid Their safeguard find; but vanquished by my hand, This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass."

To whom the Lycian chief, Sarpedon, thus: "Tlepolemus, the sacred walls of Troy 740 Thy sire o'erthrew, by folly of one man, Laomedon, who with injurious words His noble service recompensed; nor gave The promised steeds, for which he came from far. For thee, I deem thou now shalt meet thy doom 745 Here, at my hand; on thee my spear shall win Renown for me, thy soul to Hades send." Thus as Sarpedon spoke, Tlepolemus Upraised his ashen spear; from both their hands The ponderous weapons simultaneous flew. 750 Full in the throat Tlepolemus received Sarpedon's spear; right through the neck it passed, And o'er his eyes the shades of death were spread. But, as he fell, Tlepolemus had struck On the left thigh, Sarpedon; through the flesh 755 The eager weapon passed, and grazed the bone; The stroke of death his father turned aside. Sarpedon from the field his comrades bore. Weighed down and tortured by the trailing spear; For, in their haste to bear him to his car, 760 Not one bethought him from his thigh to draw The weapon forth; so sorely were they pressed. The Greeks too from the battle-field conveyed The slain Tlepolemus; Ulysses saw, Patient of spirit, but deeply moved at heart; 765 And with conflicting thoughts his breast was torn, If first he should pursue the Thunderer's son, Or deal destruction on the Lycian host.

But fate had not decreed the valiant son

	_
Of Jove to fall beneath Ulysses' hand;	70
So on the Lycians Pallas turned his wrath.	
Alastor then, and Coranus he slew,	
Chromius, Alcander, Halius, Prytanis,	
Nöemon; nor had ended then the list	
Of Lycian warriors by Ulysses slain; 7	75
But Hector of the glancing helm beheld;	
Through the front ranks he rushed, with burnished cro	est
Resplendent, flashing terror on the Greeks;	
With joy Sarpedon saw his near approach,	
And with imploring tones addressed him thus: 7	80
"Hector, thou son of Priam, leave me not	
A victim to the Greeks, but lend thine aid:	
Then in your city let me end my days:	
For not to me is given again to see	
My native land; or, safe returning home, 7	85
To glad my sorrowing wife and infant child."	
Thus he: but Hector, answering not a word,	
Passed on in silence, hasting to pursue	
The Greeks, and pour destruction on their host.	
Beneath the oak of ægis-bearing Jove 7	90
His faithful comrades laid Sarpedon down,	
And from his thigh the valiant Pelagon,	
His loved companion, drew the ashen spear.	
He swooned, and giddy mists o'erspread his eyes:	
	95
While yet he gasped for breath, the cooling breeze.	
By Mars and Hector of the brazen helm	
The Greeks hard-pressed, yet fled not to their ships,	
Nor yet sustained the fight; but back retired	
Soon as they learned the presence of the God	nn

Say then who first, who last, the prowess felt	
Of Hector, Priam's son, and mail-clad Mars?	
The godlike Teuthras first, Orestes next,	
Bold charioteer; the Ætolian spearman skilled,	
Trechus, Œnomäus, and Helenus,	805
The son of Œnops; and Oresbius, girt	
With sparkling girdle; he in Hyla dwelt,	
The careful Lord of boundless wealth, beside	
Cephisus' marshy banks; Bœotia's chiefs	
Around him dwelt, on fat and fertile soil.	810
Juno, the white-armed Queen, who saw these two	
The Greeks destroying in the stubborn fight,	
To Pallas thus her wingèd words addressed:	
"O Heaven! brave child of ægis-bearing Jove,	
Vain was our word to Meneläus given,	815
That he the well-built walls of Troy should raze,	
And safe return, if unrestrained we leave	
Ferocious Mars to urge his mad career.	
Come then; let us too mingle in the fray."	
She said: and Pallas, blue-eyed Maid, complied.	820
Offspring of Saturn, Juno, heavenly Queen,	
Herself the immortal steeds caparisoned,	
Adorned with golden frontlets: to the car	
Hebe the circling wheels of brass attached,	
Eight-spoked, that on an iron axle turned;	825
The felloes were of gold, and fitted round	
With brazen tires, a marvel to behold;	
The naves were silver, rounded every way:	
The chariot-board on gold and silver bands	
Was hung, and round it ran a double rail:	830
The pole was all of gilvery at the and	

A golden yoke, with golden yoke-bands fair: And June, all on fire to join the fray, Beneath the yoke the flying coursers led. Pallas, the child of ægis-bearing Jove. 835 Within her father's threshold dropped her veil. Of airy texture, work of her own hands; The cuirass donned of cloud-compelling Jove. And stood accoutred for the bloody fray. Her tasselled ægis round her shoulders next 840 She threw, with Terror circled all around; And on its face were figured deeds of arms. And Strife, and Courage high, and panic Rout; There too a Gorgon's head, of monstrous size. Frowned terrible, portent of angry Jove: 845 And on her head a golden helm she placed, Four-crested, double-peaked, whose ample verge A hundred cities' champions might suffice: Her fiery car she mounted: in her hand A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough; wherewith 850 The mighty daughter of a mighty sire Sweeps down the ranks of those her hate pursues. Then June sharply touched the flying steeds: Forthwith spontaneous opening, grated harsh The heavenly portals, guarded by the Hours, 855 Who Heaven and high Olympus have in charge To roll aside, or draw the veil of cloud. Through these the excited horses held their way. They found the son of Saturn, from the Gods Sitting apart, upon the highest crest 860 Of many ridged Olympus; there arrived, The white-armed Goddess Juno stayed her steeds,

And thus addressed the Sovereign Lord of Heaven:

"O Father Jove! canst thou behold unmoved
The violence of Mars? how many Greeks, 865
Reckless and uncontrolled, he hath destroyed;
To me a source of bitter grief; meanwhile
Venus and Phœbus of the silver bow
Look on, well pleased, who sent this madman forth,
To whom both law and justice are unknown. 870
Say, Father Jove, shall I thine anger move,
If with disgrace I drive him from the field?"

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:
"Go, send against him Pallas; she, I know,
Hath oft inflicted on him grievous pain."

875

He said: the white-armed Queen with joy obeyed: She urged her horses; nothing loth, they flew Midway between the earth and starry Heaven: Far as his sight extends, who from on high Looks from his watch-tower o'er the dark-blue sea, 880 So far at once the neighing horses bound. But when to Troy they came, beside the streams Where Simöis' and Scamander's waters meet, The white-armed Goddess stayed her flying steeds. Loosed from the car, and veiled in densest cloud. For them, at bidding of the river-God, Ambrosial forage grew: the Goddesses, Swift as the wild wood-pigeon's rapid flight, Sped to the battle-field to aid the Greeks. But when they reached the thickest of the fray. 890 Where thronged around the might of Diomed The bravest and the best, as lions fierce, Or forest-boars, the mightiest of their kind,

There stood the white-armed Queen, and called aloud. In form of Stentor, of the brazen voice. 895 Whose shout was as the shout of fifty men: "Shame on ye. Greeks, base cowards! brave alone In outward semblance; while Achilles yet Went forth to battle, from the Dardan gates The Trojans never ventured to advance. 900 So dreaded they his ponderous spear; but now Far from the walls, beside your ships, they fight." She said: her words their drooping courage roused. Meanwhile the blue-eyed Pallas went in haste In search of Tydeus' son: beside his car 905 She found the King, in act to cool the wound Inflicted by the shaft of Pandarus: Beneath his shield's broad belt the clogging sweat Oppressed him, and his arm was faint with toil; The belt was lifted up, and from the wound 910 He wiped the clotted blood: beside the car The Goddess stood, and touched the yoke, and said: "Little like Tydeus' self is Tydeus' son: Low was his stature, but his spirit was high: And even when I from combat rashly waged 915 Would fain have kept him back, what time in Thebes He found himself, an envoy and alone, Without support, among the Thebans all, I counselled him in peace to share the feast: But he, as ever, his undaunted mood 920 Maintaining, challenged all the Theban youth To various contests, and in all prevailed With ease; so mighty was the aid I gave.

Thee now I stand beside, and guard from harm,

And bid thee boldly with the Trojans fight.	925
But, if the labours of the battle-field	
O'ertask thy limbs, or heartless fear restrain,	
No issue thou of valiant Tydeus' loins."	
Whom answered thus the valiant Diomed:	
"I know thee, Goddess, who thou art; the child	930
Of ægis-bearing Jove: to thee my mind	
I freely speak, nor aught will I conceal.	
Nor heartless fear, nor hesitating doubt,	
Restrain me; but I bear thy words in mind,	
With other of the immortals not to fight:	935
But should Jove's daughter, Venus, dare the fray,	
At her I need not shun to throw my spear.	
Therefore I thus withdrew, and others too	
Exhorted to retire, since Mars himself	
I saw careering o'er the battle-field."	940
To whom the blue-eyed Goddess, Pallas, thus:	
"Thou son of Tydeus, dearest to my soul,	
Fear now no more with Mars himself to fight,	
Nor other God; such aid will I bestow.	
Come then; at him the first direct thy car;	945
Encounter with him hand to hand; nor fear	
To strike this madman, this incarnate curse,	
This shameless renegade; who late agreed	
With June and with me to combat Troy,	
And aid the Grecian cause; who now appears	950
The Greeks deserting, in the Trojan ranks."	
Thus Pallas spoke, and stretching forth her hand	,
Backward his comrade Sthenelus she drew	
From off the chariot; down in haste he sprang.	
His place beside the valiant Diomed	955

The eager Goddess took; beneath the weight Loud groaned the oaken axle; for the car A mighty Goddess and a Hero bore. Then Pallas took the whip and reins, and urged Direct at Mars the fiery coursers' speed. 960 The bravest of the Ætolians, Periphas. Ochesius' stalwart son, he just had slain, And stood in act to strip him of his arms. The helmet then of Darkness Pallas donned. To hide her presence from the sight of Mars: 965 But when the blood-stained God of War beheld Advancing toward him godlike Diomed. The corpse of stalwart Periphas he left, There where he fell, to lie; while he himself Of valiant Diomed the encounter met. 970 When near they came, first Mars his ponderous spear Advanced beyond the yoke and horses' reins. With murderous aim; but Pallas from the car Turned it aside, and foiled the vain attempt. Then Diomed thrust forward in his turn 975 His ponderous spear; low on the flank of Mars. Guided by Pallas, with successful aim. Just where the belt was girt, the weapon struck: It pierced the flesh, and straight was back withdrawn: Then Mars cried out aloud, with such a shout 980 As if nine thousand or ten thousand men Should simultaneous raise their battle-cry: Trojans and Greeks alike in terror heard. Trembling; so fearful was the cry of Mars. As black with clouds appears the darkened air, 985 When after heat the blustering winds arise. VOL I. ĸ

So Mars to valiant Diomed appeared, As in thick clouds he took his heavenward flight. With speed he came to great Olympus' heights, The abode of Gods; and sitting by the throne 990 Of Saturn's son, with anguish torn, he showed The immortal stream that trickled from the wound, And thus to Jove his piteous words addressed: "O Father Jove, canst thou behold unmoved These acts of violence? the greatest ills 995 We Gods endure, we each to other owe, Who still in human quarrels interpose. Of thee we all complain; thy senseless child Is ever on some evil deed intent. The other Gods, who on Olympus dwell, 1000 Are all to thee obedient and submiss; But thy pernicious daughter, nor by word Nor deed dost thou restrain: who now excites The o'erbearing son of Tydeus, Diomed, Upon the immortal Gods to vent his rage. 1005 Venus of late he wounded in the wrist. And, as a God, but now encountered me: Barely I 'scaped by swiftness of my feet; Else, 'mid a ghastly heap of corpses slain. In anguish had I lain; and, if alive, 1010 Yet lived disabled by his weapon's stroke." Whom answered thus the Cloud-compeller, Jove. With look indignant: "Come no more to me. Thou wavering turncoat, with thy whining prayers: Of all the Gods who on Olympus dwell 1015 I hate thee most; for thou delight'st in nought But strife and war; thou hast inherited

Thy mother, Juno's, proud, unbending mood,	
Whom I can scarce control; and thou, methinks,	
To her suggestions ow'st thy present plight.	1020
Yet since thou art my offspring, and to me	
Thy mother bore thee, I must not permit	
That thou shouldst long be doomed to suffer pain;	;
But had thy birth been other than it is,	
For thy misdoings thou hadst long ere now	1025
Been banished from the Gods' companionship."	
He said: and straight to Pæon gave command	
To heal the wound; he, soothing anodynes	
Applying, healed it; for from death exempt	
Was Mars created; soon as liquid milk	1030
Is curdled by the fig-tree's juice, and turns	
In whirling flakes, so soon was healed the wound.	
By Hebe bathed, and robed afresh, he sat	
In health and strength restored, by Saturn's son.	
Mars thus arrested in his murderous course,	1035
Together to the abode of Jove returned	
The Queen of Argos and the blue-eyed Maid.	1037

BOOK VI.

THE Gods had left the field, and o'er the plain
Hither and thither surged the tide of war,
As couched the opposing chiefs their brass-tipped spears,
Midway 'twixt Simöis' and Scamander's streams.

First through the Trojan phalanx broke his way 5
The son of Telamon, the prop of Greece,
The mighty Ajax; on his friends the light
Of triumph shedding, as Eusorus' son
He smote, the noblest of the Thracian bands,
Valiant and strong, the gallant Acamas. 10
Full in the front, beneath the plumèd helm,
The sharp spear struck, and crashing through the bone,
The warrior's eyes were closed in endless night.

Next valiant Diomed Axylus slew,

The son of Teuthranes, who had his home

15
In fair Arisba; rich in substance he,
And loved of all; for, dwelling near the road,
He oped to all his hospitable gate;
But none of all he entertained was there
To ward aside the bitter doom of death:

20
There fell they both, he and his charioteer,
Calesius, who athwart the battle-field
His chariot drove; one fate o'ertook them both.
Then Dresus and Opheltius of their arms

Then Dresus and Opheltius of their arms Euryalus despoiled; his hot pursuit

25

Æsepus next, and Pedasus assailed,	
Brothers, whom Abarbarea, Naiad nymph,	
To bold Bucolion bore; Bucolion, son	
Of great Laomedon, his eldest born,	
Though bastard: he upon the mountain side,	30
On which his flocks he tended, met the nymph,	
And of their secret loves twin sons were born;	
Whom now at once Mecistheus' son of strength	
And life deprived, and of their armour stripped.	
By Polypætes' hand, in battle strong,	35
Was slain Astyalus; Pidutes fell,	
Chief of Percote, by Ulysses' spear;	
And Teucer godlike Aretaon slew.	
Antilochus, the son of Nestor, smote	
With gleaming lance Ablerus; Elatus	40
By Agamemnon, King of men, was slain,	
Who dwelt by Satnöis' widely-flowing stream,	
Upon the lofty heights of Pedasus.	
By Lëitus was Phylacus in flight	
O'erta'en; Eurypylus Melanthius slew.	45
Then Meneläus, good in battle, took	`
Adrastus captive; for his horses, scared	
And rushing wildly o'er the plain, amid	
The tangled tamarisk scrub his chariot broke,	
Snapping the pole; they with the flying crowd	50
Held city-ward their course; he from the car	
Hurled headlong, prostrate lay beside the wheel,	
Prone on his face in dust; and at his side,	
Poising his mighty spear, Atrides stood.	
Adrastus clasped his knees, and suppliant cried,	55
"Spare me great son of Atreus! for my life	

Accept a price; my wealthy father's house	
A goodly store contains of brass, and gold,	
And well-wrought iron; and of these he fain	
Would pay a noble ransom, could he hear	60
That in the Grecian ships I yet survived."	
His words to pity moved the victor's breast;	
Then had he bade his followers to the ships	
The captive bear; but running up in haste,	
Fierce Agamemnon cried in stern rebuke;	65
"Soft-hearted Menelaus, why of life	
So tender? Hath thy house received indeed	
Nothing but benefits at Trojan hands?	
Of that abhorrèd race, let not a man	
Escape the deadly vengeance of our arms;	70
No, not the infant in its mother's womb;	
No, nor the fugitive; but, be they all,	
They and their city, utterly destroyed,	
Uncared for, and from memory blotted out."	
Thus as he spoke, his counsel, fraught with death,	7 5
His brother's purpose changed: he with his hand	
Adrastus thrust aside, whom with his lance	
Fierce Agamemnon through the loins transfixed;	
And, as he rolled in death, upon his breast	
Planting his foot, the ashen spear withdrew.	80
Then loudly Nestor shouted to the Greeks:	
"Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars!	
Loiter not now behind, to throw yourselves	
Upon the prey, and bear it to the ships;	
Let all your aim be now to kill; anon	85
Ye may at leisure spoil your slaughtered foes."	
With words like these he fired the blood of all.	

Now had the Trojans by the warlike Greeks In coward flight within their walls been driven; But to Æneas and to Hector thus 90 The son of Priam, Helenus, the best Of all the Trojan seers, addressed his speech: "Æneas, and thou Hector, since on you, Of all the Trojans and the Lycian hosts, Is laid the heaviest burthens, for that ye 95 Excel alike in council and in fight. Stand here awhile, and moving to and fro On every side, around the gates exhort The troops to rally, lest they fall disgraced, Flying for safety to their women's arms. 100 And foes, exulting, triumph in their shame. Their courage thus restored, worn as we are, We with the Greeks will still maintain the fight, For so, perforce, we must; but, Hector, thou Haste to the city; there our mother find, 105 Both thine and mine; on Ilion's topmost height By all the aged dames accompanied. Bid her the shrine of blue-eyed Pallas seek; Unlock the sacred gates; and on the knees Of fair-haired Pallas place the fairest robe 110 In all the house, the amplest, best esteemed; And at her altar vow to sacrifice Twelve yearling kine that never felt the goad, So she have pity on the Trojan state, Our wives, and helpless babes, and turn away 115 The fiery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce, The Minister of Terror; bravest he, In my esteem, of all the Grecian chiefs;

For not Achilles' self, the prince of men, Though Goddess-born, such dread inspired; so fierce 120 His rage; and with his prowess none may vie."

He said, nor uncomplying, Hector heard
His brother's counsel; from his car he leaped
In arms upon the plain; and brandished high
His javelins keen, and moving to and fro

125
The troops encouraged, and restored the fight.
Rallying they turned, and faced again the Greeks:
These ceased from slaughter, and in turn gave way,
Deeming that from the starry Heaven some God
Had to the rescue come; so fierce they turned,

130
Then to the Trojans Hector called aloud:

"Ye valiant Trojans, and renowned Allies, Quit you like men; remember now, brave friends, Your wonted valour; I to Ilion go To bid our wives and reverend Elders raise To Heaven their prayers, with yows of hecatombs."

To Heaven their prayers, with vows of hecatombs."
Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm
Turned to depart; and as he moved along,
The black bull's-hide his neck and ancles smote,
The outer circle of his bossy shield.

Then Tydeus' son, and Glaucus, in the midst, Son of Hippolochus, stood forth to fight;
But when they near were met, to Glaucus first
The valiant Diomed his speech addressed:
"Who art thou, boldest man of mortal birth?
For in the glorious conflict heretofore
I ne'er have seen thee; but in daring now
Thou far surpassest all, who hast not feared
To face my spear; of most unhappy sires

145

140

135

The children they, who my encounter meet.	150
But if from Heaven thou com'st, and art indeed	
A God, I fight not with the heavenly powers.	
Not long did Dryas' son, Lycurgus brave,	
Survive, who dared the Immortals to defy:	
He, 'mid their frantic orgies, in the groves	155
Of lovely Nyssa, put to shameful rout	
The youthful Bacchus' nurses; they, in fear,	
Dropped each her thyrsus, scattered by the hand	
Of fierce Lycurgus, with an ox-goad armed.	
Bacchus himself beneath the ocean wave	160
In terror plunged, and, trembling, refuge found	
In Thetis' bosom from a mortal's threats:	
The Gods indignant saw, and Saturn's son	
Smote him with blindness; nor survived he long,	
Hated alike by all the Immortal Gods.	165
I dare not then the blessed Gods oppose;	
But be thou mortal, and the fruits of earth	
Thy food, approach, and quickly meet thy doom."	
To whom the noble Glaucus thus replied:	
"Great son of Tydeus, why my race enquire?	170
The race of man is as the race of leaves:	
Of leaves, one generation by the wind	
Is scattered on the earth; another soon	
In spring's luxuriant verdure bursts to light.	
So with our race; these flourish, those decay.	175
But if thou wouldst in truth enquire and learn	
The race I spring from, not unknown of men;	
There is a city, in the deep recess	
Of pastoral Argos, Ephyre by name:	
There Sisyphus of old his dwelling had,	180 .

Of mortal men the craftiest; Sisyphus, The son of Æolus: to him was born Glaucus; and Glaucus in his turn begot Bellerophon, on whom the Gods bestowed The gifts of beauty and of manly grace. 185 But Proetus sought his death; and, mightier far, From all the coasts of Argos drove him forth, To Proetus subjected by Jove's decree. For him the monarch's wife, Anteia, nursed A maddening passion, and to guilty love 190 Would fain have tempted him; but failed to move The upright soul of chaste Bellerophon. With lying words she then addressed the King: 'Die, Prœtus, thou, or slay Bellerophon, Who basely sought my honour to assail.' 195 The King with anger listened to her words; Slay him he would not; that his soul abhorred; But to the father of his wife, the King Of Lycia, sent him forth, with tokens charged Of dire import, on folded tablets traced. 200 Which to the monarch shown, might work his death. To Lycia, guarded by the Gods, he went: But when he came to Lycia, and the streams Of Xanthus, there with hospitable rites The King of wide-spread Lycia welcomed him. 205 Nine days he feasted him, nine oxen slew; But with the tenth return of rosy morn He questioned him, and for the tokens asked He from his son-in-law, from Proetus, bore. The tokens' fatal import understood, 210 He bade him first the dread Chimæra slay:

A monster, sent from Heaven, not human born, With head of lion, and a serpent's tail. And body of a goat; and from her mouth There issued flames of fiercely-burning fire: 215 Yet her, confiding in the Gods, he slew. Next, with the valiant Solymi he fought. The fiercest fight that e'er he undertook. Thirdly, the women-warriors he o'erthrew. The Amazons; from whom returning home, 220 The King another stratagem devised; For, choosing out the best of Lycia's sons, He set an ambush; they returned not home, For all by brave Bellerophon were slain. But, by his valour when the King perceived 225 His heavenly birth, he entertained him well; Gave him his daughter; and with her the half Of all his royal honours he bestowed: A portion to the Lycians meted out, Fertile in corn and wine, of all the state 230 The choicest land, to be his heritage. Three children there to brave Bellerophon Were born; Isander, and Hippolochus, Laodamia last, beloved of Jove, The Lord of counsel; and to him she bore 235 Godlike Sarpedon of the brazen helm. Bellerophon at length the wrath incurred Of all the Gods; and to the Aleian plain Alone he wandered; there he wore away His soul, and shunned the busy haunts of men. 240 Insatiate Mars his son Isander slew In battle with the valiant Solymi:

His daughter perished by Diana's wrath.	
I from Hippolochus my birth derive:	
To Troy he sent me, and enjoined me oft	245
To aim at highest honours, and surpass	
My comrades all; nor on my father's name	
Discredit bring, who held the foremost place	
In Ephyre, and Lycia's wide domain.	
Such is my race, and such the blood I boast."	250
He said; and Diomed rejoicing heard:	
His spear he planted in the fruitful ground,	
And thus with friendly words the chief addressed:	
"By ancient ties of friendship are we bound;	
For godlike Œneus in his house received	255
For twenty days the brave Bellerophon;	
They many a gift of friendship interchanged:	
A belt, with crimson glowing, Œneus gave;	
Bellerophon a double cup of gold,	
Which in my house I left when here I came.	260
Of Tydeus no remembrance I retain;	
For yet a child he left me, when he fell	
With his Achaians at the gate of Thebes.	
So I in Argos am thy friendly host;	
Thou mine in Lycia, when I thither come:	265
Then shun we, e'en amid the thickest fight,	
Each other's lance; enough there are for me	
Of Trojans and their brave allies to kill,	
As Heaven may aid me, and my speed of foot;	
And Greeks enough there are for thee to slay,	270
If so indeed thou canst; but let us now	
Our armour interchange, that these may know	
What friendly bonds of old our houses join."	

Thus as they spoke, they quitted each his car; Clasped hand in hand, and plighted mutual faith. 275 Then Glaucus of his judgment Jove deprived. His armour interchanging, gold for brass, A hundred oxen's worth for that of nine. Meanwhile, when Hector reached the oak beside The Scæan gate, around him thronged the wives 280 Of Troy, and daughters, anxious to enquire The fate of children, brothers, husbands, friends: He to the Gods exhorted all to pray, For deep the sorrows that o'er many hung. But when to Priam's splendid house he came. 285 With polished corridors adorned—within Were fifty chambers, all of polished stone, Placed each by other: there the fifty sons Of Priam with their wedded wives reposed: On the other side, within the court were built 290 Twelve chambers, near the roof, of polished stone, Placed each by other: there the sons-in-law Of Priam with their spouses chaste reposed: To meet him there his tender mother came. And with her led the young Laodice. 295 Fairest of all her daughters; clasping then His hand, she thus addressed him: "Why, my son, Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field? Are Trojans by those hateful sons of Greece, Fighting around the city, sorely pressed? 300 And com'st thou, by thy spirit moved, to raise. On Ilion's heights, thy hands in prayer to Jove? But tarry till I bring the luscious wine.

That first to Jove, and to the Immortals all,

335

Thou mayst thine offering pour; then with the draught 305 Thyself thou mayst refresh; for great the strength Which generous wine imparts to men who toil, As thou hast toiled, thy comrades to protect." To whom great Hector of the glancing helm: "No, not for me, mine honoured mother, pour 310 The luscious wine, lest thou unnerve my limbs, And make me all my wonted prowess lose. The ruddy wine I dare not pour to Jove With hands unwashed: nor to the cloud-girt son Of Saturn may the voice of prayer ascend 315 From one with blood bespattered and defiled. Thou, with the elder women, seek the shrine Of Pallas; bring your gifts; and on the knees Of fair-haired Pallas place the fairest robe In all the house, the amplest, best esteemed: 320 And at her altar vow to sacrifice Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad; So she have pity on the Trojan state, Our wives, and helpless babes; and turn away The fiery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce, 325 The Minister of Terror; to the shrine Of Pallas thou; to Paris I, to call If haply he will hear; would that the earth Would gape and swallow him! for great the curse That Jove through him hath brought on men of Troy, 330 On noble Priam, and on Priam's sons. Could I but know that he were in his grave.

Methinks my sorrows I could half forget."

He said: she, to the house returning, sent

The attendants through the city, to collect

The train of aged suppliants; she meanwhile Her fragrant chamber sought, wherein were stored Rich garments, by Sidonian women worked, Whom godlike Paris had from Sidon brought, Sailing the broad sea o'er, the selfsame path 340 By which the high-born Helen he conveyed. Of these, the richest in embroidery, The amplest, and the brightest, as a star Refulgent, placed with care beneath the rest. The Queen her offering bore to Pallas' shrine: 345 She went, and with her many an ancient dame. But when the shrine they reached on Ilion's height, Theano, fair of face, the gates unlocked, Daughter of Cisseus, sage Antenor's wife, By Trojans named at Pallas' shrine to serve. 350 They with deep moans to Pallas raised their hands; But fair Theano took the robe, and placed On Pallas' knees, and to the heavenly Maid, Daughter of Jove, she thus addressed her prayer: "Guardian of cities, Pallas, awful Queen, 355 Goddess of Goddesses, break thou the spear Of Tydeus' son; and grant that he himself Prostrate before the Scæan gates may fall; So at thine altar will we sacrifice Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad. 360 If thou have pity on the state of Troy, The wives of Trojans, and their helpless babes." Thus she; but Pallas answered not her prayer. While thus they called upon the heavenly Maid. Hector to Paris' mansion bent his way; 365 A noble structure, which himself had built

Aided by all the best artificers Who in the fertile realm of Troy were known; With chambers, hall, and court, on Ilion's height. Near to where Priam's self and Hector dwelt. 370 There entered Hector, well beloved of Jove: And in his hand his ponderous spear he bore, Twelve cubits long; bright flashed the weapon's point Of polished brass, with circling hoop of gold. There in his chamber found he whom he sought, 375 About his armour busied, polishing His shield, his breastplate, and his bended bow. While Argive Helen, 'mid her maidens placed. The skilful labours of their hands o'erlooked. To him thus Hector with reproachful words: 380 "Thou dost not well thine anger to indulge; In battle round the city's lofty wall The people fast are falling; thou the cause That fiercely thus around the city burns The flame of war and battle; and thyself Wouldst others blame, who from the fight should shrink. Up, ere the town be wrapped in hostile fires." To whom in answer godlike Paris thus: "Hector, I own not causeless thy rebuke: Yet will I speak; hear thou and understand; 390 'Twas less from anger with the Trojan host, And fierce resentment, that I here remained. Than that I sought my sorrow to indulge: Yet hath my wife, e'en now, with soothing words Urged me to join the battle; so, I own, 395 'Twere best; and Victory changes oft her side. Then stay, while I my armour don; or thou

Go first: I, following, will o'ertake thee soon." He said: but Hector of the glancing helm Made answer none; then thus with gentle tones 400 Helen accosted him: "Dear brother mine, (Of me, degraded, sorrow-bringing, vile!) Oh that the day my mother gave me birth Some storm had on the mountains cast me forth! Or that the many-dashing ocean's waves 405 Had swept me off, ere all this woe were wrought! Yet if these evils were of Heaven ordained, Would that a better man had called me wife; A sounder judge of honour and disgrace: For he, thou know'st, no firmness hath of mind, 410 Nor ever will; a want he well may rue. But come thou in, and rest thee here awhile, Dear brother, on this couch: for travail sore Encompasseth thy soul, by me imposed, Degraded as I am, and Paris' guilt: 415 On whom this burthen Heaven hath laid, that song In future days shall chronicle our shame." To whom great Hector of the glancing helm: "Though kind thy wish, yet, Helen, ask me not To sit or rest; I cannot yield to thee: 420 For burns e'en now my soul to aid our friends, Who feel my loss, and sorely need my arm. But thou thy husband rouse, and let him speed, That he may find me still within the walls. For I too homeward go; to see once more 425 My household, and my wife, and infant child: For whether I may e'er again return, I know not, or if Heaven have so decreed, VOL. I. L

That I this day by Grecian hands should fall." Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm 430 Turned to depart: with rapid step he reached His own well-furnished house, but found not there His white-armed spouse, the fair Andromache. She with her infant child and maid the while Was standing, bathed in tears, in bitter grief, 435 On Ilion's topmost tower: but when her Lord Found not within the house his peerless wife, Upon the threshold pausing, thus he spoke: "Tell me, my maidens, tell me true, which way Your mistress went, the fair Andromache; 440 Or to my sisters, or my brothers' wives? Or to the temple where the fair-haired dames Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name?" To whom the matron of his house replied: "Hector, if truly we must answer thee, 445 Not to thy sisters, nor thy brothers' wives. Nor to the temple where the fair-haired dames Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name, But to the height of Ilion's topmost tower Andromache is gone; since tidings came 450 The Trojan force was overmatched, and great The Grecian strength; whereat, like one distract, She hurried to the walls, and with her took. Borne in the nurse's arms, her infant child." So spoke the ancient dame; and Hector straight 455 Through the wide streets his rapid steps retraced. But when at last the mighty city's length Was traversed, and the Scean gates were reached,

Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste

Running to meet him came his priceless wife, 460 Eëtion's daughter, fair Andromache; Eëtion, who from Thebes Cilicia swayed, Thebes, at the foot of Placos' wooded heights. His child to Hector of the brazen helm Was given in marriage: she it was who now 465 Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore, Clasped to her breast, his all unconscious child, Hector's loved infant, fair as morning star; Whom Hector called Scamandrius, but the rest Astyanax, in honour of his sire, 470 The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy. Silent he smiled as on his boy he gazed: But at his side Andromache, in tears, Hung on his arm, and thus the chief addressed: "Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom: 475 Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child, Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon: For thee will all the Greeks with force combined Assail and slay: for me, 'twere better far, Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod; 480 Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost, But endless grief; to me nor sire is left, Nor honoured mother: fell Achilles' hand My sire Eëtion slew, what time his arms The populous city of Cilicia razed. 485 The lofty-gated Thebes; he slew indeed, But stripped him not; he reverenced the dead; And o'er his body, with his armour burnt, A mound erected; and the mountain nymphs, The progeny of ægis-bearing Jove, 490

Planted around his tomb a grove of elms. There were seven brethren in my father's house; All in one day they fell, amid their herds And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand. My mother, Queen of Placos' wooded height, 495 Brought with the captives here, he soon released For costly ransom; but by Dian's shafts She, in her father's house, was stricken down. But, Hector, thou to me art all in one, Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love! 500 Then pitying us, within the tower remain. Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife A hapless widow; by the fig-tree here Array thy troops; for here the city wall. Easiest of access, most invites assault. 505 Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assailed. The two Ajaces, brave Idomeneus, The Atridæ both, and Tydeus' warlike son, Or by the prompting of some Heaven-taught seer. Or by their own adventurous courage led." 510 To whom great Hector of the glancing helm: "Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush To face the men and long-robed dames of Troy. If, like a coward, I could shun the fight. 515 Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth So far forget, whose boast it still has been In the fore-front of battle to be found. Charged with my father's glory and mine own. Yet in my inmost soul too well I know, 520 The day must come when this our sacred Troy.

And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self, Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown. But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate, Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes, 525 Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave, By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust. So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee, Thy days of freedom lost, and led away A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek; 530 Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck. Condemned to ply the loom, or water draw From Hypereia's or Messëis' fount, Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrained. Then they who see thy tears perchance may say, 535 'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought On plains of Troy, was Ilion's bravest chief.' Thus may they speak; and thus thy grief renew For loss of him, who might have been thy shield To rescue thee from slavery's bitter hour. 540 Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemned To hear thy cries and see thee dragged away!" Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretched his arms To take his child; but back the infant shrank, Crying, and sought his nurse's sheltering breast, 545 Scared by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume, That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest. Laughed the fond parents both, and from his brow Hector the casque removed, and set it down, All glittering, on the ground; then kissed his child, 550. And danced him in his arms; then thus to Jove And to the Immortals all addressed his prayer:

"Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son

575

580

May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy, For valour famed, his country's guardian King: 555 That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far His father,' when they see him from the fight, From slaughtered foes, with bloody spoils of war Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!" Thus saying, in his mother's arms he placed 560 His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasped, Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love Hector beheld, and pressed her hand, and thus Addressed her-"Dearest, wring not thus my heart! For till my day of destiny is come, 565 No man may take my life; and when it comes. Nor brave nor coward can escape that day. But go thou home, and ply thy household cares, The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids Their several tasks; and leave to men of Troy 570

Great Hector said, and raised his plumèd helm; And homeward, slow, with oft-reverted eyes, Shedding hot tears, his sorrowing wife returned. Arrived at valiant Hector's well-built house, Her maidens pressed around her; and in all Arose at once the sympathetic grief. For Hector, yet alive, his household mourned, Deeming he never would again return, Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharmed.

And, chief of all to me, the toils of war."

Nor lingered Paris in his lofty halls; But donned his armour, glittering o'er with brass, And through the city passed with bounding steps.

As some proud steed, at well-filled manger fed. His halter broken, neighing, scours the plain, 585 And revels in the widely-flowing stream To bathe his sides; then tossing high his head. While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane, Light borne on active limbs, in conscious pride, To the wide pastures of the mares he flies; 590 So Paris, Priam's son, from Ilion's height, His bright arms flashing like the gorgeous sun, Hastened, with boastful mien, and rapid step. Hector he found, as from the spot he turned Where with his wife he late had converse held; 595 Whom thus the godlike Paris first addressed: "Too long, good brother, art thou here detained. Impatient for the fight, by my delay; Nor have I timely, as thou bad'st me, come." To whom thus Hector, of the glancing helm: 600 "My gallant brother, none who thinks aright Can cavil at thy prowess in the field; For thou art very valiant; but thy will Is weak and sluggish; and it grieves my heart, When from the Trojans, who on thy behalf 605 Such labours undergo. I hear thy name Coupled with foul reproach! But go we now! Henceforth shall all be well, if Jove permit That from our shores we chase the invading Greeks. And to the ever-living Gods of Heaven In peaceful homes our free libations pour." 611

BOOK VII.

THUS as he spoke, from out the city gates
The noble Hector passed, and by his side
His brother Paris; in the breast of both
Burnt the fierce ardour of the battle-field.
As when some God a favouring breeze bestows 5
On seamen tugging at the well-worn oar,
Faint with excess of toil, e'en so appeared
Those brethren twain to Troy's o'erlaboured host.
Then to their prowess fell, by Paris' hand
Menesthius, royal Arëithöus' son,
Whom to the King, in Arna, where he dwelt,
The stag-eyed dame Phylomedusa bore;
While Hector smote, with well-directed spear,
Beneath the brass-bound headpiece, through the throat,
Eïoneus, and slacked his limbs in death; 15
And Glaucus, leader of the Lycian bands,
Son of Hippolochus, amid the fray
Iphinöus, son of Dexias, borne on high
By two fleet mares upon a lofty car,
Pierced through the shoulder; from the car he fell 20
Prone to the earth, his limbs relaxed in death.
But them when Pallas saw, amid the fray
Dealing destruction on the hosts of Greece,
From high Olympus to the walls of Troy
She came in haste; but by Apollo there 25

Encountered, who from Ilion looking down. Was planning victory to the arms of Troy. Beside the oak they met; Apollo first, The son of Jove, the colloquy began: "Daughter of Jove, from great Olympus' heights, 30 Why com'st thou here, by angry passion led? Wouldst thou the victory, swaying here and there, Give to the Greeks? since pitiless thou see'st The Trojans slaughtered? Be advised by me. For so 'twere better; cause we for to-day 35 The rage of battle and of war to cease: To-morrow morn shall see the fight renewed. Until the close of Ilion's destiny: For so ye Goddesses have wrought your will. That this fair city should in ruin fall." 40 To whom the blue-eyed Goddess thus replied: "So be it, Archer-King; with like intent I from Olympus came; but say, what means Wilt thou devise to bid the conflict cease?" To whom Apollo, royal son of Jove: 45 "The might of valiant Hector let us move To challenge to the combat, man to man, Some Grecian warrior; while the brass-clad Greeks Their champion urge the challenge to accept. And godlike Hector meet in single fight." 50 He said; nor did Minerva not assent; But Helenus, the son of Priam, knew The secret counsel by the Gods devised; And drawing near to Hector, thus he spoke: "Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove 55 In council, hearken to a brother's words.

Bid that the Greeks and Trojans all sit down, And thou defy the boldest of the Greeks With thee in single combat to contend: By revelation from the eternal Gods, 60 I know that here thou shalt not meet thy fate." He said, and Hector joyed to hear his words: Forth in the midst he stepped, and with his spear Grasped in the middle, stayed the Trojan ranks. With one accord they sat: on the other side 65 Atrides bade the well-greaved Greeks sit down; While, in the likeness of two vultures, sat On the tall oak of ægis-bearing Jove, Pallas, and Phœbus of the silver bow. With heroes' deeds delighted; dense around 70 Bristled the ranks, with shield, and helm, and spear. As when the west wind freshly blows, and brings A darkening ripple o'er the ocean waves. E'en so appeared upon the plain the ranks Of Greeks and Trojans; standing in the midst, 75 Thus to both armies noble Hector spoke: "Hear, all ye Trojans, and ye well-greaved Greeks, The words I speak, the promptings of my soul. It hath not pleased high-throned Saturnian Jove To ratify our truce, who both afflicts 80 With labours hard, till either ye shall take Our well-fenced city, or yourselves to us Succumb beside your ocean-going ships. Here have ye all the chiefest men of Greece; Of all, let him who dares with me to fight, 85 Stand forth, and godlike Hector's might confront. And this I say, and call to witness Jove.

If with the sharp-edged spear he vanquish me. He shall strip off, and to the hollow ships In triumph bear my armour: but my corpse 90 Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy May deck with honours due my funeral pyre. But, by Apollo's grace should I prevail, I will his arms strip off and bear to Troy, And in Apollo's temple hang on high; 95 But to the ships his corpse I will restore, That so the long-haired Greeks with solemn rites May bury him, and to his memory raise By the broad Hellespont a lofty tomb; And men in days to come shall say, who urge 100 Their full-oared bark across the dark-blue sea, 'Lo there a warrior's tomb of days gone by, A mighty chief whom glorious Hector slew:' Thus shall they say, and thus my fame shall live." Thus Hector spoke; they all in silence heard, 105 Shamed to refuse, but fearful to accept. At length, indignant, Meneläus rose, Groaning in spirit, and with bitter words Reproached them: "Shame, ye braggart cowards, shame! Women of Greece! I cannot call you men! 110 'Twere foul disgrace indeed, and scorn on scorn, If Hector's challenge none of all the Greeks Should dare accept; to dust and water turn All ye who here inglorious, heartless sit! I will myself confront him; for success, 115 The immortal Gods above the issues hold." Thus as he spoke, he donned his dazzling arms. Then, Meneläus, had thine end approached

By Hector's hands, so much the stronger he, Had not the Kings withheld thee and restrained. 120 Great Agamemnon's self, wide-ruling King, Seizing his hand, addressed him thus by name: "What! Heaven-born Meneläus, art thou mad? Beseems thee not such folly; curb thy wrath. Though vexed; nor think with Hector to contend, 125 Thy better far, inspiring dread in all. From his encounter in the glorious fight, Superior far to thee. Achilles shrinks; But thou amid thy comrades' ranks retire; Some other champion will the Greeks provide; 130 And, fearless as he is, and of the fight Insatiate, yet will Hector, should he 'scape Unwounded from the deadly battle-strife, Be fain, methinks, to rest his weary limbs." He said, and with judicious counsel swayed 135 His brother's mind; he yielded to his words, And gladly his attendants doffed his arms. Then Nestor rose, and thus addressed the Greeks: "Alas, alas! what shame is this for Greece! What grief would fill the aged Peleus' soul. 140 Sage chief in council, of the Myrmidons Leader approved, who often in his house Would question me, and loved from me to hear Of all the Greeks the race and pedigree. Could he but learn how Hector cowed them all! 145 He to the Gods with hands upraised would pray His soul might from his body be divorced, And sink beneath the earth! Oh would to Jove, To Pallas and Apollo, such were now

My vigorous youth, as when beside the banks	150
Of swiftly-flowing Celadon, the men	
Of Pylos with the Arcadian spearmen fought,	
By Pheia's walls, around Iardan's streams.	
Then from the ranks, in likeness as a God,	
Advanced their champion, Ereuthalion bold.	155
The arms of Arëithous he wore:	
Of godlike Arëithöus, whom men	
And richly-girdled women had surnamed	
The Macebearer; for not with sword or bow	
He went to fight, but with an iron mace	160
Broke through the squadrons: him Lycurgus slew,	
By stealth, not bravery, in a narrow way,	
Where nought availed his iron mace from death	
To save him; for Lycurgus, with his spear,	
Preventing, thrust.him through the midst; he fell	165
Prostrate; and from his breast the victor stripped	
His armour off, the gift of brass-clad Mars;	
And in the tug of war he wore it oft;	
But when Lycurgus felt the approach of age,	
He to his faithful follower and friend,	170
To Ereuthalion gave it; therewith armed,	
He now to combat challenged all the chiefs.	
None dared accept, for fear had fallen on all;	
Then I with dauntless spirit his might opposed,	
The youngest of them all; with him I fought,	175
And Pallas gave the victory to my arm.	
Him there I slew, the tallest, strongest man;	
For huge the frame that there extended lay.	
Would that my youth and strength were now the sam	e;
Then soon should Hector of the glancing helm	180

A willing champion find; but ye, of Greece The foremost men, with Hector fear to fight." The old man spoke reproachful; at his words Up rose nine warriors: far before the rest, The monarch Agamemnon, King of men; 185 Next Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed; The two Ajaces, clothed with courage high; Idomeneus, and of Idomeneus The faithful follower, brave Meriones, Equal in fight to blood-stained Mars; with these 190 Eurypylus. Eugemon's noble son: Thoas, Andreemon's son; Ulysses last: These all with Hector offered to contend. Then thus again Gerenian Nestor spoke: "Shake then the lots; on whomsoe'er it fall, 195 Great profit shall be bring to Grecian arms. Great glory to himself, if he escape Unwounded from the deadly battle strife." He said: each marked his several lot, and all Together threw in Agamemnon's helm. 200 The crowd, with hands uplifted, prayed the Gods, And looking heavenward, said, "Grant, Father Jove, The lot on Ajax, or on Tydeus' son, Or rich Mycense's King himself may fall." Thus they: then aged Nestor shook the helm. 205 And forth, according to their wish, was thrown The lot of Ajax; then from right to left A herald showed to all the chiefs of Greece, In turn, the token; they who knew it not, Disclaimed it all: but when to him he came 210 Who marked, and threw it in Atrides' helm,

The noble Aiax, and, approaching, placed The token in his outstretched hand, forthwith He knew it, and rejoiced; before his feet He threw it down upon the ground, and said, 215 "O friends, the lot is mine; great is my joy, And hope o'er godlike Hector to prevail. But now, while I my warlike armour don, Pray ye to Saturn's royal son, apart, In silence, that the Trojans hear ye not; 220 Or even aloud, for no one do we fear. No man against my will can make me fly, By greater force or skill; nor will, I hope, My inexperience in the field disgrace The teaching of my native Salamis." 225 Thus he; and they to Saturn's royal son Addressed their prayers, and looking heavenward, said: "O Father Jove, who rul'st on Ida's height! Most great! most glorious! grant that Ajax now May gain the victory, and immortal praise; 230 Or if thy love and pity Hector claim, Give equal power and equal praise to both." Ajax meanwhile in dazzling brass was clad; And when his armour all was duly donned. Forward he moved, as when gigantic Mars 235 Leads nations forth to war, whom Saturn's son In life-destroying conflict hath involved; So moved the giant Ajax, prop of Greece, With sternly smiling mien; with haughty stride He trod the plain, and poised his ponderous spear. 240 The Greeks, rejoicing, on their champion gazed, The Trojans' limbs beneath them shook with fear;

E'en Hector's heart beat quicker in his breast; Yet quail he must not now, nor back retreat Amid his comrades—he, the challenger! 245 Ajax approached; before him, as a tower His mighty shield he bore, seven-fold, brass-bound, The work of Tychius, best artificer That wrought in leather; he in Hyla dwelt. Of seven-fold hides the ponderous shield was wrought 250 Of lusty bulls; the eighth was glittering brass. This by the son of Telamon was borne Before his breast; to Hector close he came, And thus with words of haughty menace spoke: "Hector, I now shall teach thee, man to man, 255 The mettle of the chiefs we yet possess. Although Achilles of the lion heart, The Hero-slaver, be not with us still: He by his ocean-going ships indeed Against Atrides nurses still his wrath; 260 Yet are there those who dare encounter thee. And not a few; then now begin the fight." To whom great Hector of the glancing helm: "Ajax, brave leader, son of Telamon. Deal not with me as with a feeble child. 265 Or woman, ignorant of the ways of war; Of war and carnage every point I know; And well I know to wield, now right, now left, The tough bull's-hide that forms my stubborn targe: Well know I too my fiery steeds to urge, 270 And raise the war-cry in the standing fight. But not in secret ambush would I watch. To strike, by stealth, a noble foe like thee;

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But slay thee, if I may, in open fight." He said; and, poising, hurled his ponderous spear; 275 The brazen covering of the shield it struck, The outward fold, the eighth, above the seven Of tough bull's-hide; through six it drove its way With stubborn force; but in the seventh was stayed. Then Ajax hurled in turn his ponderous spear, 280 And struck the rounded shield of Priam's son: Right through the glittering shield the stout spear passed. And through the well-wrought breastplate drove its way; And tore, beside his flank, the linen vest; But Hector, stooping, shunned the stroke of death. 285 Withdrawing then their weapons, each on each They fell, like lions fierce, or tusked boars, In strength the mightiest of the forest beasts. Then Hector fairly on the centre struck The stubborn shield: yet drove not through the spear: 290 For the stout brass the blunted point repelled. But Ajax, with a forward bound, the shield Of Hector pierced; right through the weapon passed; Arrested with rude shock the warrior's course. And grazed his neck, that spouted forth the blood. 295 Yet did not Hector of the glancing helm Flinch from the contest: stooping to the ground, With his broad hand a ponderous stone he seized, That lay upon the plain, dark, jagged, and huge, And hurled against the seven-fold shield, and struck Full on the central boss; loud rang the brass: Then Ajax raised a weightier mass of rock And sent it whirling, giving to his arm Unmeasured impulse; with a millstone's weight

It crushed the buckler; Hector's knees gave way; 305 Backward he staggered, yet upon his shield Sustained, till Phœbus raised him to his feet.

Sustained, till Phœbus raised him to his feet.

Now had they hand to hand with swords engaged,
Had not the messengers of Gods and men,
The heralds, interposed; the one for Troy,
310
The other umpire for the brass-clad Greeks,
Talthybius and Idæus, well approved.
Between the chiefs they held their wands, and thus
Idæus both with prudent speech addressed:
"No more, brave youths! no longer wage the fight:
315
To cloud-compelling Jove ye both are dear,
Both valiant spearmen; that, we all have seen.
Night is at hand; behoves us yield to night."

Whom answered thus the son of Telamon: "Idæus, bid that Hector speak those words:

320

He challenged all our chiefs; let him begin: If he be willing, I shall not refuse."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm: "Ajax, since God hath given thee size, and strength, And skill; and with the spear, of all the Greeks 325 None is thine equal; cease we for to-day The fight; hereafter we may meet, and Heaven Decide our cause, and one with victory crown. Night is at hand; behoves us yield to night. So by the ships shalt thou rejoice the Greeks, 330 And most of all, thy comrades and thy friends; And so shall I, in royal Priam's town, Rejoice the men of Troy, and long-robed dames, Who shall with grateful prayers the temples throng. But make we now an interchange of gifts. 335

That both the Trojans and the Greeks may say, 'On mortal quarrel did those warriors meet, Yet parted thence in friendly bonds conjoined." This said, a silver-studded sword he gave, With scabbard and with well-cut belt complete; 340 Ajax a girdle, rich with crimson dye. They parted; Ajax to the Grecian camp, And Hector to the ranks of Troy returned: Great was the joy when him they saw approach, Alive and safe; escaped from Ajax' might 345 And arm invincible; and toward the town They led him back, beyond their hope preserved; While to Atrides' tent the well-greaved Greeks Led Ajax, glorying in his triumph gained. But when to Agamemnon's tents they came. 350 The King of men to Saturn's royal son A bullock slew, a male of five years old; The carcase then they flayed; and cutting up, Severed the joints: then fixing on the spits. Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew. 355 Their labours ended, and the feast prepared, They shared the social meal, nor lacked there aught. To Ajax then the chine's continuous length, As honour's meed the mighty monarch gave. The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied, 360 The aged Nestor first his mind disclosed; He who, before, the sagest counsel gave, Now thus with prudent speech began, and said: "Atrides, and ye other chiefs of Greece, Since many a long-haired Greek hath fallen in fight. 365 Whose blood, beside Scamander's flowing stream,

Fierce Mars has shed, while to the viewless shades Their spirits are gone, behoves thee with the morn The warfare of the Greeks to intermit: Then we, with oxen and with mules, the dead 370 From all the plain will draw; and, from the ships A little space removed, will burn with fire: That we, returning to our native land, May to their children bear our comrades' bones. Then will we go, and on the plain erect 375 Around the pyre one common mound for all; Then quickly build before it lofty towers To screen both ships and men; and in the towers Make ample portals, with well-fitting gates, That through the midst a carriage-way may pass: And a deep trench around it dig, to guard Both men and chariots, lest on our defence The haughty Trojans should too hardly press." He said; and all the Kings his words approved. Meanwhile, on Ilion's height, at Priam's gate. 385 The Trojan chiefs a troubled council held: Which opening, thus the sage Antenor spoke: "Hear now, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies, The words I speak, the promptings of my soul. Back to the sons of Atreus let us give 390 The Argive Helen, and the goods she brought; For now in breach of plighted faith we fight: Nor can I hope, unless to my advice Ye listen, that success will crown our arms." Thus having said, he sat; and next arose 395 The godlike Paris, fair-haired Helen's Lord: Who thus with winged words the chiefs addressed:

"Hostile to me, Antenor, is thy speech;	
Thy better judgment better counsel knows;	
But if in earnest such is thine advice,	400
Thee of thy senses have the Gods bereft.	
Now, Trojans, hear my answer; I reject	
The counsel, nor the woman will restore;	
But for the goods, whate'er I hither brought	
To Troy from Argos, I am well content	405
To give them all, and others add beside."	
This said, he sat; and aged Priam next,	
A God in council, Dardan's son, arose,	
Who thus with prudent speech began, and said:	
"Hear now, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies,	410
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul:	
Now through the city take your wonted meal;	
Look to your watch, let each man keep his guard:	
To-morrow shall Idæus to the ships	
Of Greece, to both the sons of Atreus, bear	415
The words of Paris, cause of all this war;	
And ask besides, if from the deadly strife	
Such truce they will accord us as may serve	
To burn the dead: hereafter we may fight	
Till Heaven decide, and one with victory crown."	420
He said; and they obedient to his word,	
Throughout the ranks prepared the wonted meal:	
But with the morning to the ships of Greece	
Idæus took his way: in council there	
By Agamemnon's leading ship he found	425
The Grecian chiefs, the ministers of Mars:	
And 'mid them all the clear-voiced herald spoke:	
"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye chiefs of Greece,	

From Priam, and the gallant sons of Troy,	
I come, to bear, if ye be pleased to hear, 43	30
The words of Paris, cause of all this war:	
The goods which hither in his hollow ships	
(Would he had perished rather!) Paris brought,	
He will restore, and others add beside;	
But further says, the virgin-wedded wife 43	5
Of Meneläus, though the general voice	
Of Troy demand it, he will not restore:	
Then bids me ask, if from the deadly strife	
Such truce ye will accord us as may serve	
To burn the dead: hereafter we may fight 44	0:
Till Heaven decide, and one with victory crown."	
Thus he: they all in silence heard; at length	
Uprose the valiant Diomed, and said;	
"Let none from Paris now propose to accept	
Or goods, or Helen's self; a child may see 44	5
That now the doom of Troy is close at hand."	
He said; the sons of Greece, with loud applause,	
The speech of valiant Diomed, confirmed.	
Then to Ideus Agamemnon thus:	
"Idæus, thou hast heard what answer give 45	0
The chiefs of Greece—their answer I approve.	
But for the truce, for burial of the dead,	
I nought demur; no shame it is to grace	
With funeral rites the corpse of slaughtered foes.	
Be witness, Jove! and guard the plighted truce." 45	5
He said; and heavenward raised his staff; and back	
To Ilion's walls Idæus took his way.	
Trojans and Dardans there in council met	
Expecting sat, till from the Grecian camp	

490

Idæus should return; he came, and stood 460 In mid assembly, and his message gave: Then all in haste their several ways dispersed. For fuel some, and some to bring the dead. The Greeks too from their well-manned ships went forth, For fuel some, and some to bring the dead. 465 The sun was newly glancing on the earth. From out the ocean's smoothly-flowing depths Climbing the Heavens, when on the plain they met. Hard was it then to recognise the dead: But when the gory dust was washed away, 470 Shedding hot tears, they placed them on the wains. Nor loud lament, by Priam's high command, Was heard; in silence they, with grief suppressed, Heaped up their dead upon the funeral pyre; Then burnt with fire, and back returned to Troy. 475 The well-greaved Greeks, they too, with grief suppressed, . Heaped up their dead upon the funeral pyre; Then burnt with fire, and to the ships returned. But ere 'twas morn, while daylight strove with night, About the pyre a chosen band of Greeks Had kept their vigil, and around it raised Upon the plain one common mound for all: And built in front a wall, with lofty towers To screen both ships and men; and in the towers Made ample portals with well-fitting gates, 485 That through the midst a carriage-way might pass: Then dug a trench around it, deep and wide, And in the trench a palisade they fixed. Thus laboured through the night the long-haired Greeks:

In presence of the Lord of lightning, Jove.

The Gods with wonder viewed the mighty work;
And Neptune thus, Earth-shaking King, began:
"O Father Jove, in all the wide-spread earth
Shall man no more to us, the Immortal Gods
Submit his mind and counsels? see'st thou not
495
How round their ships the long-haired Greeks have built
A lofty wall, and dug a trench around,
Nor to the Gods have paid their offerings due?
Wide as the light extends shall be the fame
Of this great work, and men shall lightly deem
500
Of that which I and Phœbus jointly raised,
With toil and pain, for great Läomedon."

To whom in wrath the Cloud-compeller thus:

"Neptune, Earth-shaking King, what words are these?
This bold design to others of the Gods, 505
Of feebler hands, and power less great than thine,
Might cause alarm; but, far as light extends,
Of this great work to thee shall be the fame:
When with their ships the long-haired Greeks shall take
Their homeward voyage to their native land, 510
Do thou, this wall o'erthrowing by thy waves,
Sink it, a shapeless ruin, in the sea:
And spread again thy sands o'er all the shore,
That this great work of Greeks no more be seen."

Amid themselves such converse held the Gods. 515
The sun was set; the Grecian work was done;
They slew, and shared, by tents, the evening meal.
From Lemnos' isle a numerous fleet had come
Freighted with wine; and by Eunëus sent,
Whom fair Hypsipyle to Jason bore. 520
For Atreus' sons, apart from all the rest,

Of wine, the son of Jason had despatched
A thousand measures; all the other Greeks
Hastened to purchase, some with brass, and some
With gleaming iron; other some with hides,
525
Cattle, or slaves; and joyous waxed the feast.
All night the long-haired Greeks their revels held,
And so in Troy, the Trojans and Allies:
But through the night his anger Jove expressed
With awful thunderings; pale they turned with fear: 530
To earth the wine was from the goblets shed,
Nor dared they drink, until libations due
Had first been poured to Saturn's mighty son.
Then lay they down, and sought the boon of sleep. 534

BOOK VIII.

NOW morn, in saffron robe, the earth o'erspread; And Jove, the lightning's Lord, of all the Gods A council held upon the highest peak Of many-ridged Olympus; he himself Addressed them; they his speech attentive heard. 5 "Hear, all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses, The words I speak, the promptings of my soul. Let none among you, male or female, dare To thwart my counsels: rather all concur. That so these matters I may soon conclude. 10 If, from the rest apart, one God I find Presuming or to Trojans or to Greeks To give his aid, with ignominious stripes Back to Olympus shall that God be driven: Or to the gloom of Tartarus profound, 15 Far off, the lowest abyss beneath the earth, With gates of iron, and with floor of brass, Beneath the shades as far as earth from Heaven. There will I hurl him, and ye all shall know In strength how greatly I surpass you all. 20 Make trial if ye will, that all may know. A golden chain let down from Heaven, and all, Both Gods and Goddesses, your strength apply: Yet would ye fail to drag from Heaven to earth. Strive as ye may, your mighty master, Jove; 25 But if I choose to make my power be known, The earth itself, and ocean, I could raise, And binding round Olympus' ridge the cord. Leave them suspended so in middle air: So far supreme my power o'er Gods and men." 30 He said, and they, confounded by his words. In silence sat; so sternly did he speak. At length the blue-eyed Goddess, Pallas, said: "O Father, Son of Saturn, King of Kings, Well do we know thy power invincible; 35 Yet deeply grieve we for the warlike Greeks. Condemned to hopeless ruin; from the fight, Since such is thy command, we stand aloof; But yet some saving counsel may we give, Lest in thine anger thou destroy them quite." 40 To whom the Cloud-compeller, smiling, thus: "Be of good cheer, my child; unwillingly I speak, yet will not thwart thee of thy wish." He said, and straight the brazen-footed steeds, Of swiftest flight, with manes of flowing gold, 45 He harnessed to his chariot; all in gold Himself arrayed, the golden lash he grasped, Of curious work; and mounting on his car, Urged the fleet coursers; nothing loth, they flew Midway betwixt the earth and starry heaven. 50 To Ida's spring-abounding hill he came, And to the crest of Gargarus, wild nurse Of mountain beasts; a sacred plot was there, Whereon his incense-honoured altar stood: There staved his steeds the Sire of Gods and men, Loosed from the car, and veiled with clouds around.

Then on the topmost ridge he sat, in pride Of conscious strength; and looking down, surveyed The Trojan city, and the ships of Greece.

Meantime, the Greeks throughout their tents in haste 60 Despatched their meal, and armed them for the fight; On the other side the Trojans donned their arms, In numbers fewer, but with stern resolve, By hard necessity constrained, to strive, For wives and children, in the stubborn fight. 65 The gates all opened wide, forth poured the crowd Of horse and foot; and loud the clamour rose. When in the midst they met, together rushed Bucklers and lances, and the furious might Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield 70 Clattered in conflict; loud the clamour rose: Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood. While yet 'twas morn, and waxed the youthful day, Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell 75 On either side; but when the sun had reached The middle Heaven, the Eternal Father hung His golden scales aloft, and placed in each The fatal death-lot: for the sons of Troy The one, the other for the brass-clad Greeks; 80 Then held them by the midst; down sank the lot Of Greece, down to the ground, while high aloft Mounted the Trojan scale, and rose to Heaven.*

Milton, in the corresponding passage at the close of the 4th Book of 'Paradise

See also Book xxii, l. 252.

Then loud he bade the volleying thunder peal	
From Ida's heights; and 'mid the Grecian ranks	85
He hurled his flashing lightning; at the sight	
Amazed they stood, and pale with terror shook.	
Then not Idomeneus, nor Atreus' son,	
The mighty Agamemnon, kept their ground,	
Nor either Ajax, ministers of Mars;	90
Gerenian Nestor, aged prop of Greece,	
Alone remained, and he against his will,	
His horse sore wounded by an arrow shot	
By godlike Paris, fair-haired Helen's Lord:	
Just on the crown, where close behind the head	95
First springs the mane, the deadliest spot of all,	
The arrow struck him; maddened with the pain	•
He reared, then plunging forward, with the shaft	
Fixed in his brain, and rolling in the dust,	
The other steeds in dire confusion threw;	100
And while old Nestor with his sword essayed	
To cut the reins, and free the struggling horse,	
Amid the rout down came the flying steeds	
Of Hector, guided by no timid hand,	
By Hector's self; then had the old man paid	105
The forfeit of his life, but, good at need,	
The valiant Diomed his peril saw,	
And loudly shouting, on Ulysses called:	
"Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,	

Lost,' reverses the sign, and represents the scale of the vanquished as "flying up" and "kicking the beam."

[&]quot;The Flend look'd up, and knew His mounted scale aloft; nor more, but fled Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night."

Why fliest thou, coward-like, amid the throng, 110	
And in thy flight to the aim of hostile spears	
Thy back presenting? stay, and here with me	
From this fierce warrior guard the good old man."	
He said; but stout Ulysses heard him not,	
And to the ships pursued his hurried way. 115	
But in the front, Tydides, though alone,	
Remained undaunted; by old Nestor's car	
He stood, and thus the aged chief addressed:	
"Old man, these youthful warriors press thee sore,	
Thy vigour spent, and with the weight of years 120	
Oppressed; and helpless too thy charioteer,	
And slow thy horses; mount my car, and prove	
How swift my steeds, or in pursuit or flight,	
From those of Tros descended, scour the plain;	
My noble prize from great Æneas won.	
Leave to the attendants these; while mine we launch	
Against the foe, that Hector's self may learn	
If I too hurl with vigorous hand the spear."	
He said; and Nestor his advice obeyed:	
The two attendants, valiant Sthenelus, 130	
And good Eurymedon, his horses took,	
While on Tydides' car they mounted both.	
The aged Nestor took the glittering reins,	
And urged the horses; Hector soon they met:	
As on he rushed, his spear Tydides threw, 135	
Yet struck not Hector; but his charioteer,	
Who held the reins, the brave Thebæus' son,	
Eniopëus, through the breast transfixed,	
Beside the nipple; from the car he fell,	
The startled horses swerving at the sound; 140	

And from his limbs the vital spirit fled.	
Deep, for his comrade slain, was Hector's grief;	
Yet him, though grieved, perforce he left to seek	
A charioteer; nor wanted long his steeds	
A guiding hand; for Archeptolemus,	145
Brave son of Iphitus, he quickly found,	
And bade him mount his swiftly-flying car,	
And to his hands the glittering reins transferred.	
Then fearful ruin had been wrought, and deeds	
Untold achieved, and like a flock of lambs,	150
The adverse hosts been cooped beneath the walls,	
Had not the Sire of Gods and men beheld,	
And with an awful peal of thunder hurled	
His vivid lightning down; the fiery bolt	
Before Tydides' chariot ploughed the ground.	155
Fierce flashed the sulphurous flame, and whirling ro	und
Beneath the car the affrighted horses quailed.	
From Nestor's hand escaped the glittering reins,	
And, trembling, thus to Diomed he spoke:	
"Turn we to flight, Tydides; see'st thou not,	160
That Jove from us his aiding hand withholds?	
This day to Hector Saturn's son decrees	
The meed of victory; on some future day,	
If so he will, the triumph may be ours;	
For man, how brave soe'er, cannot o'errule	165
The will of Jove, so much the mightier he."	
Whom answered thus the valiant Diomed:	
"Truly, old man, and wisely dost thou speak;	
But this the bitter grief that wrings my soul:	
Some day amid the councillors of Troy	170
Hector may say, 'Before my presence scared	

Tydides sought the shelter of the ships.' Thus when he boasts, gape earth, and hide my shame!" To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied: "Great Son of Tydeus, oh what words are these! 175 Should Hector brand thee with a coward's name. No credence would be gain from Trojan men, Or Dardan, or from Trojan warriors' wives, Whose husbands in the dust thy hand hath laid." He said, and 'mid the general rout, to flight 180 He turned his horses; on the flying crowd, With shouts of triumph, Hector at their head, The men of Troy their murderous weapons showered. Loud shouted Hector of the glancing helm: "Tydides, heretofore the warrior Greeks 185 Have held thee in much honour; placed on high At banquets, and with liberal portions graced, And flowing cups: but thou, from this day forth. Shalt be their scorn! a woman's soul is thine! Out on thee, frightened girl! thou ne'er shalt scale 190 Our Trojan towers, and see me basely fly; Nor in thy ships our women bear away: Ere such thy boast, my hand shall work thy doom." Thus he; and greatly was Tydides moved To turn his horses, and confront his foe: 195 Thrice thus he doubted; thrice, at Jove's command, From Ida's height the thunder pealed, in sign Of victory swaying to the Trojan side. Then to the Trojans Hector called aloud: "Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardans, famed 200 In close encounter, quit ye now like men; Put forth your wonted valour; for I know

That in his secret counsels Jove designs
Glory to me, disaster to the Greeks.
Fools, in those wretched walls that put their trust, 205
Scarce worthy notice, hopeless to withstand
My onset; and the trench that they have dug,
Our horses easily can overleap;
And when I reach the ships, be mindful ye,
To have at hand the fire, wherewith the ships
210
We may destroy, while they themselves shall fall
An easy prey, bewildered by the smoke."

He said, and thus with cheering words addressed His horses: "Xanthus, and, Podargus, thou, Æthon and Lampus, now repay the care 215 On you bestowed by fair Andromache, Eëtion's royal daughter; bear in mind How she with ample store of provender Your mangers still supplied, before e'en I. Her husband, from her hands the wine-cup took. 220 Put forth your speed, that we may make our prize Of Nestor's shield, whose praise extends to Heaven, Its handles, and itself, of solid gold; And from the shoulders of Tydides strip His gorgeous breastplate, work of Vulcan's hand: 225 These could we take, methinks this very night Would see the Greeks embarking on their ships."

Such was his prayer; but Juno on her throne Trembled with rage, till great Olympus quaked, And thus to Neptune, mighty God, she spoke: "O thou of boundless might, Earth-shaking God, See'st thou unmoved the ruin of the Greeks? Yet they in Ægæ and in Helice,

230

With grateful offerings rich thine altars crown: Thou then contrive their victory; if we all 235 Who favour Greece, together should combine To put to flight the Trojans, and restrain All-seeing Jove, he might be left alone, On Ida's summit to digest his wrath." To whom, in anger, Neptune thus replied: 240 "O Juno, rash of speech, what words are these! I dare not counsel that we all should join 'Gainst Saturn's son; so much the stronger he." Such converse held they; all the space meanwhile Within the trench, between the tower and ships. Was closely thronged with steeds and bucklered men: By noble Hector, brave as Mars, and led By Jove to victory, cooped in narrow space; Who now had burnt with fire the Grecian ships. But Juno bade Atrides haste to rouse 250 Their fainting courage; through the camp he passed; On his broad hand a purple robe he bore. And stood upon Ulysses' lofty ship, The midmost, whence to shout to either side, Or to the tents of Ajax Telamon. 255 Or of Achilles, who at each extreme, Confiding in their strength, had moored their ships. Thence to the Greeks he shouted loud and clear: "Shame on ve. Greeks, base cowards, brave alone In outward semblance! where are now the vaunts Which once (so highly of ourselves we deemed) Ye made, vain-glorious braggarts as ye were, In Lemnos' isle, when, feasting on the flesh Of straight-horned oxen, and your flowing cups

Crowning with ruddy wine, not one of you, 265 But for a hundred Trojans in the field, Or for two hundred, deemed himself a match: Now quail we all before a single man, Hector, who soon will wrap our ships in fire. O Father Jove! what sovereign e'er hast thou 270 So far afflicted, of such glory robbed? Yet ne'er, on this disastrous voyage bent, Have I unheeded passed thine altar by; The choicest offerings burning still on each, In hopes to raze the well-built walls of Troy. 275 Yet to this prayer at least thine ear incline; Grant that this coast in safety we may leave, Nor be by Trojans utterly subdued." He said; and Jove, with pity, saw his tears; And, with a sign, his people's safety vouched. 280 He sent an eagle, noblest bird that flies, Who in his talons bore a wild deer's fawn: The fawn he dropped beside the holy shrine. Where to the Lord of divination, Jove, The Greeks were wont their solemn rites to pay. 285 The sign from Heaven they knew; with courage fresh Assailed the Trojans, and the fight renewed. Then none of all the many Greeks might boast That he, before Tydides, drove his car Across the ditch, and mingled in the fight. 290 His was the hand that first a crested chief, The son of Phradmon, Ageläus, struck. He turned his car for flight; but as he turned, The lance of Diomed, behind his neck, Between the shoulders, through his chest was driven; 295

Headlong he fell, and loud his armour rang. Next to Tydides, Agamemnon came, And Meneläus, Atreus' godlike sons; The Ajaces both, in dauntless courage clothed; Idomeneus, with whom Meriones, 300 His faithful comrade, terrible as Mars; Eurypylus, Euæmon's noble son; The ninth was Teucer, who, with bended bow, Behind the shield of Ajax Telamon Took shelter; Ajax o'er him held his shield; 305 Thence looked he round, and aimed amid the crowd; And as he saw each Trojan, wounded, fall, Struck by his shafts, to Ajax close he pressed, As to its mother's sheltering arms a child, Concealed and safe beneath the ample targe. 310 Say then, who first of all the Trojans fell By Teucer's arrows slain? Orsilochus, And Ophelestes, Dætor, Ormenus, And godlike Lycophontes, Chromius, And Amopaon, Polyæmon's son, 315 And valiant Melanippus: all of these, In quick succession, Teucer laid in dust. Him Agamemnon, with his well-strung bow Thinning the Trojan ranks, with joy beheld. And, standing at his side, addressed him thus: 320 "Teucer, good comrade, son of Telamon, Shoot ever thus, if thou wouldst be the light And glory of the Greeks, and of thy sire, Who nursed thine infancy, and in his house Maintained, though bastard; him, though distant far, 325 To highest fame by thine achievements raise.

This too I say, and will make good my word:	
If by the grace of ægis-bearing Jove,	
And Pallas, Ilion's well-built walls we raze,	
A gift of honour, second but to mine,	330
I in thy hands will place; a tripod bright,	
Or, with their car and harness, two brave steeds,	
Or a fair woman who thy bed may share."	
To whom in answer valiant Teucer thus:	
"Most mighty son of Atreus, why excite	335
Who lacks not zeal? To the utmost of my power,	
Since first we drove the Trojans back, I watch,	
Unceasing, every chance to ply my shafts.	
Eight barbèd arrows have I shot e'en now,	
And in a warrior each has found its mark;	340
That savage hound alone defeats my aim."	
At Hector, as he spoke, another shaft	
He shot, ambitious of so great a prize:	
He missed his aim; but Priam's noble son	
Gorgythion, through the breast his arrow struck,	345
Whom, from Æsyme brought, a wedded bride	
Of heavenly beauty, Castianeira bore.	
Down sank his head, as in a garden sinks.	
A ripened poppy charged with vernal rains;	
So sank his head beneath his helmet's weight.	350
At Hector yet another arrow shot	
Teucer, ambitious of so great a prize;	
Yet this too missed, by Phœbus turned aside;	_
But Archeptolemus, the charioteer	•
Of Hector, onward hurrying, through the breast	355
It struck, beside the nipple; from the car	
He fell: aside the startled horses swerved:	

And as he fell the vital spirit fled. Deep, for his comrade slain, was Hector's grief; Yet him, though grieved at heart, perforce he left, 360 And to Cebriones, his brother, called, Then near at hand, the horses' reins to take; He heard, and straight obeyed: then Hector leaped Down from his glittering chariot to the ground, His fearful war-cry shouting; in his hand 365 A ponderous stone he carried; and, intent To strike him down, at Teucer straight he rushed. He from his quiver chose a shaft in haste, And fitted to the cord; but as he drew The sinew, Hector of the glancing helm 370 Hurled the huge mass of rock, which Teucer struck Near to the shoulder, where the collar-bone Joins neck and breast, the spot most opportune, And broke the tendon; paralysed, his arm Dropped helpless by his side; upon his knees 375 He fell, and from his hand let fall the bow. Not careless Ajax saw his brother's fall, But o'er him spread in haste his covering shield. Two faithful, friends, Mecisteus, Echius' son, And brave Alastor, from the press withdrew, 380 And bore him, deeply groaning, to the ships. Then Jove again the Trojan courage fired, And backward to the ditch they forced the Greeks. Proud of his prowess, Hector led them on; And as a hound that, fleet of foot, o'ertakes 385 Or boar or lion, object of his chase,

Springs from behind, and fastens on his flank, Yet careful watches, lest he turn to bay:

So Hector pressed upon the long-haired Greeks, Slaying the hindmost; they in terror fled. 390 But, passed at length the ditch and palisade. With loss of many by the Trojans slain, Before the ships they rallied from their flight, And one to other called: and one and all With hands uplifted, prayed to all the Gods; 395 While Hector, here and there, on every side His flying coursers wheeled, with eyes that flashed Awful as Gorgon's, or as blood-stained Mars. Juno, the white-armed Queen, with pity moved, To Pallas thus her wingèd words addressed: 400 "O Heaven, brave child of ægis-bearing Jove, Can we, even now, in this their sorest need, Refuse the Greeks our aid, by one subdued, One single man, of pride unbearable, Hector, the son of Priam, who e'en now 405 Hath caused them endless grief?" To whom again The blue-eyed Goddess, Pallas, thus replied: "I too would fain behold him robbed of life, In his own country slain by Grecian hands; But that my sire, enraged, with mind perverse, 410 Harsh and unjust, still frustrates all my plans; Forgetting now how oft I saved his son, Sore wearied with the toils Eurystheus gave. Oft would his tears ascend to Heaven, and oft From Heaven would Jove despatch me to his aid; 415 But if I then had known what now I know, When to the strong-barred gates of Pluto's realm He sent him forth to bring from Erebus Its guardian dog, he never had returned

In safety from the marge of Styx profound. 420 He holds me now in hatred, and his ear To Thetis lends, who kissed his knees, and touched His beard, and prayed him to avenge her son Achilles; yet the time shall come when I Shall be once more his own dear blue-eyed Maid. 425 But haste thee now, prepare for us thy car, While to the house of ægis-bearing Jove I go, and don my armour for the fight. To prove if Hector of the glancing helm. The son of Priam, will unmoved behold 430 Us two advancing o'er the pass of war: Or if the flesh of Trojans, slain by Greeks, Shall sate the maw of ravening dogs and birds." She said: the white-armed Queen her word obeyed. Juno, great Goddess, royal Saturn's child, 435 The horses brought, with golden frontlets crowned; While Pallas, child of ægis-bearing Jove, Within her father's threshold dropped her scarf Of airy texture, work of her own hands; The cuirass donned of cloud-compelling Jove. 440 And stood accoutred for the bloody fray. The fiery car she mounted; in her hand A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough; wherewith The mighty daughter of a mighty sire Sweeps down the ranks of those her wrath pursues. 445 Then Juno sharply touched the flying steeds: Forthwith, spontaneous opening, grated harsh The heavenly portals, guarded by the Hours, Who Heaven and high Olympus have in charge, To roll aside or close the veil of cloud: 450

Through these the excited horses held their way. From Ida's heights the son of Saturn saw, And, filled with wrath, the heavenly messenger, The golden-wingèd Iris, thus bespoke: "Haste thee, swift Iris; turn them back, and warn 455 That farther they advance not: 'tis not meet That they and I in war should be opposed. This too I say, and will make good my words: Their flying horses I will lame; themselves Dash from their car, and break their chariot-wheels; And ten revolving years heal not the wound Where strikes my lightning: so shall Pallas learn What 'tis against her father to contend. Juno less moves my wonder and my wrath; Whate'er I plan, 'tis still her wont to thwart." 465 Thus he: from Ida to Olympus' height The storm-swift Iris on her errand sped. At many-ridged Olympus' outer gate She met the Goddesses, and stayed their course. And thus conveyed the sovereign will of Jove: 470 "Whither away? what madness fills your breasts? To give the Greeks your succour, Jove forbids; And thus he threatens, and will make it good: Your flying horses he will lame; yourselves Dash from the car, and break your chariot-wheels; 475 And ten revolving years heal not the wounds His lightning makes: so Pallas, shalt thou learn What 'tis against thy father to contend. Juno less moves his wonder and his wrath; Whate'er he plans, 'tis still her wont to thwart; 480 But over-bold and void of shame art thou,

If against Jove thou dare to lift thy spear." Thus as she spoke, swift Iris disappeared. Then June thus to Pallas spoke: "No more, Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, can we 485 For mortal men his sovereign will resist; Live they or die, as each man's fate may be: While he, 'twixt Greeks and Trojans, as 'tis meet, His own designs accomplishing, decides." She said, and backward turned her horses' heads. The horses from the car the Hours unyoked, And safely tethered in the heavenly stalls; The car they reared against the inner wall. That brightly polished shone; the Goddesses Themselves meanwhile, amid the Immortals all. 495 With sorrowing hearts on golden seats reclined. Ere long, on swiftly rolling chariot borne, Jove to Olympus, to the abode of Gods, From Ida's height returned: the Earth-shaking God. Neptune, unyoked his steeds; and on the stand 500 Secured the car, and spread the covering o'er. Then on his golden throne all-seeing Jove Sat down; beneath his feet Olympus shook. Pallas and Juno only sat aloof; No word they uttered, no enquiry made. 505 Jove knew their thoughts, and thus addressed them both: "Pallas and Juno, wherefore sit ye thus In angry silence? In the glorious fight No lengthened toil have ye sustained, to slay The Trojans, whom your deadly hate pursues. 510 Not all the Gods that on Olympus dwell Could turn me from my purpose, such my might,

And such the power of my resistless hand; But ye were struck with terror ere ye saw The battle-field, and fearful deeds of war. 515 But this I say, and bear it in your minds, Had I my lightning launched, and from your car Had hurled ye down, ye ne'er had reached again Olympus' height, the immortal Gods' abode." So spoke the God; but, seated side by side, 520 Pallas and Juno glances interchanged Of ill portent for Troy; Pallas indeed Sat silent, and, though inly wroth with Jove. Yet answered not a word; but Juno's breast Could not contain her rage, and thus she spoke: 525 "What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak? Well do we know thy power invincible, Yet deeply grieve we for the warlike Greeks. Condemned to hopeless ruin: from the fight, Since such is thy command, we stand aloof: 530 But yet some saving counsel may we give, Lest in thine anger thou destroy them quite." To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied: "Yet greater slaughter, stag-eyed Queen of Heaven, To-morrow shalt thou see, if so thou list, 535 Wrought on the warrior Greeks by Saturn's son; For Hector's proud career shall not be checked Until the wrath of Peleus' godlike son Beside the ships be kindled, in the day When round Patroclus' corpse, in narrow space, 540 ~ E'en by the vessels' sterns, the war shall rage. Such is the voice of destiny: for thee,

I reck not of thy wrath; nor should I care

Though thou wert thrust beneath the lowest deep Of earth and ocean, where Iapetus 545 And Saturn lie, uncheered by ray of sun Or breath of air, in Tartarus profound. Though there thou wert to banishment consigned. I should not heed, but thy reproaches hear Unmoved; for viler thing is none than thou." 550 He said, but white-armed Juno answered not. The sun, now sunk beneath the ocean wave, Drew o'er the teeming earth the veil of night. The Trojans saw, reluctant, day's decline; But on the Greeks thrice welcome, thrice invoked With earnest prayers, the shades of darkness fell. The noble Hector then to council called The Trojan leaders; from the ships apart He led them, by the eddying river's side, To a clear space of ground, from corpses free. 560 They from their cars dismounting, to the words Of godlike Hector listened: in his hand His massive spear he held, twelve cubits long, Whose glittering point flashed bright, with hoop of gold Encircled round; on this he leant, and said, 565 "Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies; I hoped that to the breezy heights of Troy We might ere now in triumph have returned, The Grecian ships and all the Greeks destroyed; But night hath come too soon, and saved awhile 570 The Grecian army and their stranded ships. Then yield we to the night; prepare the meal; Unyoke your horses, and before them place

Their needful forage; from the city bring

Oxen and sheep; the luscious wine provide;	575
Bring bread from out our houses; and collect	
Good store of fuel, that the livelong night,	
Even till the dawn of day, may broadly blaze	
Our numerous watchfires, and illume the Heavens;	
Lest, even by night, the long-haired Greeks should seek	580
O'er the broad bosom of the sea to fly,	
That so not unassailed they may embark,	
Nor undisturbed; but haply some may bear,	
Even to their homes, the memory of a wound	
Received from spear or arrow, as on board	5 85
They leaped in haste; and others too may fear	
To tempt with hostile arms the power of Troy.	
Then let the sacred heralds' voice proclaim	
Throughout the city, that the stripling youths	
And hoary-headed sires allot themselves	590
In several watches to the Heaven-built towers.	
Charge too the women, in their houses each,	
To kindle blazing fires; let careful watch	
Be set, lest, in the absence of the men,	
The town by secret ambush be surprised.	595
So let it be, brave friends; what I have said	
May serve our present purpose; and at morn	
In full assembly will I further speak.	
Hopeful, to Jove I pray, and all the Gods,	
To chase from hence these fate-inflicted hounds,	60 0
By fate sent hither on their dark-ribbed ships.	
Now keep we through the night our watchful guard	ł;
And with the early dawn, equipped in arms,	
Upon their fleet our angry battle pour.	
Then shall I know if Tydens' valiant son	605

Back from the ships shall drive me to the walls. Or I, triumphant, bear his bloody spoils: To-morrow morn his courage will decide. If he indeed my onset will await. But ere to-morrow's sun be high in Heaven, 610 He, 'mid the foremost, if I augur right, Wounded and bleeding in the dust shall lie. And many a comrade round him. Would to Heaven I were as sure to be from age and death Exempt, and held in honour as a God, 615 Phœbus, or Pallas, as I am assured The coming day is fraught with ill to Greece." Thus Hector spoke; the Trojans shouted loud: Then from the yoke the sweating steeds they loosed, And tethered each beside their several cars: 620 Next from the city speedily they brought Oxen and sheep; the luscious wine procured; Brought bread from out their houses, and good store Of fuel gathered; wafted from the plain, The winds to Heaven the savoury odours bore. 625 Full of proud hopes, upon the pass of war.

All night they camped; and frequent blazed their fires.

As when in Heaven, around the glittering moon
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air;
And every crag, and every jutting peak

G30
Stands boldly forth, and every forest glade;
Even to the gates of Heaven is opened wide
The boundless sky; shines each particular star
Distinct; joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart.
So bright, so thickly scattered o'er the plain,

G35
Before the walls of Troy, between the ships

And Xanthus' stream, the Trojan watchfires blazed.	
A thousand fires burnt brightly; and round each	
Sat fifty warriors in the ruddy glare;	
Champing the provender before them laid,	640
Barley and rye, the tethered horses stood	
Beside the cars, and waited for the morn.	642

5

BOOK IX.

THUS kept their watch the Trojans; but the Greeks
Dire Panic held, companion of chill Fear,
Their chiefs all pierced with grief unbearable.
As when two stormy winds ruffle the sea,
Boreas and Zephyr, from the hills of Thrace
With sudden gust descending; the dark waves
Rear high their angry crests, and toss on shore
Masses of tangled weed; such stormy grief
Each Grecian breast with thoughts conflicting rent.

Atrides, sick at heart, passed to and fro, 10 And to the clear-voiced heralds gave command To call, but not with proclamation loud. Each several man to council; he himself Spared not his labour, foremost in the work. Sadly they sat in council; Atreus' son, 15 Weeping, arose; as some dark-watered fount Pours o'er a craggy steep its gloomy stream: So with deep groans he thus addressed the Greeks: "O friends! the chiefs and councillors of Greece, Grievous, and all unlooked for, is the blow 20 Which Jove hath dealt me; by his promise led I hoped to raze the strong-built walls of Troy, And home return in safety; but it seems He falsifies his word, and bids me now Return to Argos, frustrate of my hope, 25

Dishonoured, and with grievous loss of men. Such now appears the o'er-ruling sovereign will Of Saturn's son, who oft hath sunk the heads Of many a lofty city in the dust, And yet will sink; for mighty is his hand. 30 Hear then my counsel; let us all agree Home to direct our course: since here in vain We strive to take the well-built walls of Troy." . The monarch spoke; they all in silence heard: In speechless sorrow long they sat: at length 35 Rose valiant Diomed, and thus he spoke: "Atrides, I thy folly must confront, As is my right, in council; thou, O King! Be not offended: thou, among the Greeks First heldest light my prowess, with the name 40 Of coward branding me; how justly so Is known to all the Greeks, both young and old. On thee the deep-designing Saturn's son In different measure hath his gifts bestowed: A throne he gives thee, higher far than all; 45 But valour, noblest boon of Heaven, denies. How canst thou hope the sons of Greece shall prove Such heartless dastards as thy words suppose? If homeward to return thy mind be fixed, Depart; the way is open, and the ships, 50 Which from Mycense followed thee in crowds. Are close at hand, and ready to be launched. Yet will the other long-haired Greeks remain Till Priam's city fall: nay, though the rest Betake them to their ships, and sail for home, 55 Yet I and Sthenelus, we two, will fight VOL. I.

Till Troy be ours; for Heaven is on our side." Thus he; the sons of Greece, with loud applause, The speech of valiant Diomed confirmed. Then aged Nestor rose, and thus began: 60 "Tydides, eminent thou art in war: And in the council thy compeers in age Must yield to thee; thy present words, no Greek Can censure, or gainsay; and yet the point Thou hast not reached, and object of debate. 65 But thou art young, and for thine age mightst be My latest born; yet dost thou to the Kings Sage counsel give, and well in season speak. But now will I, that am thine elder far, Go fully through the whole: and none my words 70 May disregard, not even Atrides' self. Outcast from kindred, law, and hearth is he Whose soul delights in fierce internal strife. But let us now to night's suggestion yield; Prepare the meal; and let the several guards 75 Be posted by the ditch, without the wall. This duty on the younger men I lay: Then, Agamemnon, thou thy part perform; For thou art King supreme; the Elders all, As meet and seemly, to the feast invite: 80 Thy tents are full of wine, which Grecian ships O'er the wide sea bring day by day from Thrace; Nor lack'st thou aught thy guests to entertain, And many own thy sway; when all are met, His counsel take, who gives the best advice; 85 Great need we have of counsel wise and good, When close beside our ships the hostile fires

105

Are burning: who can this unmoved behold? This night our ruin or our safety sees."

He said; and they, assenting, heard his speech. 90
Forth with their followers went the appointed guards,
The princely Thrasymedes, Nestor's son,
Ascalaphus, and bold Ialmenus,
Two valiant sons of Mars; Meriones,
And Aphareus, and brave Deïpyrus, 95
And godlike Lycomedes, Creon's son.
Seven were the leaders; and with each went forth
A hundred gallant youths, with lances armed.
Between the ditch and wall they took their post;
There lit their fires, and there the meal prepared. 100
Then for the assembled Elders in his tent

A savoury banquet Agamemnon spread;
They to the food prepared their hands addressed;
But when their thirst and hunger were appeased,
The aged Nestor first his mind disclosed;
He who, before, the sagest counsel gave,
Now thus with prudent words began, and said:
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,

With thee, Atrides, my discourse shall end,
With thee begin: o'er many nations thou 110
Hold'st sovereign sway; since Jove to thee hath given
The sceptre, and the high prerogative,
To be thy people's judge and counsellor,
'Tis thine to speak the word, 'tis thine to hear
And to determine, when some other chief 115
Suggestions offers for the general weal:
What counsel shall prevail, depends on thee:
Yet will I say what seems to me the best.

Sounder opinion none can hold than this, Which I maintain, and ever have maintained, 120 Even from the day when thou, great King, did'st bear The fair Briseis from Achilles' tent Despite his anger—not by my advice: I fain would have dissuaded thee, but thou, Swayed by the promptings of a lofty soul, 125 Didst to our bravest wrong, dishonouring him Whom even the Immortals honoured; for his prize Thou took'st and still retain'st: but let us now Consider, if even yet, with costly gifts And soothing words, we may his wrath appease." 130 To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus: "Father, too truly thou recall'st my fault: I erred, nor will deny it; as a host Is he whom Jove in honour holds, as now Achilles honouring, he confounds the Greeks. 135 But since I erred, by evil impulse led, Fain would I now conciliate him, and pay An ample penalty: before you all I pledge myself rich presents to bestow. Seven tripods will I give, untouched by fire; 140 Of gold, ten talents, twenty caldrons bright, Twelve powerful horses, on the course renowned, Who by their speed have many prizes won. Not empty-handed could that man be deemed. Nor poor in gold, who but so much possessed 145 As by those horses has for me been won. Seven women too, well skilled in household cares, Lesbians, whom I selected for myself, That day he captured Lesbos' goodly isle.

In beauty far surpassing all their sex:	150
These will I give; and with them will I send	
The fair Briseis, her whom from his tent	
I bore away; and add a solemn oath,	
I ne'er approached her bed, nor held with her	
Such intercourse as man with woman holds.	155
All these shall now be his: but if the Gods	
Shall grant us Priam's city to destroy,	
Of gold and brass, when we divide the spoil,	
With countless heaps he shall a vessel freight,	
And twenty captives he himself shall choose,	160
All only less than Argive Helen fair.	
And if it be our fate to see again	
The teeming soil of Argos, he shall be	
My son by marriage; and in honour held	
As is Orestes, who, my only son,	165
Is reared at home in luxury and ease.	
Three daughters fair I have, Chrysothemis,	
Iphianassa, and Laodice;	
Of these, whiche'er he will, to Peleus' house,	
No payment asked for, he shall take to wife;	170
And with her will I add such wedding gifts,	
As never man before to daughter gave.	
Seven prosperous towns besides; Cardamyle,	
And Enope, and Ira's grassy plains;	
And Pheræ, and Antheia's pastures deep,	175
Æpeia fair, and vine-clad Pedasus;	
All near the sea, by sandy Pylos' bounds.	
The dwellers there in flocks and herds are rich,	
And, as a God, shall honour him with gifts,	
And to his scentre ample tribute nav.	180

This will I do, so he his wrath remit:	
Then let him yield (Pluto alone remains	
Unbending and inexorable; and thence	
Of all the Gods is most abhorred of men),	
	185
Superior far, and more advanced in age."	
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:	
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,	
Atrides, not unworthy are the gifts,	
	190
Then to the tent of Peleus' son in haste	
Let us our chosen messengers despatch:	
Whom I shall choose, let them consent to go.	
Then first of all let Phœnix lead the way,	
	195
With them, Ulysses sage; and let them take,	
Of heralds, Hodius and Eurybates.	
Bring now the hallowing water for our hands;	
And bid be silent, while to Saturn's son,	
That he have mercy, we address our prayer."	200
He said, and well his counsel pleased them all;	
The heralds poured the water on their hands;	
The youths, attending, crowned the bowls with wine	Э,
And in due order served the cups to all.	
Then, their libations made, when each with wine	205
Had satisfied his soul, from out the tent	
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, they passed;	
And many a caution aged Nestor gave,	
With earnest look to each, Ulysses chief,	
How best to soften Peleus' matchless son.	210
Beside the many-dashing ocean's shore	

They moved along; and many a prayer addressed To Neptune, Ocean's Earth-surrounding God. That he to gentle counsels would incline The haughty soul of great Æacides. 215 When to the ships and tents they came, where lay The warlike Myrmidons, their chief they found His spirit soothing with a sweet-toned lyre, Of curious workmanship, in silver frame; Part of the spoil he took, when he destroyed 220 Eëtion's wealthy town; on this he played, Soothing his soul, and sang of warriors' deeds. Before the chief Patroclus sat alone, In silence watching till the song should cease. The envoys forward stepped, Ulysses first, 225 And stood before him; from his couch, amazed, And holding still his lyre, Achilles sprang, Leaving the seat whereon they found him placed; And at their entrance rose Patroclus too: Waving his hand, Achilles, swift of foot, 230 Addressed them: "Welcome, friends! as friends ye come: Some great occasion surely to my tent Hath brought the men who are, of all the Greeks, Despite my anger, dearest to my heart." Thus as he spoke, he led them in, and placed 235 On couches spread with purple carpets o'er. Then thus addressed Patroclus at his side: "Son of Menœtius, set upon the board A larger bowl, and stronger mix the wine, And serve a cup to each: beneath my roof 240

This night my dearest friends I entertain." He said; Patroclus his commands obeyed;

Meantime Achilles in the fire-light placed, Upon an ample tray, a saddle each Of sheep and goat; and with them, rich in fat, 245 A chine of well-fed hog; then from the joints, Held by Automedon, cut off the meat, And dressed with care, and fastened round the spits: Patroclus kindled then a blazing fire: And when the fire burnt down, and when the flame 250 Subsided, spread the glowing embers out, And hung the spits above; then sprinkled o'er The meat with salt, and lifted from the stand. The viands cooked and placed upon the board. From baskets fair Patroclus portioned out 255 The bread to each: the meat Achilles shared. Facing the sage Ulysses, sat the host Against the other wall; and bade his friend, Patroclus, give the Gods their honours due: He in the fire the wonted offerings burnt: 260 They to the food prepared their hands addressed: But when their thirst and hunger were appeased, Ajax to Phœnix signed: Ulysses saw The sign, and rising, filled a cup with wine, And pledged Achilles thus: "To thee I drink, 265 Achilles! nobly is thy table spread, As heretofore in Agamemnon's tent, So now in thine; abundant is the feast: But not the pleasures of the banquet now We have in hand: impending o'er our arms 270 Grave cause of fear, illustrious chief, we see; Grave doubts, to save, or see destroyed our ships, If thou, great warrior, put not on thy might.

For close beside the ships and wall are camped The haughty Trojans and renowned allies: 275 Their watch-fires frequent burn throughout the camp; And loud their boast, that powerless to resist, Beside our dark-ribbed ships we soon must die. Jove too for them, with favouring augury Sends forth his lightning; boastful of his strength, 280 And firmly trusting in the aid of Jove, Hector, resistless, rages; nought he fears Or men or Gods, with martial fury fired. He prays, impatient, for the approach of morn; Then, breaking through the lofty sterns, resolved 285 To the devouring flames to give the ships, And slay the crews, bewildered in the smoke. And much my mind misgives me, lest the Gods His threats fulfil, and we be fated here To perish, far from Argos' grassy plains. 290 Up then! if in their last extremity Thy spirit inclines, though late, to save the Greeks Sore pressed by Trojan arms: lest thou thyself Hereafter feel remorse; an evil done Is past all cure; then thou reflect betimes 295 How from the Greeks to ward the day of doom. Dear friend, remember now thy father's words, The aged Peleus, when to Atreus' son He sent thee forth from Phthia, how he said, 'My son, the boon of strength, if so they will, 300 Juno or Pallas have the power to give; But thou thyself thy haughty spirit curb, For better far is gentle courtesy: And cease from angry strife, that so the Greeks

The more may honour thee, both young and old.'	305
Such were the words thine aged father spoke,	
Which thou hast now forgotten; yet, e'en now,	
Pause for awhile, and let thine anger cool;	
And noble gifts, so thou thy wrath remit,	
From Agamemnon shalt thou bear away.	310
Listen to me, while I recount the gifts	
Which in his tent he pledged him to bestow.	
Seven tripods promised he, untouched by fire,	
Of gold, ten talents, twenty caldrons bright,	
Twelve powerful horses, in the course renowned,	315
Who by their speed have many prizes won.	
Not empty-handed could that man be deemed,	
Nor poor in gold, who but so much possessed	
As by those horses has for him been won.	
Seven women too, well skilled in household cares,	320
Lesbians, whom he selected for himself,	
That day thou captur'dst Lesbos' goodly isle,	
In beauty far surpassing all their sex.	
These will he give; and with them will he send	
The fair Briseis, her whom from thy tent	325
He bore away; and add a solemn oath,	
He ne'er approached her bed, nor held with her	
Such intercourse as man with woman holds.	
All these shall now be thine: but if the Gods	
Shall grant us Priam's city to destroy,	330
Of gold and brass, when we divide the spoil,	
With countless heaps a vessel shalt thou freight,	
And twenty captives thou thyself shalt choose,	
All only less than Argive Helen fair.	
And if it he our fate to see again	335

The teeming soil of Argos, thou mayst be	
His son by marriage, and in honour held	
As is Orestes, who, his only son,	
Is reared at home in luxury and ease.	
Three daughters fair are his, Chrysothemis,	340
Iphianassa, and Laodice;	
Of these whiche'er thou wilt, to Peleus' house,	
No payment asked for, thou shalt take to wife;	
And with her will he add such wedding gifts,	
As never man before to daughter gave.	345
Seven prosperous towns besides; Cardamyle,	
And Enope, and Ira's grassy plains,	
And Pheræ, and Antheia's pastures deep,	
Æpeia fair, and vine-clad Pedasus;	
All near the sea, by sandy Pylos' bounds.	350
The dwellers there in flocks and herds are rich,	
And, as a God, will honour thee with gifts,	
And to thy sceptre ample tribute pay.	
All these he gives, so thou thy wrath remit.	
But if thou hold Atrides in such hate,	355
Him and his gifts, yet let thy pity rest	
On all the other Greeks, thus sore bested;	
By whom thou shalt be honoured as a God:	
For great the triumph that thou now mayst gain;	
Even Hector's self is now within thy reach;	360
For he is near at hand; and in his pride	
And martial fury deems that none, of all	
Our ships contain, can rival him in arms."	
Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot:	
"Heaven-born Ulysses, sage in council, son	365
Of great Laertes, I must frankly speak	

My mind at once, my fixed resolve declare:	
That from henceforth I may not by the Greeks,	
By this man and by that, be importuned.	
Him as the gates of hell my soul abhors,	370
Whose outward speech his secret thought belies.	
Hear then what seems to me the wisest course.	
On me nor Agamemnon, Atreus' son,	
Nor others shall prevail, since nought is gained	
By toil unceasing in the battle field.	375
Who nobly fight, but share with those who skulk;	
Like honours gain the coward and the brave;	
Alike the idlers and the active die:	
And nought it profits me, though day by day	
In constant toil I set my life at stake;	380
But as a bird, though ill she fare herself,	
Brings to her callow brood the food she takes,	
So I through many a sleepless night have lain,	
And many a bloody day have laboured through,	
Engaged in battle on your wives' behalf.	385
Twelve cities have I taken with my ships;	
Eleven more by land, on Trojan soil:	
From all of these abundant stores of wealth	
I took, and all to Agamemnon gave;	
He, safe beside his ships, my spoils received,	390
A few divided, but the most retained.	
To other chiefs and Kings he meted out	
Their several portions, and they hold them still;	
From me, from me alone of all the Greeks,	
He bore away, and keeps my cherished wife;	395
Well! let him keep her, solace of his bed!	
But say then, why do Greeks with Trojans fight?	

Why hath Atrides brought this mighty host To Troy, if not in fair-haired Helen's cause? Of mortals are there none that love their wives. 400 Save Atreus' sons alone? or do not all, Of upright hearts and minds well-ordered, love And cherish each his own? as her I loved Even from my soul, though captive of my spear. Now, since he once hath robbed me, and deceived, 405 Let him not seek my aid; I know him now, And am not to be won; let him devise, With thee, Ulysses, and the other Kings, How best from hostile fires to save his ships. He hath engaged in works of labour vast 410 Without my aid; hath built a lofty wall, And dug a trench around it, wide and deep, And in the trench hath fix'd a palisade: Nor so the warrior-slaver Hector's might Can keep in check; while I was in the field. 415 Not far without the walls would Hector range His line of battle, nor beyond the Oak And Scæan gates would venture: there indeed He once presumed to meet me, hand to hand. And from my onset narrowly escaped. 420 But as with Hector now no more I fight, To-morrow morn, my offerings made to Jove. And all the Gods, and freighted well my ships. And launched upon the main, thyself shall see, If that thou care to see, my vessels spread 425 O'er the broad bosom of the Hellesport, My lusty crews plying the vigorous oar: And if the Earth-shaker send a favouring breeze.

Three days will bear us home to Phthia's shore. There did I leave abundant store of wealth,	430
When hitherward I took my luckless way;	
And thither hence shall bear, of ruddy gold,	
And brass, and women fair, and iron hoar	
The share assigned me; but my chiefest prize	
The monarch Agamemnon, Atreus' son,	435
Himself who gave, with insult takes away.	
To him then speak aloud the words I send,	
That other Greeks may like resentment feel,	
If yet he hope some other to defraud,	
Clothed as he is in shamelessness! my glance	440
All brazen though he be, he dare not meet.	
I share no more his counsels, nor his acts;	
He hath deceived me once, and wronged; again	
He shall not cozen me! Of him, enough!	
I pass him by, whom Jove hath robbed of sense.	445
His gifts I loathe, and spurn; himself I hold	
At a hair's worth; and would he proffer me	
Tenfold or twentyfold of all he has,	
Or ever may be his; or all the gold	
Sent to Orchomenos or royal Thebes,	450
Egyptian, treasurehouse of countless wealth,	
Who boasts her hundred gates, through each of wl	aich
With horse and car two hundred warriors march:	
Nay, were his gifts in number as the sand,	
Or dust upon the plain, yet ne'er will I	455
By Agamemnon be prevailed upon,	
Till all his galling insults be repaid.	
Nor e'er of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,	
Will I a daughter wed; not were she fair	

As golden Venus, and in works renowned	460
As Pallas, blue-eyed Maid, yet her e'en so	
I wed not; let him choose some other Greek,	
Some fitting match, of nobler blood than mine.	
But should the Gods in safety bring me home,	
At Peleus' hands I may receive a wife;	465
And Greece can boast of many a lovely maid,	
In Hellas or in Phthia, daughters fair	
Of chiefs who hold their native fortresses:	
Of these, at will, a wife I may select:	
And ofttimes hath my warlike soul inclined	470
To take a wedded wife, a fitting bride,	
And aged Peleus' wealth in peace enjoy.	•
For not the stores which Troy, they say, contained	
In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece,	
Nor all the treasures which Apollo's shrine,	475
The Archer-God, in rock-built Pythos holds,	
May weigh with life; of oxen and of sheep	
Successful forays may good store provide;	
And tripods may be gained, and noble steeds:	
But when the breath of man hath passed his lips,	480
Nor strength nor foray can the loss repair.	
I by my Goddess-mother have been warned,	
The silver-footed Thetis, that o'er me	
A double chance of destiny impends:	
If here remaining, round the walls of Troy	485
I wage the war, I ne'er shall see my home,	
But then undying glory shall be mine:	• •
If I return, and see my native land,	
My glory all is gone: but length of life	
Shall then be mine, and death be long deferred.	490
which there we amend, with woman we army writing,	100

If others asked my counsel, I should say,	
'Homeward direct your course; of lofty Troy	
Ye see not yet the end; all-seeing Jove	
O'er her extends his hand; on him relying	
Her people all with confidence are filled.'	495
Go then; and faithfully, as envoys should,	
Bear back my answer to the chiefs of Greece.	
Bid that some better counsel they devise	
To save their ships and men; their present scheme,	
My anger unappeased, avails them nought.	500
But Phœnix here shall stay, and sleep to night;	
And with the morrow he with me shall sail	
And seek our native land, if so he will;	
For not by force will I remove him hence."	
He said; they all, confounded by his words,	505
In silence heard; so sternly did he speak.	
At length, in tears, the aged Phœnix spoke,	
For greatly feared he for the ships of Greece:	
"If, great Achilles, on returning home	
Thy mind is set, nor canst thou be induced	510
To save the ships from fire, so fierce thy wrath;	
How then, dear boy, can I remain behind,	
Alone? whom with thee aged Peleus sent,	
That day when he in Agamemnon's cause	
From Phthia sent thee, inexperienced yet	515
In war, that sorrow brings alike on all,	
And sage debate, on which attends renown.	
Me then he sent, to teach thee how to frame	
Befitting speech, and mighty deeds achieve.	
So not from thee, dear boy, can I consent	520
To part, though Heaven should undertake my age	

To wipe away, and vigorous youth restore, Such as I boasted, when from Greece I fled Before my angry sire, Amyntor, son Of Ormenus: a fair-haired concubine 525 Cause of the quarrel; her my father loved, And by her love estranged, despised his wife, My mother; oft she prayed me to seduce. To vex the old man, my father's concubine; I yielded; he, suspecting, on my head 530 A curse invoked, and on the Furies called His curse to witness, that upon his knees No child, by me begotten, e'er should sit: His curse the Gods have heard, and ratified, The infernal King, and awful Proserpine. 535 *[Then would I fain have slain him with the sword. Had not some God my rising fury quelled, And set before my mind the public voice, The odium I should have to bear 'mid Greeks. If branded with the name of parricide. 540 But longer in my angry father's house To dwell, my spirit brooked not, though my friends And kinsmen all besought me to remain; And many a goodly sheep, and many a steer They slew, and many swine, with fat o'erlaid, 545 They singed, and roasted o'er the burning coals; And drank in many a cup the old man's wine. Nine nights they kept me in continual watch, By turns relieving guards. The fires meanwhile Burnt constant: one beneath the porch that faced 550

^{*} The passage enclosed between brackets is of doubtful authenticity.

VOL. I. P

The well-fenced court; one in the vestibule Before my chamber door. The tenth dark night My chamber's closely-fitting doors I broke. And lightly vaulted o'er the court-yard fence, By guards alike and servant maids unmarked. 555 Through all the breadth of Hellas then I fled, Until at length to Phthia's fruitful soil, Mother of flocks, to Peleus' realm I came, Who gave me kindly welcome, and such love As to his only son, his well-beloved, 560 The heir to all his wealth, a father shows. He made me rich, he gave me ample rule; And on the bounds of Phthia bade me dwell. And o'er the Dolopes hold sovereign sway. Thee too, Achilles, rival of the Gods, 565 Such as thou art I made thee; from my soul I loved thee; nor wouldst thou with others go Or to the meal, or in the house be fed, Till on my knee thou satt'st, and by my hand Thy food were cut, the cup were tendered thee; 570 And often in thy childish waywardness. The bosom of my dress with wine was drenched: Such care I had of thee, such pains bestowed. The hope conceiving, that, since Heaven to me The boon of lineal issue had denied. 575 Thou might'st, Achilles, rival of the Gods, Become my son, and guardian of mine age. But thou, Achilles, curb thy noble rage; A heart implacable beseems thee not. The Gods themselves, in virtue, honour, strength, 580 Excelling thee, may yet be mollified;

For they, when mortals have transgressed, or failed To do aright, by sacrifice and prayer, Libations and burnt-offerings, may be soothed. Prayers are the daughters of immortal Jove; 585 But halt, and wrinkled, and of feeble sight, They plod in Ate's track; while Ate, strong And swift of foot, outstrips their laggard pace, And, dealing woe to man, o'er all the earth Before them flies: they, following, heal her wounds. 590 Him who with honour welcomes their approach, They greatly aid, and hear him when he prays; But who rejects, and sternly casts them off, To Saturn's son they go, and make their prayer That Ate may pursue him, and that he, 595 By her chastised, may for his guilt atone. Then to the daughters of immortal Jove, Do thou, Achilles, show the like respect, That many another brave man's heart hath swayed. If to thy tents no gifts Atrides brought, 600 With promises of more, but still retained His vehement enmity, I could not ask That thou thy cherished anger shouldst discard. And aid the Greeks, how great so-e'er their need. But now large offerings hath he given, and more 605 Hath promised; and, of all the Greeks, hath sent To pray thine aid, the men thou lov'st the best. Discredit not their mission, nor their words. Till now, I grant thee, none could blame thy wrath. In praise of men in ancient days renowned, 610 This have we heard, that how-so-e'er might rage Their hostile feuds, their anger might be still

By gifts averted, and by words appeared. One case I bear in mind, in times long past. And not in later days; and here, 'mid friends, 615 How all occurred, will I at length recite. Time was, that with Ætolia's warlike bands Round Calydon the Acarnanians fought With mutual slaughter: these to save the town. The Acarnanians burning to destroy. 620 This curse of war the golden-thronèd Queen Diana sent, in anger that from her Eneus the first-fruits of his field withheld. The other Gods their hecatombs received: Diana's shrine alone no offerings decked. 625 Neglected, or o'erlooked; the sin was great; And in her wrath the arrow-darting Queen A savage wild-boar sent, with gleaming tusks, Which, Œneus' vineyard haunting, wrought him harm. There laid he prostrate many a stately tree. 630 With root and branch, with blossom and with fruit. Him Meleager, son of Œneus, slew, Hunters and dogs from all the neighbouring towns Collecting: smaller force had not availed. So huge he was, so fierce; and many a youth 635 Through him was laid upon the funeral pyre. A fierce contention then the Goddess raised. For the boar's head and bristly hide, between The Acamanian and the Ætolian bands. While warlike Meleager kept the field, 640 So long the Acarnanians fared but ill; Nor dared, despite the numbers of their host. Maintain their ground before the city walls.

When he to anger yielded, which sometimes	
Swells in the bosom e'en of wisest men,	645
Incensed against his mother, he withdrew	
To Cleopatra fair, his wedded wife;	
(Marpessa her, Evenus' daughter, bore	
To Idas, strongest man of all who then	
Were living, who against Apollo's self	650
For the neat-footed maiden bent his bow.	
Her parents called the child Alcyone,	
In memory of the tears her mother shed,	
Rival of Alcyon's melancholy fate,	
When by far-darting Pheebus forced away).	655
With her, retiring from the field, he nursed	
His wrath; resenting thus his mother's curse,	
Althæa; she her brother's death bore hard,	
And prayed to Heaven above, and with her hands	
Beating the solid earth, the nether powers,	660
Pluto and awful Proserpine, implored,	
Down on her knees, her bosom wet with tears,	
Death on her son invoking; from the depths	
Of Erebus Erinnys heard her prayer,	
Gloom-haunting Goddess, dark and stern of heart.	665
Soon round the gates the din of battle rose,	
The towers by storm assaulted; then his aid	
Imploring, by the Ætolian Elders sent,	
Came their chief Priests, and promised rich reward.	
A fruitful plot they bade him set apart,	670
The richest land in lovely Calydon,	
Of fifty acres: half for vineyard meet,	
And half of fertile plain, for tillage cleared.	
Upon the threshold of his lofty rooms	

Old Œneus stood, and at the portals closed 675 He knocked in vain, a suppliant to his son. His sisters and his brother joined their prayers, But sterner his rejection of their suit; The friends he valued most, and loved the best. Yet they too failed his fixed resolve to shake: 680 Till to his very doors the war had reached, The foe upon the towers, the town in flames: Then Meleager's beauteous wife, at length, In tears, beseeching him, the thousand ills Recalled, which on a captured town attend: 685 The slaughtered men, the city burnt with fire, The helpless children and deep-bosomed dames A prey to strangers. Listening to the tale, His spirit was roused within him; and again He took the field, and donned his glittering arms. 690 Of his own will he saved the Ætolians thus From final doom; but they no longer gave, Though saved by him, the promised rich reward. Let not his mind be thine, nor let the Gods Turn thitherward thy thoughts; our ships on fire, 695 Thine aid will less be prized: come, take the gifts. And as a God be honoured by the Greeks. If thou, unsought by gifts, hereafter join The bloody fight, the Greeks thou mayst protect, But not an equal share of honour gain." 700 Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot:

Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot: "Phoenix, my second father, reverend sire, Such honours move me not; my honour comes From Jove, whose will it is that I should here Remain beside the ships, while I retain

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Breath in my lungs and vigour in my limbs. This too I say, and bear it in thy mind: Disturb me not with weeping and complaints. To do Atrides grace; if him thou love, My love for thee perchance may turn to hate: 710 My friend should honour him who honours me. But come with me, and of my kingdom half, And equal honours shalt thou share with me. These shall our message bear; remain thou here. And on soft couch repose; to-morrow morn 715 Will we determine or to sail or stay." He said, and with his eyebrows gave a sign In silence to Patroclus, to prepare A bed for Phœnix, that without delay The rest might leave the tent; then thus began 720 Ajax, the godlike son of Telamon: "Ulysses sage, Laertes' high-born son, Depart we now; for this way our discourse Can lead to no result; we needs must bear Our tidings, all unwelcome as they are. 725 Back to the chiefs awaiting our return. Achilles hath allowed his noble heart To cherish rancour and malignant hate: Nor recks he of his old companions' love, Wherewith we honoured him above the rest. 730 Relentless he! a son's or brother's death, By payment of a fine, may be atoned: The slayer may remain in peace at home, The debt discharged; the other will forego, The forfeiture received, his just revenge; 735 But in thy breast the Gods have placed a soul

Implacable and harsh: and for a girl. A single girl! and seven we offer thee, Surpassing fair, and other gifts to boot, We now bespeak thy courtesy; respect 740 Thy hearth; remember that beneath thy roof We stand, selected by the general voice From all the host; and fain would claim to be. Of all the Greeks, thy best and dearest friends." Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot: 745 "Illustrious Ajax, son of Telamon, All thou hast said hath semblance just and fair: But swells my heart with fury at thought of him, Of Agamemnon, who, amid the Greeks Assembled, held me forth to public scorn. 750 As some dishonoured, houseless vagabond, But go ye now, and bear my answer back: No more in bloody war will I engage, Till noble Hector, Priam's godlike son, O'er slaughtered Greeks, your ships enwrapped in fire. 755 Shall reach the quarters of the Myrmidons. Ere he assail my ship and tents, I think That Hector, valiant as he is, will pause." Thus he: they each the double goblet raised, And, to the Gods their due libations poured. 760 Ulysses leading, to the ships returned. Meanwhile Patroclus bade the attendant maids Prepare a bed for Phœnix; they obeyed, And quickly laid the bed with fleeces warm. And rugs, and linen light and fine o'erspread. 765 There slept the old man, and waited for the morn.

Within the tent's recess Achilles slept;

And by his side, from Lesbos captive brought. Daughter of Phorbas, Diomede fair: On the other side Patroclus lay: with him 770 The graceful Iphis, whom, when Scyros' isle He captured, and Enves' rock-built fort, Achilles to his loved companion gave. When to Atrides' tent the envoys came. The chiefs, uprising, pledged them one by one 775 In golden goblets; then their tidings asked. First Agamemnon, King of men, enquired: "Tell me, renowned Ulysses, pride of Greece, What says he: will he save our ships from fire, Or still, in wrathful mood, withhold his aid?" 780 To whom again Ulysses, stout of heart: "Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men, His anger is not quenched, but fiercer still It glows; thy gifts and thee alike he spurns; He bids thee with the other chiefs concert 785 The means thy people and thy ships to save: And menaces himself at early dawn To launch his well-trimmed vessels on the main. Nay more, he counsels others, so he says, Homeward to turn, since here of lofty Troy 790 We see not yet the end; all-seeing Jove O'er her extends his hand; on him relying, Her people all with confidence are filled. Such was his language; here before you stand Ajax and both the heralds, sage, grave men, 795 Who with me went, and will confirm my words. Old Phœnix left we there, so willed the chief, That with the morrow he with him may sail.

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And seek their native land, if so he will: For not by force will he remove him hence." 800 Ulysses thus; they all in silence heard, Amazed, so stern the message that he bore. Long time in silence sat the chiefs of Greece: Outspoke at length the valiant Diomed: "Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men, 805 Would that thou ne'er hadst stooped with costly gifts To sue for aid from Peleus' matchless son; For he before was over-proud, and now Thine offers will have tenfold swollen his pride. But leave we him, according to his will, 810 To go or stay: he then will join the fight, When his own spirit shall prompt, or Heaven inspire. But hear ye all, and do as I advise: Refreshed with food and wine (for therein lie Both strength and courage), turn we to our rest; 815 And when the rosy-fingered morn appears, Thyself among the foremost, with bold hearts, Before our ships both horse and foot array." He said; and all the chiefs with loud applause His speech confirmed; then, due libations poured, 820 Each to his several tent they all withdrew;

Then laid them down, and sought the boon of sleep.

BOOK X.

IN night-long slumbers lay the other chiefs Of all the Greeks, by gentle sleep subdued; But not on Agamemnon, Atreus' son, By various cares oppressed, sweet slumber fell. As when from Jove, the fair-haired Juno's Lord, 5 Flashes the lightning, bringing in its train Tempestuous storm of mingled rain and hail Or snow, by winter sprinkled o'er the fields; Or opening wide the vasty jaws of war; So Agamemnon from his inmost heart 10 Poured forth in groans his multitudinous grief, His spirit within him sinking. On the plain He looked, and there, alarmed, the watchfires saw. Which, far advanced before the walls of Troy. Blazed numberless; and thence of pipes and flutes 15 He heard the sound, and busy hum of men. Upon the ships he looked, and men of Greece, And from his head the hair uprooted tore To Jove on high; deep groaned his mighty heart. Thus as he mused, the wisest course appeared. 20 With Nestor, son of Neleus, to confer, If they some scheme in council might devise To ward destruction from the Grecian host. He rose, and o'er his body drew his vest. And underneath his well-turned feet he bound 25

His sandals fair; then o'er his shoulders threw,	
Down reaching to his feet, a lion's skin,	
Tawny and vast; then grasped his ponderous spear.	
On Meneläus weighed an equal dread;	
Nor on his eyes that night had slumber sat,	30
Lest ill befall the Greeks; who, in his cause,	
Crossing the watery waste, had come to Troy,	
And bold defiance to the Trojans given.	
Round his broad chest a panther's skin he threw;	
Then on his head his brazen helmet placed,	35
And in his brawny hand a lance he bore.	
To meet his brother went he forth, of Greece	
The mighty monarch, as a God revered.	
Him by the ship he found, in arms arrayed;	
And welcome was his presence to the King.	40
Then valiant Meneläus first began:	
"Why thus in arms, good brother? seek'st thou one	
The Trojan camp to spy? I greatly fear	
That none will undertake the task, alone	
To spy the movements of the hostile camp	45
In the dark night; stout-hearted he must be."	
To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus:	
"Great need, my noble brother, have we both	
Of sagest counsels, if we hope the Greeks	
And Grecian ships from ruin to preserve,	50
Since turned against us is the mind of Jove.	
To Hector's offerings most his soul inclines;	
For never have I seen, or heard men tell,	
How in one day one man hath wrought such loss	
As Hector, dear to Jove, yet not the son	55
Of God or Goddess, on the Greeks hath wrought.	

Such deeds hath he achieved, such havor made,
As we shall long in bitter memory keep.
Haste thou amid the ships, and hither bring
Idomeneus and Ajax; I the while 60
Will Nestor rouse, and urge that he with us
The outposts visit, and instruct the guard.
To him they best will listen; for his son
Commands the watch; with him Meriones,
The follower of the King Idomeneus: 65
To them by preference hath this charge been given."
He said; and Meneläus answered thus:
"What wouldst thou have me do then? here remain
With them, and wait thy coming, or to them
Thy message give, and follow in thy steps?" 70
Him answered Agamemnon, King of men:
"Remain thou here, lest haply we might fail
To meet; for in the camp are many paths.
But thou, where'er thou go'st, each several man
Address, and ask to rise; to each his name 75
And patronymic giving; pay to each
All due respect; nor bear thee haughtily;
We like the rest must share the load of toil,
Which Jove assigns to all of mortal birth."
His brother thus with counsels wise dismissed, 80
The King to aged Nestor took his way:
Him by his tent and dark-ribbed ship he found
On a soft couch; beside him lay his arms,
His shield, two lances, and a glittering helm:
There lay the rich-wrought belt the old man wore, 85
When to the battle, armed, he led his troops;
For nought to age's weakness would he yield.

Raising his head, and on his elbow propped, He questioned thus Atrides: "Who art thou, That wanderest through the encampment thus alone, 90 In the dark night, when other mortals sleep? Seek'st thou some mule broke loose, or comrade lost? Speak, nor in silence come; what wouldst thou here?" To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men: "O Nestor! son of Neleus, pride of Greece, 95 Know me for Agamemnon, Atreus' son, On whom hath Jove, beyond the lot of men, Laid grief that ne'er shall end, while I retain Breath in my lungs, and vigour in my limbs. I wander thus, because these eyes of mine 100 Sweet slumber visits not, by cares of war Oppressed, and harassed by the woes of Greece. Much for the Greeks I fear; nor keeps my mind Its wonted firmness; I am ill at ease; And leaps my troubled heart as though 'twould burst 105 My bosom's bounds: my limbs beneath me shake. But if thou wilt, since thou too know'st not sleep. Together to the outposts let us go. And see if there, by toil and sleep o'erpowered, The guard repose, neglectful of their watch. 110 The foe is close at hand; nor are we sure He may not hazard e'en a night attack." To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied: "Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men, Not all the hopes that Hector entertains 115 Shall by the Lord of counsel be fulfilled; For him are toil and danger yet in store, If but Achilles of his wrath repent.

Gladly will I attend thee; others too,	
Tydides, spearman bold, Ulysses sage,	120
Ajax the swift, and Phyleus' noble son,	
Should all be summoned; and 'twere well that one	
Across the camp should run, to call in haste	
The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus;	
Theirs are the farthest ships, nor near at hand.	125
But, dear to me as Menelaus is,	
And highly honoured, I must blame, that thus	
(Though thou shouldst take offence, I needs must sa	y)
He sleeps, and leaves the toil to thee alone.	• ,
With all the chiefs he should be busied now,	130
Imploring aid, in this our utmost need."	
To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men:	
"For other times, old man, reserve thy blame;	
Sometimes, I own, he lags behind, nor takes	
His share of labour; not from indolence,	135
Or want of sense; but still regarding me;	
Waiting from me an impulse to receive.	
But now, before me was he up, and came	
To visit me; and I have sent him on	
To call those very men whom thou hast named.	140
Come then; for near the guard, before the gates,	
They will be found; 'twas there we fixed to meet."	,
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:	
"Then none can blame him; nor can any Greek	
Justly refuse his summons to obey."	145
He said, and round his body wrapped his vest;	
Then on his feet his sandals fair he bound,	
And o'er his shoulders clasped a purple cloak,	

Doubled, with ample folds, and downy pile;

160

Then took his spear, with point of sharpened brass, 150 And through the camp prepared to take his way. Gerenian Nestor from his slumbers first Ulysses, sage as Jove in council, roused, Loud shouting; soon the voice his senses reached; Forth from his tent he came, and thus he spoke: 155 "What cause so urgent leads you, through the camp, In the dark night to wander thus alone?"

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
"Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,
Be not offended; such the stress that now
Weighs down our army; come thou then with us,
And others let us call; with whom 'tis meet
That we should counsel take, to fight or fly."
He said: Ulysses to the tent returned:

Then, his broad shield across his shoulders thrown. Came forth again, and with them took his way. To Diomed, the son of Tydeus, next They went; and him they found beside his arms, Without his tent; his comrades slept around, Their heads upon their bucklers laid; their spears 170 Stood upright, on the butts; the burnished brass Like Heaven's own lightning, flashing far around. Stretched on a wild bull's hide the chief reposed. A gay-wrought carpet rolled beneath his head. Gerenian Nestor close behind him stood. 175 And touched him with his foot, and thus in tone Reproachful spoke: "Arouse thee, Tydeus' son! Why sleep'st thou thus all night? or know'st thou not That on the very margin of the plain, And close beside the ships the Trojans lie, 180 And little space between the camps is left?"

Quick roused from sleep, thus answered Diomed: "Beshrew thy heart, old man! no labour seems For thee too hard; are there not younger men To run about the camp, and summon all 185 The several chiefs? thou dost too much, old man." To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied: "True, friend, and full of wisdom are thy words; Good sons indeed I have, and followers brave And many, who might well my message bear; 190 But great is now the stress that lies on Greece; For on a razor's edge is balanced now, To all the Greeks, the chance of life or death. Do thou then go (for thou my younger art), And if thou pity me, thyself arouse 195 Ajax the swift, and Phyleus' noble son."

He said; the warrior round his shoulders threw, Down reaching to his feet, a lion's hide, Tawny and dark; and took his ponderous spear.

He went, aroused, and with him brought the chiefs. 200
When to the guard they came, not sunk in sleep
Found they the leaders; but on wakeful watch
Intent, and all alert beside their arms.
As round a sheepfold keep their anxious watch
The dogs, who in the neighbouring thicket hear
Some beast, that, bold in search of prey, has come
Down from the mountain; loud the clamours rise
Of men and dogs; all sleep is banished thence;
, So sleepless were the eyes of those who watched
Through that disastrous night; still plainward turning 210
At every movement in the Trojan camp.

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The old man saw, well-pleased; and thus addressed With cheering words the captains of the guard: "Watch ever thus, good youths; nor be surprised By slumber, lest the foe a triumph gain." 215 This said, he crossed the ditch, and with him went The Grecian leaders, to the council called: With them, admitted to the conference, went Meriones, and Nestor's noble son. The deep-dug ditch they crossed, and sat them down 220 Upon an open space, from corpses clear; Where Hector from the slaughter of the Greeks Turned back, when Evening spread her veil around: There sat they down, and there the conference held. Gerenian Nestor first took up the word: 225 "O friends! is any here with heart so bold Who dares, self-confident, the Trojan camp To enter? there some straggler he might take, Or in the camp itself some tidings gain. What are their secret counsels; if they mean 230 Here near the ships to stay, or to the town Return, triumphant o'er the vanguished Greeks. This could he learn, and hither scatheless bring His tidings, high as Heaven in all men's mouths Would be his praise, and ample his reward. 235 For every captain of a ship should give A coal-black ewe, and at her foot a lamb, A prize beyond compare; and high should be His place at banquets and at solemn feasts." He said; but all the chiefs in silence heard; 240 Then rose the valiant Diomed, and said:

"Nestor, my spirit prompts me with brave heart

To explore the hostile camp, so close at hand;	
Yet were one comrade given me, I should go	
With more of comfort, more of confidence.	245
Where two combine, one before other sees	
The better course; and e'en though one alone	
The readiest way discover, yet would be	
His judgment slower, his decision less."	
He said, and many chiefs to Diomed	250
Proffered companionship; stood forth at once,	
With him to penetrate the Trojan camp,	
The two Ajaces, ministers of Mars;	
Stood forth Meriones, and eagerly	
Stood forth the son of Nestor; Atreus' son,	255
The royal Meneläus, spearman bold,	
And stout Ulysses, whose enduring heart	
For every deed of valour was prepared.	
Rose Agamemnon, King of men, and said:	
"Tydides, comrade dearest to my soul,	260
Choose thou thine own companion, whom thou wilt	;
Of all the many here that proffer aid	
Him whom thou deem'st the best; nor from respect	i
To persons leave the better man behind,	
And take the worse; nor deference show to rank,	265
Not though the purest royal blood were his."	
In fear for Meneläus thus he spoke:	
Then answered valiant Diomed, and said:	
"If my companion I may freely choose,	
How can I pass the sage Ulysses by?	270
Of ready wit, and dauntless courage, proved	
In every danger; and to Pallas dear.	
I should not fear, by him accompanied,	

To pass through fire, and safely both return;
So far in prudence he surpasses all."
Whom answered thus Ulysses, stout of heart:
"Tydides, nor exaggerated praise
Bestow on me, nor censure; for thou speak'st
To those who know me all for what I am.
But go we; night wanes fast, the morn is near: 280
The stars are far advanced, and of the night
Two thirds are spent, one third alone remains."
He said; and both prepared to don their arms.
The valiant warrior Thrasymedes gave
To Diomed a two-edged sword (his own 283
Had in the ship been left) and ample shield;
Then on his brows a leathern headpiece placed,
Without or peak or plume; a simple cap,
Such as is worn by youths to guard their head.
A bow, and well-filled quiver, and a sword, 290
Meriones to sage Ulysses gave;
And on his brows a leathern headpiece placed,
Well wrought within, with numerous straps secured,
And on the outside, with wild boars' gleaming tusks
Profusely garnished, scattered here and there 295
By skilful hand; the midst with felt was lined:
This from Amyntor, son of Ormenus,
Autolycus from Eleon bore away,
Spoil of his pillaged house; Autolycus
Gave in Scandea, to Amphidamas, 300
Chief of Cythera's isle; Amphidamas
In turn to Molus, as their friendship's pledge;
He to his son, Meriones, from whom
It now encircled sage Ulysses' brow.

Thus with accourrements and arms supplied, 305 They left their brother chiefs, and took their way. Then close beside their path, by Pallas sent, Rose, on the right, a heron; through the gloom They saw it not indeed, but heard the cry. The favouring sign with joy Ulysses hailed, 310 And thus to Pallas prayed: "Hear me, thou child Of ægis-bearing Jove, who still hast stood In every peril at my side, whose eye My every movement sees; now, Goddess, now Befriend me; grant that safe, with triumph crowned, We may return, some great exploit achieved, Such as the Trojans long may bear in mind." Him following, thus the brave Tydides prayed: "My voice too, child of Jove, undaunted, hear; And be with me, as with my father erst, 320 The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he went. An envoy, in advance; and left behind, Upon Asopus' banks the mail-clad Greeks. Smooth was the message which to Thebes he bore; But great, his mission ended, were the deeds That with thine aid he wrought; for, Goddess, thou Wast with him, and thine arm was his defence: So be thou now with me, and me defend. Then on thine altar will I sacrifice A yearling heifer, broad of brow, untamed, 330 Whereon no voke hath mortal ever laid: Her will I give, and tip her horns with gold." Thus as they prayed, their prayer the Goddess heard: Then, their devotions ended, on they fared Through the deep dead of night, like lions twain,

'Mid slaughter, corpses, arms, and blackened gore. Nor, in the Trojan camp, did Hector leave The chiefs to rest; but all to conference called. The leaders and the councillors of Troy: To whom his prudent speech he thus addressed: 340 "Who is there here, that for a rich reward This work will undertake? his meed shall be Befitting its achievement: for a car And two strong-collared horses will I give. The best of all within the Grecian lines. 345 To him, who, to his endless praise, shall dare Approach the ships; and learn if still be kept, As heretofore, the watch, or, by our arms Subdued and vanquished, they design to fly, And, worn with toil, the nightly watch neglect." 350 Thus Hector spoke; but all in silence heard. There was one Dolon in the Trojan camp. The herald's son, Eumedes; rich in gold And brass; not fair of face, but swift of foot; Amid five sisters he the only son: 355 Who thus to Hector and the Trojans spoke: "Hector, my spirit prompts me with brave heart To approach the ships and bring thee tidings sure; But hold thou forth thy royal staff, and swear To give me, with their brass-embellished car, 360 The horses driven by Peleus' matchless son: Not vain shall be mine errand, nor deceive Thy hopes; right through the camp I mean to pass Till Agamemnon's ship I reach, where sit The chiefs consulting, or to fight or fly." 365 He said: and Hector took his royal staff.

And swore to him: "Be witness Jove himself, The Lord of thunder, that no Trojan man, Thyself except, shall e'er those horses drive: For thee they are reserved, a glorious prize." 370 Thus Hector swore: though unfulfilled the oath. It stirred with hopes excited Dolon's mind. Forthwith, his bow across his shoulders slung, A grisly wolfskin o'er them, on his head A cap of marten's fur, and in his hand 375 A javelin, from the camp he took his way. Straight to the Grecian ships; but never thence Destined to bring the expected tidings back. The crowd of men and horses left behind. Briskly he moved along; Ulysses first 380 Marked his approach, and to Tydides said: "See, from the camp where some one this way comes. With what intent I know not; if to play The spy about the ships, or rob the dead. Turn we aside, and let him pass us by 385 A little way; we then with sudden rush May seize him; or if he outstrip us both By speed of foot, may urge him toward the ships. Driving him still before us with our spears, And from the city cutting off his flight." 390 Thus saying, 'mid the dead, beside the road They crouched; he, all unconscious, hastened by. But when such space was interposed as leave Between the sluggish oxen and themselves*

^{*} This comparison does not afford a very accurate criterion of the "space interposed;" which cannot be estimated without knowing the total distance within which the faster was to outstrip the slower team.

A team of mules (so much the faster they	395
Through the stiff fallow drag the jointed plough),	
They rushed upon him; at the sound he stopped,	
Deeming that from the Trojan camp they came,	
By Hector sent to order his return.	
Within a spear's length when they came, or less,	400
For foes he knew them, and to flight addressed	
His active limbs; they rushed in hot pursuit.	
And as two hounds, well practised in the chase,	
With glistening fangs, unflagging, strain to catch,	
woodland glade, some pricket deer or hare,	405
That flies before them, screaming; so those two,	
Tydides and Ulysses, stout of heart,	
With fiery zeal, unflagging, strained to catch	
The flying Dolon, from the camp cut off;	
But just as, flying toward the ships, he came	410
Almost amid the guards, to Diomed	
Pallas fresh strength imparted, lest perchance	
Some other might anticipate his blow,	
And he himself but second honours gain.	
Tydides then with threatening gesture cried,	415
"Stop, or my spear shall reach thee; small thy cha	nce,
If I assail thee, of escape from death."	
He said, and threw his spear; but by design	
It struck him not; above his shoulder flew	
The polished lance, and quivered in the ground.	420
Sudden he stopped, with panic paralysed:	
His teeth all chattering, pale with fear he stood,	
With faltering accents; panting, they came up	
And seized him in their grasp; he thus, in tears:	
"Spare but my life: my life I can redeem:	425

For ample stores I have of gold, and brass, And well-wrought iron; and of these my sire Would pay a generous ransom, could be learn That in the Grecian ships I yet survived." To whom Ulysses, deep-designing, thus: 430 "Be of good cheer; nor let the fear of death Disturb thy mind; but tell me truly this; How is't that toward the ships thou com'st alone. In the dark night, when other mortals sleep? Com'st thou perchance for plunder of the dead? 435 Or seek'st upon our ships to play the spy, By Hector sent? or of thine own accord?" Then Dolon thus—his knees with terror shook— "With much persuasion, of my better mind Hector beguiled me, offering as my prize 440 Achilles' horses and his brass-bound car: Through the dark night he sent me forth to learn. Entering your hostile camp, if still your ships, As heretofore, be guarded, or by us Subdued and vanquished, ye design to fly, .445 And worn with toil, your nightly watch neglect." To whom Ulvsses thus with scornful smile: "High soared thy hopes indeed, that thought to win The horses of Achilles; hard are they For mortal man to harness or control. 450 Save for Achilles' self, the Goddess-born. But tell me truly this; when here thou cam'st, Where left'st thou Hector, guardian chief of Troy? Where are his warlike arms? his horses where? Where lie the rest? and where are placed their guards? 455 What are their secret counsels? do they mean

Here near the ships to stay, or to the town
Return, triumphant o'er the vanquished Greeks?"
Him Dolon answered thus, Eumedes' son:
"Thy questions all true answers shall receive; 460
Hector, with those who share his counsels, sits
In conference, far apart, near Ilus' tomb:
But for the guards thou speak'st of, noble chief,
Not one is stationed to protect the camp.
Around the Trojan fires indeed, perforce, 463
A watch is kept; and they, among themselves,
Due caution exercise: but for the Allies,
They sleep, and to the Trojans leave the watch,
Since nor their children nor their wives are near."
To whom in answer sage Ulysses thus: 470
"Say now, where sleep they? with the Trojans mixed,
Or separate? explain, that I may know."
Whom answered Dolon thus, Eumedes' son:
"To this too will I give ye answer true;
Next to the sea the Carian forces lie; 475
•
The Pæon archers and the Leleges,
The Caucons, and the bold Pelasgians next;
On Thymbra's side the Lycians' lot has fallen,
The Mysians brave, the Phrygian cavalry,
And the Mæonians with their horsehair plumes. 480
But why of these enquire? if ye intend
An inroad on the camp, apart from all,
New come, the farthest off, the Thracians lie:
Rhesus their King, the son of Eioneus,
Sleeps in the midst; no steeds that e'er I saw 485
For size and beauty can with his compare:
Whiter than snow, with speed to match the wind.

With gold and silver is his chariot wrought, His armour golden, of gigantic size, A marvel to behold! it seems not meet 490 For mortal man, but for the immortal Gods. But take me now in safety to the ships; Or leave me here in fetters bound, that so, Ere ye return, ye may approve my words, And see if I have told you true, or no." 495 To whom thus Diomed with stern regard: "Dolon, though good thy tidings, hope not thou, Once in our hands, to 'scape the doom of death; For if we now should let thee go, again In after times thou might'st our ships approach. 500 As secret spy, or open enemy: But if beneath my hands thou lose thy life, No farther trouble shalt thou cause the Greeks." He said; and as the suppliant sought in vain To touch his beard, imploring, through his throat, Both tendons severing, drove his trenchant blade: Even while he spoke, his head was rolled in dust. The cap of marten fur from off his head They took, the wolf-skin, and the bow unstrung. And javelin; these Ulysses held aloft. 510 And thus to Pallas prayed, who gave the spoil: "Accept, great Goddess, these our gifts; to thee, Of all the Immortals on Olympus' height, Our offerings first we give: conduct us now. The Thracian camp and Thracian steeds to gain." Thus as he spoke, amid the tamarisk scrub Far off he threw the trophies; then with reeds.

And twigs new broken from the tamarisk boughs.

He set a mark, lest in the gloom of night Returning, they might haply miss the spot. 520 Then on they passed through arms and blackened gore, And reached the confines of the Thracian camp. There found they all by sleep subdued; their arms Beside them on the ground, in order due, In triple rows; and by the side of each, 525 Harnessed and yoked, his horses ready stood. Surrounded by his warriors, Rhesus slept; Beside him stood his coursers fleet, their reins Suspended from the chariot's topmost rail: Ulysses marked him as he lay, and said, 530 "This is the man, Tydides, these the steeds, To us by Dolon, whom we slew, described. Now then, put forth thy might; beseems it not To stand thus idly with thine arms in hand: Loose thou the horses; or do thou the men 535 Despatch, and to my care the horses leave." He said: and Pallas vigour new inspired. That right and left he smote; dire were the groans Of slaughtered men; the earth was red with blood: And as a lion on the untended flock 540 Of sheep or goats with savage onslaught springs, Even so Tydides on the Thracians sprang. Till twelve were slain; and as Tydides' sword Gave each to death, Ulysses by the feet Drew each aside; that so the steeds might find 545 A ready passage, nor with terror start, Unused as vet to trample on the slain. But when Tydides saw the sleeping King, A thirteenth victim to his sword was given.

	•
Painfully breathing; for, by Pallas' art, 550)
He saw that night as in an evil dream,	
The son of Œneus standing o'er his head.	
Meanwhile Ulysses sage the horses loosed,	
And coupled by the reins, and with his bow	
(For from the car he had not borne away 555	5
The glittering whip) he drove them from the crowd;	
Then softly whistling to Tydides gave	
A signal; he, the while, remained behind,	
Musing what bolder deed he yet might do;	
Or by the pole to draw, or raised on high, 560)
Bear off the car, whereon the arms were laid.	
Or give yet other Thracians to the sword.	
But while he mused, beside him Pallas stood,	
And said, "Bethink thee, Tydeus' son, betimes	
Of thy return, lest, if some other God 569	5
Should wake the Trojans, thou shouldst need to fly."	
She said; the heavenly voice he recognised,	
And mounted straight; Ulysses with his bow	
The flying horses touched, and urged to speed,	
They toward the ships their rapid course pursued. 570)
Nor idle watch Apollo kept, who saw	
Tydides o'er the plain by Pallas led;	
With anger filled, the Trojan camp he sought;	
And Rhesus' kinsman, good Hippocöon,	
The Thracian councillor, from sleep aroused; 573	5
Awaking, when the vacant space he viewed,	
Where late had stood the horses; and his friends	
Gasping in death, and weltering in their blood,	
He groaned as on his comrade's name he called;	
Then loud the clamour rose, and wild uproar, 580)

Unspeakable, of Trojans thronging round; They marvelled at the deeds; but marvelled more How they who wrought them had escaped unscathed.

Meantime arrived where Hector's scout they slew. Ulysses, loved of Heaven, a moment checked 585 His eager steeds; the son of Tydeus leaped Down to the ground, and in Ulysses' hand The bloody trophies placed; then mounted quick, And toward the ships, their destined goal, urged on The fiery horses; nothing loth, they flew. Nestor first heard the sound, and cried, "O friends, The leaders and the councillors of Greece. Am I deceived, or is it true? methinks The sound of horses, hurrying, strikes mine ear; Grant Heaven, Ulysses and brave Diomed 595 May bring those horses from the Trojan camp; Yet much I fear our bravest may have met With some disaster 'mid the crowd of foes."

He scarce had ended, when themselves appeared,
And from the steeds dismounted: welcomed back
With cordial grasp of hands, and friendly words.
Gerenian Nestor first, enquiring, said:
"Tell me, renowned Ulysses, pride of Greece,
Whence come these horses? from the Trojan camp?
Or hath some God, that met you by the way,
Bestowed them, radiant as the beams of light?
Among the Trojans day by day I move;
'Tis not my wont, old warrior though I be,
To lag behind; but horses such as these
I never saw; some God hath given them, sure;
610
For Jove, the Cloud-compeller, loves you both,

639

And Pallas, child of ægis-bearing Jove."

To whom again the sage Ulysses thus: "O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece, Had they so willed, the Gods, so great their power, 615 E'en better horses could have given than these: But these, old man, are Thracians, newly come; Whose King the valiant Diomed hath slain, And with him twelve, the best of all his band. A scout too have we slain, by Hector sent, 620 And by the Trojan chiefs, to spy our camp." He said, and o'er the ditch the horses drove. Exulting in their prize; and with him went The other chiefs, rejoicing, through the camp. Arrived at Diomed's well-ordered tent, 625 First with strong halters to the rack, where stood, High-fed with corn, his own swift-footed steeds. The horses they secured; Ulysses then The bloody spoils of Dolon stowed away In the ship's stern, till fitting sacrifice 630 To Pallas might be offered; to the sea Descending then, they washed away the sweat. Which on their necks, and thighs, and knees had dried: The sweat washed off, and in the ocean waves Themselves refreshed, they sought the polished bath: 635 Then, by the bath restored, and all their limbs Anointed freely with the lissom oil, Sat down to breakfast; and from flowing bowls

In Pallas' honour poured the luscious wine.

BOOK XI.

NOW rose Aurora from Tithonus' bed, To mortals and Immortals bringing light; When to the ships of Greece came Discord down. Despatched from Jove, with dire portents of war. Upon Ulysses' lofty ship she stood, 5 The midmost, thence to shout to either side. Or to the tents of Ajax Telamon, Or of Achilles, who at each extreme, Confiding in their strength, had moored their ships. There stood the Goddess, and in accents loud 10 And dread she called, and fixed in every breast The fierce resolve to wage unwearied war: And dearer to their hearts than thoughts of home Or wished return, became the battle-field. Atrides, loudly shouting, called the Greeks 15 To arms: himself his flashing armour donned. First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fixed. Fastened with silver clasps; his ample chest A breastplate guarded, given by Cinyras In pledge of friendship; for in Cyprus' isle 20 He heard the rumour of the glorious fleet About to sail for Troy; then this he gave A grateful offering to the mighty King. Ten bands were there inwrought of dusky bronze. Twelve of pure gold, twice ten of shining tin: 25

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Of bronze six dragons upwards towards the neck Their length extended, three on either side: In colour like the bow, which Saturn's son Placed in the clouds, a sign to mortal men: Then o'er his shoulder threw his sword: bright flashed 30 The golden studs: the silver scabbard shone. With golden baldrick fitted; next his shield He took, full-sized, well-wrought, well-proved in fight: Around it ran ten circling rims of brass; With twenty bosses round of burnished tin. 35 And, in the centre, one of dusky bronze. A Gorgon's head with aspect terrible. Was wrought, with Fear and Flight encircled round: Depending from a silver belt it hung: And on the belt a dragon, wrought in bronze, 40 Twined his lithe folds, and turned on every side, Sprung from a single neck, his triple head. Then on his brow his lofty helm he placed, Four-crested, double-peaked, with horsehair plumes, That nodded, fearful, from the warrior's head. 45 Then took two weighty lances, tipped with brass, Which fiercely flashed against the face of Heaven: Pallas and Juno thundering from on high To honour rich Mycenæ's sovereign lord. Forthwith they ordered, each his charioteer, 50 To stay his car beside the ditch; themselves, On foot, in arms accoutred, sallied forth, And loud, ere early dawn, the clamour rose. Advanced before the cars, they lined the ditch; Followed the cars, a little space between: 55 But Jove with dire confusion filled their ranks,

Who sent from Heaven a shower of blood-stained rain. In sign of many a warrior's coming doom. Soon to the viewless shades untimely sent. Meanwhile upon the slope, beneath the plain, 60 The Trojan chiefs were gathered; Hector's self. Polydamas, Æneas, as a God In reverence held; Antenor's three brave sons. Agenor's godlike presence, Polybus, And, heavenly fair, the youthful Acamas. 65 In front was seen the broad circumference Of Hector's shield; and as amid the clouds Shines forth the fiery dog-star, bright and clear, Anon beneath the cloudy veil concealed; So now in front was Hector seen, and now 70 Passed to the rear, exhorting; all in brass, His burnished arms like Jove's own lightning flashed. As in the corn-land of some wealthy Lord The rival bands of reapers mow the swathe, Barley or wheat; and fast the trusses fall; 75 So Greeks and Trojans mowed the opposing ranks; Nor these admitted thought of faint retreat. But still made even head; while those, like wolves, Rushed to the onset; Discord, Goddess dire, Beheld, rejoicing; of the heavenly powers 80 She only mingled with the combatants; The others all were absent; they, serene, Reposed in gorgeous palaces, for each Amid Olympus' deep recesses built. Yet all the cloud-girt son of Saturn blamed. 85 Who willed the victory to the arms of Troy. He heeded not their anger; but withdrawn

Apart from all, in pride of conscious strength, Surveyed the walls of Troy, the ships of Greece, The flash of arms, the slayers and the slain.

90

While yet 'twas morn, and waxed the youthful day, Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell On either side; but when the hour was come When woodmen, in the forest's deep recess, Prepare their food, and wearied with the toil 95 Of felling loftiest trees, with aching arms Turn with keen relish to their midday meal; Then Grecian valour broke the opposing ranks. As each along the line encouraged each; First sprang the monarch Agamemnon forth, 100 And brave Bienor slew, his people's guard; And, with the chief, his friend and charioteer, Oïleus: he, down-leaping from the car, Stood forth defiant: but between his brows The monarch's spear was thrust; nor aught availed 105 The brass-bound helm to stay the weapon's point; Through helm and bone it passed, and all the brain Was shattered: forward as he rushed, he fell. Them left he there, their bare breasts gleaming white, Stripped of their arms; and hastened in pursuit 110 Of Antiphus and Isus, Priam's sons, A bastard one, and one legitimate, Both on one car; the bastard held the reins: Beside him stood the gallant Antiphus. Them, as they fed their flocks on Ida's heights, 115 Achilles once had captive made, and bound With willow saplings, till for ransom freed. The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, drove

Through Isus' breast his spear; his weighty sword Descended on the head of Antiphus 120 Beside the ear, and hurled him from his car; These of their armour he despoiled in haste, Known to him both; for he had seen them oft Beside the ships, when thither captive brought From Ida by Achilles, swift of foot. 125 As when a lion in their lair hath seized The helpless offspring of a mountain doe, And breaks their bones with case, and with strong teeth Crushes their tender life; nor can their dam, Though close at hand she be, avail them aught; 130 For she before the mighty brute's assault Panting, and bathed in sweat, in deadly fear Through the thick coppice and the forest flies, So dared no Trojan give those brethren aid, Themselves in terror of the warlike Greeks. 135 Peisander next, and bold Hippolochus, Sons of Antimachus ('twas he who chief, Seduced by Paris' gold and splendid gifts, Advised the restitution to refuse Of Helen to her Lord), the King assailed; 140 Both on one car; but from their hands had dropped The broidered reins; bewildered there they stood; While, with a lion's bound, upon them sprang The son of Atreus; suppliant, in the car, They clasped his knees; "Give quarter, Atreus' son, 145 Redeem our lives; our sire Antimachus Possesses goodly store of brass and gold, And well-wrought iron; and of these he fain Would pay a noble ransom, could he hear

That in the Grecian ships we yet survived." 150 Thus they, with gentle words, and tears, imploring: But all ungentle was the voice they heard In answer; "If indeed ye be the sons Of that Antimachus, who counsel gave, When noble Meneläus came to Troy 155 With sage Ulysses, as ambassador, By murder foul to hinder his return, Pay now the forfeit of your father's guilt." He said, and with a spear-thrust through his breast Peisander dashed to earth; backward he fell. 160 Down leaped Hippolochus; but Atreus' son Severing his hands and neck, amid the throng Sent whirling like a bowl the gory head. These left he there; and where the thickest throng Maintained the tug of war, thither he flew, 165 And with him eager hosts of well-greaved Greeks. Soon on the Trojans' flight enforced they hung, Destroying: foot on foot, and horse on horse; While from the plain thick clouds of dust arose Beneath the armed hoofs of clattering steeds; 170 And on the monarch Agamemnon pressed, Still slaying, urging still the Greeks to arms. As when amid a densely timbered wood Light the devouring flames, by eddying winds Hither and thither borne, fast falls the copse 175 Prostrate beneath the fire's impetuous course; So thickly fell the flying Trojans' heads Beneath the might of Agamemnon's arm; And here and there, athwart the pass of war, Was many an empty car at random whirled 180

By strong-necked steeds, of guiding hands bereft; Stretched on the plain they lay, more welcome sight To carrion birds than to their widowed wives. But Hector, from the fray and din of war, And dust, and blood, and carnage, Jove withdrew. 185 Still on Atrides pressed, the Greek pursuit With eager shouts exciting; past the tomb Of Ilus, ancient son of Dardanus, And toward the fig-tree, midway o'er the plain, Straining to gain the town, the Trojans fled; 190 While loudly shouting, his unconquered hands With carnage dyed, Atrides urged their flight. But when the Scean gates and oak were reached. They made a stand, and faced the foe's assault. Some o'er the open plain were yet dispersed; 195 As heifers, by a lion scattered wide, At dead of night; all fly; on one descends The doom of death; her with his powerful teeth He seizes, and, her neck first broken, rends, And on her entrails gorging, laps her blood. 200 So these the monarch Agamemnon chased. Slaving the hindmost; they in terror fled: Some headlong, backward some, Atrides' hand Hurled from their chariot many a warrior bold; So forward and so fierce he bore his spear. 205 But as he neared the city, and stood beneath The lofty wall, the Sire of Gods and men From Heaven descended; on the topmost height Of Ida's spring-abounding hill he sat: And while his hand the lightning grasped, he thus 210 To golden-wingèd Iris gave command:

"Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Hector bear	
From me this message; bid him, that as long	
As Agamemnon in the van appears,	
Raging, and dealing death among the ranks,	215
He from the battle keep himself aloof,	
But urge the rest undaunted to maintain	
The stubborn fight; but should Atrides, struck	
By spear or arrow, to his car withdraw,	
He shall from me receive such power to slay,	220
As to the ships shall bear him, ere the sun	
Decline, and Darkness spread her hallowing shade.")
Thus he; to Troy, obedient to his word,	
From Ida's heights swift-footed Iris sped:	
Amid the horses and the well-framed cars	225
The godlike Hector, Priam's son, she found,	
And stood beside him, and addressed him thus:	
"Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove	
In council, he the Universal Lord	
Sends thee by me this message; that as long	230
As Agamemnon in the van appears,	
Raging, and dealing death amid the ranks,	
Thou from the battle keep thyself aloof,	
But urge the rest undaunted to maintain	
The stubborn fight; but should Atrides, struck	235
By spear or arrow, to his car withdraw,	
Thou shalt from him receive such power to slay,	
As to the ships shall bear thee, ere the sun	
Decline, and Darkness spread her hallowing shade."	
Swift-footed Iris said, and disappeared;	240
But from his chariot Hector leaped to earth,	
Hither and thither passing through the ranks,	

With brandished javelins urging to the fight. Loud, at his bidding, rose the battle-cry; Again they rallied, faced again the Greeks: 245 On the other side the Greeks their masses formed, In line of battle ranged; opposed they stood; And in the front, to none content to cede The foremost place, was Agamemnon seen. Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell, 250 Of all the Trojans and their famed Allies, Who first opposed to Agamemnon stood. Iphidamas, Antenor's gallant son, Stalwart and brave; in fertile Thracia bred, Mother of flocks: him in his infant years. 255 His grandsire Cisseus, fair Theano's sire, In his own palace reared; and when he reached The perfect measure of his glorious youth. Still in his house retained him, and to wife Gave him his daughter; but when tidings came 260 Of Grecian warfare, from the marriage straight Embarking, with twelve beaked ships he sailed, That owned his sway; these on Percote's shore He left; and came himself on foot to Troy; Who now confronted Atreus' godlike son. 265 When near they drew, Atrides missed his aim. His spear diverging; then Iphidamas Beneath the breastplate, striking on his belt, Strove with strong hand to drive his weapon home: Yet could not pierce the belt's close-plaited work: The point, encountered by the silver fold, Was bent, like lead; then with his powerful hand The monarch Agamemnon seized the spear,

And toward him drew, and with a lion's strength Wrenched from his foeman's grasp: then on his neck 275 Let fall his sword, and slacked his limbs in death. There, falling in his country's cause, he slept The iron sleep of death; unhappy he, Far from his virgin-bride, yet unpossessed. Though bought with costly presents; first he gave 280 A hundred steers; and promised thousands more Of sheep and goats from out his countless flocks. Him Agamemnon of his arms despoiled, And to the crowd of Greeks the trophies bore. Him when Antenor's eldest-born beheld. 285 Cöon, the observed of all men, bitterest grief His eyes o'ershadowed, for his brother's fate; And, unperceived by Atreus' godlike son, Standing aside, he struck him with his spear, Through the mid arm, beneath the elbow's bend; And drove right through the weapon's glittering point. Writhed with the pain the mighty King of men; Yet from the combat flinched he not, nor quailed: But grasping firm his weather-toughened spear On Cöon rushed, as by the feet he drew 295 His father's son, Iphidamas, away, Invoking all the bravest to his aid; And as he drew the body toward the crowd. Beneath the bossy shield the monarch thrust His brass-clad spear, and slacked his limbs in death; 300 Then near approaching, even upon the corpse Of dead Iphidamas, struck off his head: So by Atrides' hand, Antenor's sons, Their doom accomplished, to the shades were sent.

Then through the crowded ranks, with spear and sword,	305
And massive stones, he held his furious course,	
While the hot blood was welling from his arm;	
But when the wound was dry, and stanched the ble	ood,
Keen anguish then Atrides' might subdued.	
As when a woman in her labour-throes	310
Sharp pangs encompass, by Lucina sent,	
Who rules o'er child-birth travail, even so keen	
The pangs that then Atrides' might subdued.	
Mounting his car he bade his charioteer	
Drive to the ships; for sore his spirit was pained;	315
But loud and clear he shouted to the Greeks:	
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,	
Yours be it now our sea-borne ships to guard:	
Since Jove, the Lord of counsel, through the day	
Wills not that I the battle should maintain."	320
He said: and swiftly to the ships were driven	
His sleek-skinned coursers; nothing loth they flew;	
With foam their chests were flecked, with dust their flar	ıks,
As from the field their wounded Lord they bore:	_
But Hector, as he saw the King retire,	325
To Trojans and to Lycians called aloud:	
"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans famed	
In close encounter, quit ye now like men;	
Put forth your wonted valour; from the field	
Their bravest has withdrawn, and Jove on me	330
Great glory hath shed; now headlong on the Greeks	3
Urge your swift steeds, and endless honour gain."	
His words fresh courage roused in every breast:	
And as a hunter cheers his sharp-fanged hounds	
On forest boar or lion; on the Greeks	385

So cheered the valiant Trojans Priam's son, Illustrious Hector, stern as blood-stained Mars. Bent on high deeds, himself in front advanced. Fell on the masses as a whirlwind falls. Lashing with furious sweep the dark-blue sea. 340 Say then, who first, who last, by Hector's hand, Whom Jove had willed to crown with honour, died. Assæus first, and then Autonöus, Opites, and Opheltius, Dolops, son Of Clytus, and Æsumnus, Agelas 345 And Orus, and the brave Hipponöus: All these the chiefs of Greece; the nameless crowd He scattered next; as when the west wind drives The clouds, and battles with the hurricane. Before the clearing blast of Notus driven; 350 The big waves heave and roll, and high aloft The gale, careering, flings the ocean spray: So thick and furious fell on hostile heads The might of Hector. Now had fearful deeds Been done, and Greeks beside their ships had fallen 355 In shameful rout, had not Ulysses thus To Diomed, the son of Tydeus, called: "Why, son of Tydeus, should we thus relax Our warlike courage? come, stand by me now, True friend! if Hector of the glancing helm 360 Our ships should capture, great were our disgrace." Whom answered thus the valiant Diomed: "Beside thee will I stand, and still endure; But brief will be the term of our success, Since Jove, the Cloud-compeller, not to us, 365 But to the Trojans wills the victory."

He said, and from his car Thymbræus hurled. Through the left breast transfixed: Ulysses' hand His charioteer, the brave Molion, slew. These left they there, no more to share the fight; 370 Then turning, spread confusion 'mid the crowd: As turn two boars upon the hunter's pack With desperate courage, turning so to bay, Those two, the Trojans scattering, gave the Greeks. From Hector flying, time again to breathe. 375 A car they seized which bore two valiant chiefs, Sons of Percotian Merops; he, o'er all In lore prophetic skilled, would fain at home Have kept them from the life-destroying war: But they, by adverse fate impelled to seek 380 Their doom of death, his warning voice despised. These two, of strength and life at once bereft. The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed. Stripped of their armour; while Ulysses slew Hippodamus, and bold Hyperochus. 385 Thus Jove, from Ida's height beholding, held His even scale, each party slaughtering each. Then with his spear Tydides through the loins Agastrophus, the son of Pæon, smote; No car had he at hand, whereto to fiv: 390 But, ill-advised, had in the attendants' charge His horses left far off; while he himself Rushed 'mid the throng on foot, and met his doom. Hector's quick glance athwart the files beheld, And to the rescue, with a shout, he sprang, 395 The Trojan columns following; not unmoved The valiant Diomed his coming saw,

And thus bespoke Ulysses at his side: "On us this plague, this mighty Hector, falls: Yet stand we firm, and boldly meet the shock." 400 He said, and, poising, hurled his ponderous spear. And not in vain; on Hector's head it struck His helmet's crest, but, brass encountering brass, Himself it reached not; for the visored helm, Apollo's gift, three-plated, stayed its force. 405 Yet backward Hector sprang amid the crowd. And on his knees he dropped, his stalwart hand Propped on the ground; while darkness veiled his eyes. But ere Tydides, following up his spear, Attained from far the spot whereon he fell. 410 Hector revived, and mounting quick his car, Drove 'mid the crowd, and 'scaped the doom of death. Then thus, with threatening spear, Tydides cried: "Yet once again, vile hound, hast thou escaped; Thy doom was nigh; but thee thy God hath saved, 415 Phœbus, to whom, amid the clash of spears, Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again; When I shall end thee, if a guardian God I too may claim; meanwhile from thee I turn. And others seek on whom my hap may light." 420 He said, and turned him of his arms to strip The son of Pæon: but beside the stone That marked where men of old had raised a mound To Ilus, Dardan's son, the ancient chief, There crouching, Paris, fair-haired Helen's Lord, 425 Against the son of Tydeus bent his bow. He from the breast of brave Agastrophus Had stripped the corslet; from his shoulders broad

The buckler, and the helmet from his head,
When Paris bent his bow, and not in vain
Was launched his arrow; Tydeus' son it struck
Through the right foot, and pinned it to the ground.
Joyous he laughed, and from his hiding place
Sprang forth, and thus in tones of triumph cried:

"Thou hast it! not in vain my shaft hath flown! 435 Would that, deep buried in thy flank, it touched Thy very life! so should our Trojans lose Their panic fear, who now on thee with dread, As bleating goats upon a lion, look."

To whom, unmoved, the valiant Diomed: 440 "Poor archer, trusting to thy bow alone, Vile slanderer and seducer! if indeed Thou durst in arms opposed to me to stand. Nought would avail thy arrows and thy bow: And, now, because thy shaft hath grazed my foot, 445 Thou mak'st thine empty boast: I heed thee not. More than a woman or a puny child: A worthless coward's weapon hath no point. 'Tis different far with me! though light it fall. My spear is sharp, and whom it strikes it slays. 450 His widow's cheeks are marked with scars of grief, His children orphans; rotting on the ground, Red with his blood, he lies, his funeral rites By carrion birds, and not by women paid." 455

Thus while he spoke, Ulysses, spearman bold, Drew near, and stood before him; he, behind, Sat down protected, and from out his foot The arrow drew; whereat sharp anguish shot Through all his flesh; and mounting on his car He bade his faithful charioteer in haste 460 Drive to the ships, for pain weighed down his soul. Alone Ulysses stood; of all the Greeks Not one beside him; all were panic struck: Then with his spirit, perturbed, he communed thus: "Me miserable! which way shall I choose? 465 'Twere ill indeed that I should turn to flight By hostile numbers daunted; yet 'twere worse Here to be caught alone; and Saturn's son With panic fear the other Greeks hath filled. But why, my soul, admit such thoughts as these? 470 I know that cowards from the battle fly; But he who boasts a warrior's name, must learn, Wounded or wounding, firmly still to stand."

While in his mind and spirit thus he mused, Onward the bucklered ranks of Trojans came. 475 And, to their harm, encircled him around. As when a boar, by dogs and stalwart youths Attacked, the sheltering thicket leaves, and whets The tusks that gleam between his curved jaws; They crowd around, though ring his clattering tusks, 480 And, fearful though it be, await his rush: So crowded round Ulysses, dear to Jove, The Trojans; he, with brandished spear aloft, Sprang forth, and through the shoulder, from above, Deiöpites wounded: Thöon next 485 He slew, and Ennomus; then with his spear Chersidamas, in act to quit his car, Thrust through the loins below his bossy shield: Prone in the dust, he clutched the blood-stained soil. From these he turned: and wounded with his spear

Charops, the high-born Socus' brother, son Of Hippasus; then forward sprang, to aid His brother, godlike Socus; close he stood Before Ulysses, and addressed him thus: "Far-famed Ulysses, as in wiles, in arms 495 Unwearied, thou this day o'er both the sons Of Hippasus, two mighty warriors slain, And of their armour spoiled, shalt make thy boast, Or by my spear thyself shalt lose thy life." He said, and on the shield's broad circle struck: 500 Through the bright shield the sturdy weapon drove. And through the rich-wrought baldrick, from the ribs Tearing the flesh away; but Pallas seized, And turned it from the vital parts aside. The wound, Ulysses knew, was not to death, 505 And back he drew, and thus to Socus cried:

"Ill-fated thou! thy doom hath found thee now!

Me hast thou hindered from the war awhile;

But thee to swift destruction and dark death

This day I doom: great glory, of thee subdued, 510

Shall I obtain, and Hades take thy soul."

Thus he: and Socus, turning, sought to fly; But as he turned him round, Ulysses' spear Behind his neck, between the shoulder blades Was driven, and through his chest; thundering he fell, 515 And o'er his fall Ulysses, vaunting thus:

"Socus, thou son of warlike Hippasus, Here hast thou found, nor could'st escape, thy doom. Ill-fated thou! nor sire nor mother's hand Shall close thine eyes in death; but carrion birds 52 O'er thee shall flap their baleful wings, and tear

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Thy mangled flesh; for me, whene'er I die The sons of Greece will build my funeral pile." From out his flesh, and from his bossy shield, The spear of Socus, as he spoke, he drew; 525 And as he drew it forth, out gushed his blood. With anguish keen. The Trojans, when they saw Ulysses' blood, with clamorous shouts advanced Promiscuous; he, retiring, shouted loud To call his comrades; loud as mortal voice 530 Could compass, thrice he shouted; thrice his shout The warlike Meneläus heard, and thus To Ajax, standing by his side, he spoke: "Ajax, thou Heaven-born son of Telamon, Great chief of men, methinks I hear the voice 535 Of stout Ulysses, as though left alone, And in the stubborn fight cut off from aid, By Trojans over-mastered. Haste we then. For so 'twere best, to give him present aid. Brave though he be, yet left alone, I fear 540 Great cause we Greeks may have to mourn his loss." He spoke, and led the way; the godlike chief Followed his steps: Ulysses, dear to Jove, Surrounded by the Trojan host they found, As hungry jackals on the mountain side 545 Around a stag, that from an archer's hand Hath taken hurt, yet while his blood was warm And limbs yet served, has baffled his pursuit; But when the fatal shaft has drained his strength, Thirsting for blood, beneath the forest shade, 55û The jackals seize their victim; then if chance A hungry lion pass, the jackals shrink

In terror back, while he devours the prey; So round Ulysses, sage in council, pressed The Trojans, many and brave, yet nobly he 555 Averted, spear in hand, the fatal hour; Till, with his tower-like shield before him borne. Appeared great Ajax, and beside him stood. Hither and thither then the Trojans fled; While with supporting arm from out the crowd 560 The warlike Meneläus led him forth. Till his attendant with his car drew near. Then Ajax, on the Trojans springing, slew Doryclus, royal Priam's bastard son; Next Pyrasus he smote, and Pandocus. 565 Lysander, and Pylartes; as a stream, Swollen by the rains of Heaven, that from the hills Pours down its wintry torrent on the plain; And many a blighted oak, and many a pine It bears, with piles of drift-wood, to the sea: 570 So swept illustrious Ajax o'er the plain. O'erthrowing men and horses; though unknown To Hector; he, upon Scamander's banks Was warring on the field's extremest left. Where round great Nestor and the warlike king 575 Idomeneus, while men were falling fast, Rose, irrepressible, the battle cry. Hector, 'mid these, was working wondrous deeds. With spear and car, routing the opposed youth; Yet had the Greeks even so their ground maintained. 580 But godlike Paris, fair-haired Helen's Lord, Through the right shoulder, with a three-barbed shaft. As in the front he fought, Machaon quelled:

For him the warrior Greeks were sore afraid, Lest he, as back the line of battle rolled, Might to the foe be left; to Nestor then Idomeneus addressed his speech, and said:

585

"O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece, Haste thee to mount thy car, and with thee take Machaon; toward the vessels urge with speed Thy flying steeds; worth many a life is his, The skilful leech, who knows, with practised hand, To extract the shaft, and healing drugs apply."

590

He said: Gerenian Nestor at the word Mounted his car, Machaon at his side, The skilful leech, sage Æsculapius' son: He touched his horses; toward the Grecian ships, As was his purpose, nothing loth, they flew.

595

To Hector then Cebriones, who saw Confused the Trojans' right, drew near, and said:

600

"Hector, we here, on the outskirts of the field. O'erpower the Greeks; on the other side, our friends In strange confusion mingled, horse and man, Are driven; among them Ajax spreads dismay, The son of Telamon; I know him well, 605 And the broad shield that o'er his shoulders hangs; Thither direct we then our car, where most In mutual slaughter horse and foot engage, And loudest swells, unchecked, the battle cry."

610

He said, and with the pliant lash he touched The sleek-skinned horses; springing at the sound, Between the Greeks and Trojans, light they bore The flying car, o'er bodies of the slain And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath

Was plashed with blood the axle, and the rails 615 Around the car, as from the horses' feet, And from the felloes of the wheels, were thrown The bloody gouts; yet on he sped, to join The strife of men, and break the opposing ranks. His coming spread confusion 'mid the Greeks. 620 His spear awhile withheld; then through the rest. With sword, and spear, and ponderous stones he rushed But shunned the might of Ajax Telamon. But Jove, high throned, the soul of Ajax filled With fear; aghast he stood; his sevenfold shield 625 He threw behind his back, and, trembling, gazed Upon the crowd; then, like some beast of prey, Foot slowly following foot, reluctant turned. As when the rustic youths and dogs have driven A tawny lion from the cattle fold, 630 Watching all night, and baulked him of his prey; Ravening for flesh, he still the attempt renews. But still in vain: for many a javelin, hurled By vigorous arms, confronts him to his face, And blazing faggots, that his courage daunt; 685 Till, with the dawn, reluctant he retreat: So from before the Trojans Ajax turned, Reluctant, fearing for the ships of Greece. As near a field of corn, a stubborn ass, Upon whose sides had many a club been broke. 610 O'erpowers his boyish guides, and entering in. On the rich forage grazes; while the boys Their cudgels ply, but vain their puny strength. Yet drive him out, when fully fed, with ease: Even so great Ajax, son of Telamon, 645 The valiant Trojans and their famed Allies, Still thrusting at his shield, before them drove: Yet would be sometimes, rallying, hold in check The Trojan host; then turn again to flight, Yet barring still the passage to the ships. 650 Midway between the Trojans and the Greeks He stood defiant; many javelins, hurled By vigorous arms, were in their flight received On his broad shield; and many, ere they reached Their living mark, fell midway on the plain. 655 Fixed in the ground, in vain athirst for blood. Him, thus hard pressed by thick-thrown spears, beheld Eurypylus, Euæmon's noble son. He hastened up, and aimed his glittering spear; And Apisaon, Phausias' noble son, 660 Below the midriff through the liver struck, And straight relaxed in sudden death his limbs. Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoils: But godlike Paris saw, and as he stooped From Apisaon's corpse to strip his arms, 665 Against Eurypylus he bent his bow, And his right thigh transfixed; the injured limb Disabling, in the wound the arrow broke. He 'mid his friends, escaping death, withdrew, And to the Greeks with piercing shout he called: "O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece, Turn yet again, and from the doom of death Great Ajax save, hard pressed by hostile spears: Scarce can I hope he may escape with life The desperate fight; yet bravely stand, and aid 675 The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon."

Thus spoke the wounded hero: round him they
With sloping shields and spears uplifted stood:
Ajax to meet them came; and when he reached
The friendly ranks, again he turned to bay.

680
So raged, like blazing fire, the furious fight.

Meanwhile the mares of Neleus, drenched with sweat, Bore Nestor and Machaon from the field;
Achilles saw, and marked them where he stood
Upon his lofty vessel's prow, and watched
685
The grievous toil, the lamentable rout.
Then on his friend Patroclus from the ship
He called aloud; he heard his voice, and forth,
As Mars majestic, from the tent he came:
(That day commenced his evil destiny)
690
And thus Menœtius' noble son began:

"Why call'st thou me? what wouldst thou, Peleus' son?"
To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"Son of Mencetius, dearest to my soul,
Soon must the suppliant Greeks before me kneel, 695
So insupportable is now their need.
But haste thee now, Patroclus, dear to Jove:
Enquire of Nestor, from the battle field
Whom brings he wounded; looking from behind
Most like he seemed to Æsculapius' son, 700
Machaon: but his face I could not see,
So swiftly past the eager horses flew."
He said: obedient to his friend's command

He said: obedient to his friend's command, Quick to the tents and ships Patroclus ran.

They, when they reached the tent of Neleus' son, 705 Descended to the ground; Eurymedon The old man's mares unharnessed from the car, While on the beach they faced the cooling breeze, Which from their garments dried the sweat; then turned. And in the tent on easy seats reposed. 710 For them the fair-haired Hecamede mixed A cordial potion; her from Tenedos, When by Achilles ta'en, the old man brought; Daughter of great Arsinöus, whom the Greeks On him, their sagest councillor, bestowed. 715 Before them first a table fair she spread, Well polished, and with feet of solid bronze; On this a brazen canister she placed, And onions, as a relish to the wine, And pale clear honey, and pure barley meal: 720 By these a splendid goblet, which from home The old man had brought, with golden stude adorned: Four were its handles, and round each two doves Appeared to feed; at either end a cup. Scarce might another move it from the board. 725 When full: but aged Nestor raised with ease. In this, their goddess-like attendant first A generous measure mixed of Pramnian wine: Then with a brazen grater shredded o'er The goatsmilk cheese, and whitest barley meal, 730 And of the draught compounded bade them drink. They drank, and then, relieved the parching thirst, With mutual converse entertained the hour. Before the gate divine Patroclus stood: The old man saw, and from his seat arose, 735 And took him by the hand, and led him in, And bade him sit; but he, refusing, said: "No seat for me, thou venerable sire!

I must not stay; for he both awe and fear Commands, who hither sent me to enquire 740 What wounded man thou hast: I need not ask, I know Machaon well, his people's guard. My errand done, I must my message bear Back to Achilles; and thou know'st thyself, Thou venerable sire, how stern his mood: 745 Nay sometimes blames he, where no blame is due." To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied: "Whence comes Achilles' pity for the Greeks By Trojan weapons wounded? knows he not What depth of suffering through the camp prevails? 750 How in the ships, by arrow or by spear Sore wounded, all our best and bravest lie? The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed. Pierced by a shaft; Ulysses by a spear, And Agamemnon's self; Eurypylus 755 By a sharp arrow through the thigh transfixed; And here another, whom but now I bring, Shot by a bow, from off the battle field: Achilles, valiant as he is, the while For Grecian woes nor care nor pity feels. 760 Waits he, until our ships beside the sea, In our despite, are burnt by hostile fires, And we be singly slain? not mine is now The strength I boasted once of active limbs. Oh that such youth and vigour yet were mine, 765 As when about a cattle-lifting raid We fought the Eleans; there Itymoneus I slew, the son of brave Hyperochus, Who dwelt in Elis; and my booty drove.

He sought to guard the herd; but from my hand 770 A javelin struck him in the foremost ranks: He fell, and terror seized the rustic crowd. Abundant store of plunder from the plain We drove; of hornèd cattle fifty herds; As many flocks of sheep, as many droves 775 Of swine, as many wide-spread herds of goats. And thrice so many golden-chesnut mares. The foals of many running with their dams. To Pylos, Neleus' city, these we drove By night; and much it gladdened Neleus' heart, 780 That I, though new to war, such prize had won. When morn appeared, the clear-voiced heralds called For all to whom from Elis debts were due: Collected thus, the Pylians' leading men Division made; for Elis owed us much; 785 Such wrongs we few in Pylos had sustained. The might of Hercules in former years Had stormed our town, and all our bravest slain. Twelve gallant sons had Neleus; I of these Alone was left; the others all were gone. 790 Whence over-proud, the Epeians treated us With insult, and high-handed violence. A herd of oxen now, and numerous flock Of sheep, the old man selected for himself, Three hundred, with their shepherds; for to him 795 Large compensation was from Elis due. Trained to the course, four horses, with their cars. He for the Tripod at the Elean games Had sent to run; these Augeas, King of men, Detained, and bade the drivers home return. 800

Bootless, and grieving for their horses' loss. The old man his words resenting, and his acts, Large spoils retained; the rest among the crowd He shared, that none might lose his portion due. These we disposed of soon, and to the Gods 805 Due offerings made; but when the third day rose. Back in all haste, in numbers, horse and foot, Our foes returned; with them the Molion twins. Yet boys, untutored in the arts of war. Far off, by Alpheus' banks, the extremest verge 810 Of sandy Pylos, is a lofty mound, The city of Thryum; which around, intent To raze its walls, their army was encamped. The plain already they had overspread; When Pallas from Olympus' heights came down 815 In haste, and bade us all prepare for war. On no unwilling ears her message fell, But eager all for fight; but me, to arm Neleus forbade, and e'en my horses hid, Deeming me yet unripe for deeds of war. 820 Yet so, albeit on foot, by Pallas' grace A name I gained above our noblest horse. There is a river, Minyis by name, Hard by Arene, flowing to the sea, Where we, the Pylian horse, expecting morn, 825 Encamped, by troops of footmen quickly joined. Thence in all haste advancing, all in arms, We reached, by midday, Alpheus' sacred stream. There, to o'er-ruling Jove our offerings made, To Alpheus and to Neptune each a bull, 830 To Pallas, blue-eyed Maid, a heifer fair,

In ordered ranks we took our evening meal, And each in arms upon the river's brink Lay down to rest; for close beside us lay The Epeians, on the town's destruction bent. 835 Then saw they mighty deeds of war displayed; For we, as sunlight overspread the earth, To Jove and Pallas praying, battle gave. But when the Pylians and the Epeians met, I first a warrior slew, and seized his car, 840 Bold spearman, Mulius; Augeas' son-in-law. His eldest daughter's husband, Agamede, The yellow-haired, who all the virtues knew Of each medicinal herb the wide world grows. Him, with my brass-tipped spear, as on he came, 845 I slew; he fell; I, rushing to his car, Stood 'mid the foremost ranks; the Epeians brave Fled diverse, when they saw their champion fall, Chief of their horsemen, foremost in the fight. With the dark whirlwind's force, I onward rushed, 850 And fifty cars I took; two men in each Fell to my spear, and bit the bloody dust. Then Actor's sons, the Molions, had I slain, Had not the Earth-shaking God, their mighty sire, Veiled in thick cloud, withdrawn them from the field. 855 Then Jove great glory to the Pylians gave; For o'er the wide-spread plain we held pursuit, Slaying and gathering up the scattered arms, Nor till corn-clad Buprasium, and the rock Olenian, and Alesium, termed the Mound, 860 Stayed we our steeds; there Pallas bade us turn. There the last man I slew, and left; the Greeks

Back from Buprasium drove their flying cars To Pylos, magnifying all the name, 'Mid men, of Nestor, as 'mid Gods, of Jove. 865 Such once was I 'mid men, while yet I was: Now to himself alone Achilles keeps His valour; yet hereafter, when the Greeks Have perished all, remorse shall touch his soul. Dear friend, remember now the injunctions given 870 By old Menœtius, when from Phthian land He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid: I, and Laertes' godlike son, within, Heard all his counsel; to the well-built house Of Peleus we on embassy had come. 875 Throughout Achaia's fertile lands to raise The means of war; Menœtius there we found, Achilles, and thyself within the house; While in the court-yard aged Peleus slew, And to the Lord of thunder offered up 880 A fattened steer; and from a golden bowl O'er the burnt offering poured the ruddy wine. We two, while ye were busied with the flesh. Stood at the gate; surprised, Achilles rose, And took us by the hand, and bade us sit, 885 Dispensing all the hospitable rites. With food and wine recruited. I began My speech, and urged ye both to join the war: Nor were ye loth to go; much sage advice Your elders gave; old Peleus bade his son 890 To aim at highest honours, and surpass His comrades all; Menœtius, Actor's son, To thee this counsel gave: 'My son,' he said,

'Achilles is by birth above thee far; Thou art in years the elder; he in strength 895 Surpasses thee; do thou with prudent words And timely speech address him, and advise And guide him; he will, to his good, obey.' "Such were the old man's words; but thou hast let His counsel slip thy memory; yet even now 900 Speak to Achilles thus, and stir his soul, If haply he will hear thee; and who knows But by the grace of Heaven thou mayst prevail? For great is oft a friend's persuasive power. But if the fear of evil prophesied, 905 Or message by his Goddess-mother brought From Jove, restrain him, let him send thee forth With all his force of warlike Myrmidons, That thou mayst be the saving light of Greece. Then let him bid thee to the battle bear 910 His glittering arms; if so the men of Troy, Scared by his likeness, may forsake the field. And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece. Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs. Fresh and unwearied, ye with ease may drive 915 To their own city, from our ships and tents, The Trojans, worn and battle-wearied men." Thus he; Patroclus' spirit within him burned, And toward Achilles' tent in haste he sped. But, running, as Ulysses' ship he passed, 920 Where was the Council and the Justice-seat. And where were built the altars of the Gods, There met him, halting from the battle-field, Shot through the thigh, Euæmon's Heaven-born son.

Eurypylus; his head and shoulders dank 925 With clammy sweat, while from his grievous wound Streamed the dark blood; yet firm was still his soul. Mencetius' noble son with pity saw, And, deeply sorrowing, thus addressed the chief: "Woe for the chiefs and councillors of Greece! 930 And must ve, far from friends and native home. Glut with your flesh the ravening dogs of Troy? Yet tell me this, Heaven-born Eurypylus; Still do the Greeks 'gainst Hector's giant force Make head? or fall they, vanquished by his spear?" 935 To whom with prudent speech, Eurypylus: "No source, Heaven-born Patroclus, have the Greeks. Of aid, but all must perish by their ships: For in the ships lie all our bravest late, By spear or arrow struck, by Trojan hands; 940 And fiercer, hour by hour, their onset grows. But save me now, and lead me to the ships: There cut the arrow out, and from the wound With tepid water cleanse the clotted blood: Then soothing herbs apply, of healing power, 945 Which from Achilles, thou, 'tis said, hast learned, From Chiron, justest of the Centaurs, he. For Podalirius and Machaon both, Our leeches, one lies wounded in the tents, Himself requiring sore the leech's aid; 950 The other on the plain still dares the fight." To whom again Menœtius' noble son: "How may this be? say, brave Eurypylus, What must I do? a messenger am I. Sent by Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece, 955

With tidings to Achilles; yet even so

I will not leave thee in this weary plight."

He said, and passing his supporting hand
Beneath his breast, the wounded warrior led

Within the tent; the attendant saw, and spread

The ox-hide couch; then as he lay reclined,
Patroclus, with his dagger, from the thigh
Cut out the biting shaft; and from the wound

With tepid water cleansed the clotted blood;
Then, pounded in his hands, a root applied

965
Astringent, anodyne, which all his pain

Allayed; the wound was dried, and stanched the blood.

BOOK XII.

THUS o'er the wounded chief Eurypylus Watched in his tent Menœtius' noble son: But hand to hand the Greeks and Trojans fought; Nor longer might the ditch the assault repel, Nor the broad wall above, which Greeks had built. To guard their ships, and round it dug the ditch; But to the Gods no hecatombs had paid, That they the ships and all the stores within Might safely keep; against the will of Heaven The work was done, and thence not long endured. While Hector lived, and Peleus' son his wrath Retained, and Priam's city untaken stood; So long the Grecian wall remained entire: But of the Trojans when the best had fallen, Of Greeks, when some were slain, some yet survived; When the tenth year had seen the fall of Troy, And Greeks, embarked, had ta'en their homeward way, Then Neptune and Apollo counsel took To sap the wall by aid of all the streams That seaward from the heights of Ida flow; 20 Resus, Caresus, and Heptaporus, Granicus, and Æsepus, Rhodius, Scamander's stream divine, and Simoïs, Where helms and shields lay buried in the sand, And a whole race of warrior demigods: 25

These all Apollo to one channel turned; Nine days against the wall the torrent beat: And Jove sent rain continuous, that the wall Might sooner be submerged: while Neptune's self. His trident in his hand, led on the stream, 30 Washing away the deep foundations, laid. Laborious, by the Greeks, with logs and stones. Now by fast-flowing Hellespont dispersed. The wall destroyed, o'er all the shore he spread A sandy drift; and bade the streams return 35 To where of old their silver waters flowed. Such were, in future days, to be the works Of Neptune and Apollo; but meanwhile Fierce raged the battle round the firm-built wall, And frequent clattered on the turrets' beams 40 The hostile missiles: by the scourge of Jove Subdued, the Greeks beside their ships were hemmed. By Hector scared, fell minister of Dread, Who with the whirlwind's force, as ever, fought. As when, by dogs and hunters circled round, 45 A boar, or lion, in his pride of strength, Turns on his foes, while they in close array Stand opposite, and frequent shoot their darts; Nor yet his spirit quails, but firm he stands With suicidal courage; swift he turns, 50 Where best to break the circling ranks: where'er He makes his rush, the circling ranks give way: So Hector, here and there, amid the crowd, Urged his companions on to cross the ditch: The fiery steeds shrank back, and, snorting, stood 55 Upon the topmost brink; for the wide ditch

Withheld them, easy nor to leap nor cross: For steep arose on either side the banks, And at the top with sharpened stakes were crowned. Thick-set and strong, which there the sons of Greece 60 Had planted, to repel the invading foes. Scarce might a horse, with well-wheeled car attached. Essay the passage; but on foot they burned To make the attempt; and thus Polydamas, Approaching near, to valiant Hector spoke: 65 "Hector, and all ve other chiefs of Trov. And brave Allies, in vain we seek to drive Our horses o'er the ditch; 'tis hard to cross; 'Tis crowned with pointed stakes, and them behind Is built the Grecian wall; there to descend, 70 And from our cars in narrow space to fight Were certain ruin. If it be indeed The will of Jove, high-thundering, to confound The Greeks in utter rout, and us to aid. I should rejoice that every Greek forthwith 75 Far from his home should fill a nameless grave; But should they turn, and we again be driven Back from the ships, and hurried down the ditch. Such were our loss, that scarce a messenger Would live to bear the tidings to the town 80 Of our destruction by the rallied Greeks. Hear then my counsel; let us all agree With our attendants here upon the bank To leave our horses; and ourselves on foot, All armed, press on where Hector leads; the Greeks. If that their doom be nigh, will make no stand." Thus spoke Polydamas; his counsel pleased;

And Hector sprang, in arms, from off his car;	
Nor long, the noble Hector when they saw,	
Delayed the other chiefs; then gave command	90
Each to his own attendant, by the ditch	
To keep the chariots all in due array;	
Then parting, formed in order of attack,	
In five divisions, with their several chiefs.	
Round Hector thronged, and bold Polydamas,	95
The best and bravest; they who longed the most	
To storm the wall, and fight beside the ships.	
With them Cebriones; for Hector left,	
To guard the horses, one of lesser note.	
The next division was by Paris led,	100
Agenor, and Alcathous; the third	
By Helenus, and brave Deiphobus,	
Two sons of Priam; Asius was the third,	
Asius, the son of Hyrtacus; who brought	
His towering fiery steeds from Selles' stream,	105
Hard by Arisba; stout Æneas led	
The fourth, Anchises' son, Archilochus	
With him, and Acamas, Antenor's sons;	
Both skilled alike in every point of war.	
Of the far-famed Allies, Sarpedon held	110
The chief command; and for his comrades chose	
Asteropæus, and the warlike might	
Of Glaucus; these o'er all the rest he held	
Pre-eminent in valour, save himself,	
Who o'er them all superior stood confessed.	115
These, interlaced their shields of tough bull's-hide,	
With eager step advanced, and deemed the Greeks	
Would, unresisting, fall before their ships.	

The other Trojans and renowned Allies The words of wise Polydamas obeyed: 120 But Asius, son of Hyrtacus, refused His horses and his charioteer to leave, With them advancing to assail the ships. Blind fool, unconscious! from before those ships. Escaped from death, with horses and with car 125 Triumphant to the breezy heights of Trov He never shall return; ill-omened fate O'ershadowing, dooms him by the spear to fall Of brave Idomeneus, Deucalion's son. He toward the left inclined, what way the Greeks 130 With horse and chariot from the plain returned. That way he drove his horses; and the gates Unguarded found by bolt or massive bar. Their warders held them opened wide, to save Perchance some comrade, flying from the plain. 135 Thither he bent his course; with clamours loud Followed his troops; nor deemed they that the Greeks Would hold their ground, but fall amid their ships. Little they knew: before the gates they found Two men, two warriors of the prime, two sons 140 Illustrious of the spear-skilled Lapithæ: Stout Polypætes one, Pirithöus' son, With whom Leonteus, bold as blood-stained Mars: So stood these two before the lofty gates. As on the mountain side two towering oaks. 145 Which many a day have borne the wind and storm. Firm rifted by their strong continuous roots: So in their arms and vigour confident Those two great Asius' charge, undaunted, met.

On the other side, with shouts and wild uproar, 150 Their bull's-hide shields uplifted high, advanced Against the well-built wall. Asius the King, Iamenus, Orestes, Acamas, The son of Asius, and Œnomaus, And Thöon; those within to save the ships 155 Calling meanwhile on all the well-greaved Greeks; But when they saw the wall by Trojans scaled, And heard the cry of Greeks in panic fear, Sprang forth those two, before the gates to fight. As when two boars, upon the mountain side, 160 Await the approaching din of men and dogs, Then sideways rushing, snap the wood around, Ripped from the roots; loud clash their clattering tusks, Till to the huntsman's spear they yield their lives; So clattered on those champions' brass-clad breasts 165 The hostile weapons; stubbornly they fought, Relying on their strength, and friends above: For from the well-built towers huge stones were hurled By those who for themselves, their tents and ships, Maintained defensive warfare; thick they fell, As wintry snow-flakes, which the boisterous wind. Driving the shadowy clouds, spreads fast and close O'er all the surface of the fertile earth: So thick, from Grecian and from Trojan hands, The weapons flew; on helm and bossy shield 175 With grating sound the ponderous masses rang. Then deeply groaning, as he smote his thigh, Thus spoke dismayed the son of Hyrtacus: "O Father Jove, how hast thou loved our hopes To falsify, who deemed not that the Greeks 180 Would stand our onset, and resistless arms!
But they, as yellow-banded wasps, or bees,
That by some rocky pass have built their nests,
Abandon not their caverned home, but wait
The attack, and boldly for their offspring fight;
So from the gates these two, though two alone,
Retire not, firm to slay or to be slain."

He said: but Jove regarded not his words: So much on Hector's triumph he was bent. Like battle raged round the other gates; but hard 190 It were for me, with godlike power, to paint Each several combat; for around the wall A more than human storm of stone was poured On every side; the Greeks, hard pressed, perforce Fought for their ships, while all the Gods looked on 195 Indignant, who the Grecian cause upheld. Fiercely the Lapithæ sustained the war: Stout Polypætes first, Pirithöus' son, Smote, through the brass-cheeked helmet, Damasus: Nor stayed the brazen helm the spear, whose point 200 Went crashing through the bone, that all the brain Was shattered; onward as he rushed, he fell. Then Pylon next, and Ormenus he slew: Meantime Leonteus, scion true of Mars, Struck with unerring spear Hippomachus, 205 Son of Antimachus, below the waist; Then, drawing from the sheath his trenchant sword. Dashed through the crowd, and hand to hand he smote Antiphates; he backward fell to earth. Menon, Iamenus, Orestes next, 210

In quick succession to the ground he brought.

From these while they their glittering armour stripped. Round Hector thronged, and bold Polydamas, The bravest and the best, who longed the most To storm the wall, and burn with fire the ships. 215 Yet on the margin of the ditch they paused; For, as they sought to cross, a sign from Heaven Appeared, to leftward of the astonished crowd; A soaring eagle in his talons bore A dragon, huge of size, of blood-red hue, 220 Alive, and breathing still, nor yet subdued; For twisting backward through the breast he pierced His bearer, near the neck; he, stung with pain, Let fall his prey, which dropped amid the crowd; Then screaming, on the blast was borne away. 225 The Trojans, shuddering, in their midst beheld The spotted serpent, dire portent of Jove: Then to bold Hector thus Polydamas: "Hector, in council thou reprov'st me oft For good advice; it is not meet, thou say'st, 230 That private men should talk beside the mark. In council or in war, but study still Thine honour to exalt; yet must I now Declare what seems to me the wisest course: Let us not fight the Greeks beside their ships; 235 For thus I read the future, if indeed To us, about to cross, this sign from Heaven Was sent, to leftward of the astonished crowd: A soaring eagle, bearing in his claws A dragon, huge of size, of blood-red hue, 240 Alive; yet dropped him ere he reached his home, Nor to his nestlings bore the intended prey:

So we, e'en though our mighty strength should break The gates and wall, and put the Greeks to rout, By the same road not scatheless should return. 245 But many a Trojan on the field should leave, Slain by the Greeks, while they their ships defend. So would a seer, well versed in augury, Worthy of public credit, read this sign." To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm 250 Replied, with stern regard: "Polydamas, This speech of thine is alien to my soul: Thy better judgment better counsel knows. But if in earnest such is thine advice. Thee of thy senses have the Gods bereft, 255 Who fain wouldst have us disregard the word And promise by the nod of Jove confirmed, And put our faith in birds' expanded wings: Little of these I reck, nor care to look. If to the right, and toward the morning sun, 260 Or to the left, and shades of night, they fly. Put we our trust in Jove's eternal will. Of mortals and Immortals King supreme. The best of omens is our country's cause. Why shouldst thou tremble at the battle strife? 265 Though every Trojan else were doomed to die Beside the ships, no fear lest thou shouldst fall: Unwarlike is thy soul, nor firm of mood: But if thou shrink, or by thy craven words Turn back another Trojan from the fight, 270

This said, he led the way; with joyous shouts They followed all; then Jove, the lightning's Lord,

My spear shall take the forfeit of thy life."

From Ida's heights a storm of wind sent down, Driving the dust against the Grecian ships: 275 Which quelled their courage, and to Hector gave, And to the Trojans, fresh incitement; they, On their own strength, and heavenly signs relying, Their force addressed to storm the Grecian wall. They razed the counterscarp, the battlements 280 Destroyed; and the projecting buttresses. Which, to sustain the towers, the Greeks had fixed Deep in the soil, with levers undermined. These once withdrawn, they hoped to storm the wall; Nor from the passage yet the Greeks withdrew. 285 But closely fencing with their bull's-hide shields The broken battlements, they thence hurled down A storm of weapons on the foe beneath. Commanding from the tower in every place Were seen the Ajaces, urging to the fight, 290 Imploring these, and those in sterner tones Rebuking, who their warlike toil relaxed.

"Friends, Grecians all, ye who excel in war,
And ye of moderate or inferior strength,
Though all are not with equal powers endued,
295
Yet here is work for all! bear this in mind,
Nor toward the ships let any turn his face,
By threats dismayed; but forward press, and each
Encourage each, if so the lightning's Lord,
Olympian Jove, may grant us to repel,
And backward to his city chase the foe."

Thus they, with cheering words, sustained the war: Thick as the snow-flakes on a wintry day, When Jove. the Lord of counsel, down on men

His snow-storm sends, and manifests his power: 305 Hushed are the winds: the flakes continuous fall. That the high mountain tops, and jutting crags, And lotus-covered meads are buried deep, And man's productive labours of the field: On hoary Ocean's beach and bays they lie, 310 The approaching waves their bound; o'er all beside Is spread by Jove the heavy veil of snow: So thickly flew the stones from either side, By Greeks on Trojans hurled, by these on Greeks; And clattered loud through all its length the wall. 315 Nor yet the Trojans, though by Hector led, The gates had broken, and the massive bar, .But Jove against the Greeks sent forth his son Sarpedon, as a lion on a herd: His shield's broad orb before his breast he bore. 320 Well-wrought, of beaten brass, which the armourer's hand Had beaten out, and lined with stout bull's-hide: With golden rods, continuous, all around; He thus equipped, two javelins brandishing, Strode onward, as a lion, mountain-bred, 325 Whom, fasting long, his dauntless courage leads To assail the flock, though in well-guarded fold; And though the shepherds there he find, prepared With dogs and lances to protect the sheep, Not unattempted will he leave the fold; 330 But, springing to the midst, he bears his prey In triumph thence; or in the onset falls, Wounded by javelins hurled by stalwart hands: So, prompted by his godlike courage, burned Sarpedon to assail the lofty wall, 335

And storm the ramparts; and to Glaucus thus. Son of Hippolochus, his speech addressed: "Whence is it, Glaucus, that in Lycian land We two at feasts the foremost seats may claim. The largest portions, and the fullest cups? 340 Why held as Gods in honour? why endowed With ample heritage, by Xanthus' banks, Of vineyard, and of wheat-producing land? Then by the Lycians should we not be seen The foremost to affront the raging fight? 345 So may our well-armed Lycians make their boast; 'To no inglorious Kings we Lycians owe Allegiance; they on richest viands feed; Of luscious flavour drink the choicest wine: But still their valour brightest shows; and they, 350 Where Lycians war, are foremost in the fight!' O friend! if we, survivors of this war, Could live, from age and death for ever free, Thou shouldst not see me foremost in the fight. Nor would I urge thee to the glorious field: 355 But since on man ten thousand forms of death Attend, which none may 'scape, then on, that we May glory on others gain, or they on us!" Thus he; nor Glaucus from his bidding shrank; And forward straight they led the Lycian powers. Menestheus, son of Petëus, with dismay Observed their movement; for on his command, Inspiring terror, their attack was made. He looked around him to the Grecian towers. If any chief might there be found, to save 365

His comrades from destruction; there he saw.

Of war insatiable, the Ajaces twain; And Teucer, from the tent but newly come, Hard by; nor yet could reach them with his voice: Such was the din, such tumult rose to Heaven, From clattering shields, and horsehair-crested helms, And battered gates, now all at once assailed: Before them fiercely strove the assaulting bands To break their way: he then Thoötes sent. His herald, to the Ajaces, craving aid. 375 "Haste thee, Thoötes, on the Ajaces call, Both, if it may be; so we best may hope To 'scape the death, which else is near at hand; So fierce the pressure of the Lycian chiefs, Undaunted now, as ever, in the fight. 380 But if they too are hardly pressed, at least Let Ajax, son of Telamon, be spared. And with him Teucer, skilled to draw the bow." He said; the herald heard, and straight obeyed; Along the wall, where stood the brass-clad Greeks, 385 He ran, and standing near the Ajaces, said: "Ajaces, leaders of the brass-clad Greeks. The son of Heaven-born Petëus craves your aid, To share awhile the labours of his guard: Both, if it may be; so he best may hope 390 To 'scape the death which else is near at hand: So fierce the pressure of the Lycian chiefs, Undaunted now, as ever, in the fight. But if ye too are hardly pressed, at least Let Ajax, son of Telamon, be spared, 395 And with him Teucer, skilled to draw the bow." He said: the mighty son of Telamon

Consenting, thus addressed Oileus' son:
"Ajax, do thou and valiant Lycomede
Exhort the Greeks the struggle to maintain; 400
While I go yonder, to affront the war,
To aid their need, and back return in haste."
Thus saying, Ajax Telamon set forth,
And with him Teucer went, his father's son,
While by Pandion Teucer's bow was borne. 405
At brave Menestheus' tower, within the wall,
Arrived, sore pressed they found the garrison;
For like a whirlwind on the ramparts poured
The Lycians' valiant councillors and chiefs.
They quickly joined the fray, and loud arose 410
The battle-cry; first Ajax Telamon
Sarpedon's comrade, brave Epicles, slew,
Struck by a rugged stone, within the wall
Which lay, the topmost of the parapet,
Of size prodigious; which with both his hands 415
A man in youth's full vigour scarce could raise,
As men are now; he lifted it on high,
And downward hurled; the four-peaked helm it broke,
Crushing the bone, and shattering all the skull;
He, like a diver, from the lofty tower 420
Fell headlong down, and life forsook his bones.
Teucer, meanwhile, from off the lofty wall
The valiant Glaucus, pressing to the fight,
Struck with an arrow, where he saw his arm
Unguarded; he no longer brooked the fray; 425
Back from the wall he sprang, in hopes to hide
From Grecian eyes his wound, that none might see,
And triumph o'er him with insulting words.

With grief Sarpedon saw his friend withdraw. Yet not relaxed his efforts; Thestor's son. 430 Alcmaon, with his spear he stabbed, and back The weapon drew; he following, prostrate fell. And loudly rang his arms of polished brass. Then at the parapet, with stalwart hand, Sarpedon tugged; and yielding to his force 435 Down fell the block entire; the wall laid bare. To many at once the breach gave open way. Ajax and Teucer him at once assailed; This with an arrow struck the glittering belt Around his breast, whence hung his ponderous shield: 440 But Jove, who willed not that his son should fall Before the ships, the weapon turned aside. Then forward Ajax sprang, and with his spear Thrust at the shield; the weapon passed not through. Yet checked his bold advance; a little space 445 Back he recoiled, but not the more withdrew. His soul on glory intent; and rallying quick. Thus to the warlike Lycians shouted loud: "Why, Lycians, thus your wonted might relax? 'Tis hard for one alone, how brave soe'er, 450 Even though he break the rampart down, to force A passage to the ships; but on with me! For work is here for many hands to do." He said; and by the King's rebuke abashed. With fiercer zeal the Lycians pressed around 455 Their King and councillor; on the other side Within the wall the Greeks their squadrons massed: Then were great deeds achieved; nor through the breach

Could the brave troops of Lycia to the ships

Their passage force; nor could the warrior Greeks 460 Repel the Lycians from the ground, where they, Before the wall, had made their footing good. As when two neighbours, in a common field, Each line in hand, within a narrow space, About the limits of their land contend; 465 Between them thus the rampart drew the line; O'er which the full-orbed shields of tough bull's-hide. And lighter bucklers on the warriors' breasts On either side they clove; and many a wound The pitiless weapons dealt, on some who, turned, 470 Their neck and back laid bare: on many more Who full in front, and through their shields were struck. On every side the parapet and towers With Greek and Trojan blood were spattered o'er. Nor yet, e'en so, the Greeks to flight were driven; 475 But as a woman that for wages spins, Honest and true, with wool and weights in hand. In even balance holds the scales, to mete Her humble hire, her children's maintenance; So even hung the balance of the war. 480 Till Jove with highest honour Hector crowned, The son of Priam; he, the foremost, scaled The wall, and loudly on the Trojans called: "On, valiant Trojans, on! the Grecian wall Break down, and wrap their ships in blazing fires." 485 Thus he, exhorting, spoke; they heard him all, And to the wall rushed numberless, and swarmed Upon the ramparts, bristling thick with spears. Then Hector, stooping, seized a ponderous stone That lay before the gates; 'twas broad below. 490

But sharp above; and scarce two labouring men, The strongest, from the ground could raise it up, And load upon a wain; as men are now: But he unaided lifted it with ease, So light it seemed, by grace of Saturn's son. 495 As in one hand a shepherd bears with ease A full-sized fleece, and scarcely feels the weight: So Hector toward the portals bore the stone. Which closed the lofty double-folding gates. Within defended by two massive bars 500 Laid crosswise, and with one cross bolt secured. Close to the gate he stood; and planting firm His foot, to give his arm its utmost power, Full on the middle dashed the mighty mass. The hinges both gave way; the ponderous stone 505 Fell inwards; widely gaped the opening gates; Nor might the bars within the blow sustain: This way and that the severed portals flew Before the crashing missile; dark as night His lowering brow, great Hector sprang within: 510 Bright flashed the brazen armour on his breast. As through the gates, two javelins in his hand, He sprang; the Gods except, no power might meet That onset; blazed his eyes with lurid fire. Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng, 515 He called aloud to scale the lofty wall; They heard, and straight obeyed; some scaled the wall: Some through the strong-built gates continuous poured: While in confusion irretrievable Fled to their ships the panic-stricken Greeks. 520

BOOK XIII.

THEN Jove had Hector and the Trojans brought Close to the ships, he left them there to toil And strife continuous; turning his keen glance To view far off the equestrian tribes of Thrace, The warlike Mysians, and the men who feed 5 On milk of mares, thence Hippemolgi termed; A peaceful race, the justest of mankind. On Troy he turned not once his piercing glance; Nor deemed he any God would dare to give To Trojans or to Greeks his active aid. 10 No careless watch the monarch Neptune kept: Wondering, he viewed the battle, where he sat Aloft on wooded Samos' topmost peak. Samos of Thrace; whence Ida's heights he saw, And Priam's city, and the ships of Greece. . 15 Thither ascending from the sea, he sat; And thence the Greeks, by Trojans overborne, Pitying he saw, and deeply wroth with Jove. Then down the mountain's craggy side he passed With rapid step; and as he moved along, 20 Beneath the immortal feet of Ocean's Lord Quaked the huge mountain and the shadowy wood. Three strides he took; the fourth, he reached his goal, Ægæ; where on the margin of the bay His temple stood, all glittering, all of gold. 25 VOL. I. U

50

55

Imperishable; there arrived, he yoked
Beneath his car the brazen-footed steeds,
Of swiftest flight, with manes of flowing gold.
All clad in gold, the golden lash he grasped
Of curious work, and mounting on his car,
Skimmed o'er the waves; from all the depths below
Gambolled around the monsters of the deep,
Acknowledging their King; the joyous sea
Parted her waves; swift flew the bounding steeds,
Nor was the brazen axle wet with spray,
35
When to the ships of Greece their Lord they bore.

Down in the deep recesses of the sea
A spacious cave there is, which lies midway
'Twixt Tenedos and Imbros' rocky isle:
The Earth-shaking Neptune there his coursers stayed, 40
Loosed from the chariot, and before them placed
Ambrosial provender; and round their feet
Shackles of gold, which none might break nor loose,
That there they might await their Lord's return;
Then to the Grecian army took his way.

Meantime, by Hector, son of Priam, led,
Like fire, or whirlwind, pressed the Trojans on,
With furious zeal, and shouts and clamour hoarse,
In hopes to take the ships, and all the Greeks
To slay beside them; but from the Ocean's depths
Uprose the Earth-shaker, Circler of the Earth,
To Calchas' likeness and deep voice conformed,
And roused the fainting Greeks; the Ajaces first,
Themselves with ardour filled, he thus addressed:
"'Tis yours, Ajaces, filled with courage high,
Discarding chilly fear, to save the Greeks:

Elsewhere I dread not much the Trojan force; Though they in crowds have scaled the lofty wall. The well-greaved Greeks their onset may defy. Yet greatly fear I lest we suffer loss. 60 Where that fierce, fiery madman, Hector, leads, Who boasts himself the son of Jove most high. But may some God your hearts inspire, yourselves Firmly to stand, and cheer your comrades on; So from your swiftly-sailing ships ye yet 65 May drive the foe, how bold soe'er he be, Though by Olympian Jove himself upheld." So spake the Earth-shaker, Circler of the Earth, And with his sceptre touching both the chiefs. Filled them with strength and courage, and their limbs, 70 Their feet and hands, with active vigour strung; Then like a swift-winged falcon sprang to flight, Which down the sheer face of some lofty rock Swoops on the plain to seize his feathered prey: So swiftly Neptune left the chiefs; him first 75 Departing, knew Oileus' active son. And thus the son of Telamon addressed: "Ajax, since some one of the Olympian Gods, In likeness of a seer, hath hither come To urge us to the war (no Calchas he, 80 Our augur Heaven-inspired; for well I marked His movements, as he went; and of a God 'Tis easy to discern the outward signs), I feel fresh spirit kindled in my breast, And new-born vigour in my feet and hands." 85 Whom answered thus the son of Telamon: "My hands too grasp with firmer hold the spear,

My spirit like thine is stirred; I feel my feet Instinct with fiery life; nor should I fear With Hector, son of Priam, in his might 90 Alone to meet, and grapple to the death." Such was their mutual converse, as they joyed In the fierce transport by the God inspired. Neptune, meanwhile, the other Greeks aroused, Who, to the ships withdrawn, their wasted strength 95 Recruited; for their limbs were faint with toil, And grief was in their hearts, as they beheld The Trojan hosts that scaled the lofty wall; They saw, and from their eyes the teardrops fell. Of safety desperate; but the Earth-shaking God 100 Amid their ranks appearing, soon restored Their firm array; to Teucer first he came. To Leïtus, and valiant Peneleus, Thoas, Deipyrus, Meriones, And young Antilochus, brave warriors all. 105 And to the chiefs his winged words addressed: "Shame on ye, Grecian youths! to you I looked As to our ships' defenders; but if ye Shrink from the perilous battle, then indeed Our day is come, to be by Troy subdued. 110 O Heaven! a sad and wondrous sight is this, A sight I never deemed my eyes should see, Our ships assailed by Trojan troops; by those Who heretofore have been as timorous hinds Amid the forest depths, the helpless prey 115 Of jackals, pards, and wolves; they here and there. Uncertain, heartless, unresisting, fly: Such were the Trojans once; nor dared abide.

No, not an hour, the strength and arms of Greece; And these are they, who now beside our ships, 120 Far from their city walls, maintain the fight, Emboldened by our great commander's fault. And slackness of the people, who, with him Offended, scarce are brought to guard our ships, And feebly fighting, are beside them slain. 125 Even though the mighty monarch, Atreus' son, Wide-ruling Agamemnon, be in truth Wholly to blame in this, that he hath wronged The son of Peleus, yet 'tis not for us Our courage to relax. Arouse ye then! 130 A brave man's spirit its vigour soon regains. That ye, the best and bravest of the host, Should stand aloof thus idly, 'tis not well; If meaner men should from the battle shrink. I might not blame them; but that such as ye 135 Should falter, indignation fills my soul. Dear friends, from this remissness must accrue Yet greater evils; but with generous shame And keen remorse let each man's breast be filled: Fierce is the struggle; in his pride of strength 140 Hector has forced the gates and massive bars. And raging, 'mid the ships maintains the war." Thus Neptune on the Greeks, reproving, called: Then round the Ajaces twain were clustered thick The serried files, whose firm array nor Mars, 145 Nor spirit-stirring Pallas might reprove: For there, the bravest all, in order due, Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led: Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,

Buckler to buckler pressed, and helm to helm, 150 And man to man; the horsehair plumes above. That nodded on the warriors' glittering crests, Each other touched; so closely massed they stood. Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn The spears, in act to hurl; their eyes and minds 155 Turned to the front, and eager for the fray. On poured the Trojan masses: in the van Hector straight forward urged his furious course. As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed Detached, and by the wintry torrent's force 160 Hurled down the cliff's steep face, when constant rains The massive rock's firm hold have undermined: With giant bounds it flies; the crashing wood Resounds beneath it; still it hurries on, Until, arriving at the level plain, 165 Its headlong impulse checked, it rolls no more: So Hector, threatening now through ships and tents. E'en to the sea, to force his murderous way. Anon, confronted by that phalanx firm, Halts close before it: while the sons of Greece. 170 With thrust of sword and double-pointed spears. Stave off his onset: he a little space Withdrew, and loudly on the Trojans called: "Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardans famed In close encounter, stand ye firm! not long 175 The Greeks, though densely massed, shall bar my wav. But soon, methinks, before my spear shall quail, If from the chief of Gods my mission be. From Jove the Thunderer, royal Juno's Lord." His words fresh courage raised in every breast:

On loftiest deeds intent, Deiphobus, The son of Priam, from the foremost ranks, His shield's broad orb before him borne, advanced With airy step, protected by the shield: At him Meriones with glittering spear 185 Took aim, nor missed his mark; the shield's broad orb Of tough bull's-hide it struck; but passed not through, For near the head the sturdy shaft was snapped. Yet from before his breast Deiphobus Held at arm's length his shield; for much he feared 190 The weapon of Meriones; but he Back to his comrades' sheltering ranks withdrew. Grieved at his baffled hopes and broken spear. Then toward the ships he bent his steps, to seek Another spear, which in his tent remained. 195 The rest fought on, and loud the tumult rose. There Teucer first, the son of Telamon, A warrior slew, the son of Mentor, Lord Of numerous horses, Imbrius, spearman skilled. In former days, ere came the sons of Greece, 200 He in Pedæus dwelt, and had to wife Medesicaste, Priam's bastard child: But when the well-trimmed ships of Greece appeared. Returned to Troy; and there, revered by all, With Priam dwelt, who loved him as a son. 205 Him Teucer with his lance below the ear Stabbed, and drew back the weapon; down he fell, As on some mountain summit, seen from far, Falls a proud ash beneath the woodman's axe, Scattering its tender foliage on the ground; 210

He fell; and loud his burnished armour rang.

Forth Teucer sprang to seize the spoil; at whom. Advancing, Hector aimed his glittering spear; He saw, and, stooping, shunned the brazen death A little space; but through the breast it struck 215 Amphimachus, the son of Cteatus, The son of Actor, hastening to the fight: Thundering he fell, and loud his armour rang. Then forward Hector sprang, in hopes to seize The brazen helm, that fitted well the brow 220 Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax met The advance of Hector with his glittering spear: Himself he reached not, all in dazzling brass Encased; but pressing on his bossy shield Drove by main force beyond where lay the dead: Them both the Greeks withdrew: the Athenian chiefs Stychius and brave Menestheus, bore away Amid the ranks of Greece Amphimachus: While, as two lions high above the ground Bear through the brushwood in their jaws a goat, Snatched from the sharp-fanged dogs' protecting care: So, filled with warlike rage, the Ajaces twain Lifted on high, and of its armour stripped The corpse of Imbrius; and Oileus' son, Grieved at Amphimachus, his comrade's death, 235 Cut from the tender neck, and like a ball Sent whirling through the crowd the severed head: And in the dust at Hector's feet it fell. Then, for his grandson slain, flerce anger filled The breast of Neptune: through the tents of Greece 240 And ships he passed, the Greeks encouraging, And ills preparing for the sons of Troy.

Him met Idomeneus, the warrior King, Leaving a comrade, from the battle field. Wounded behind the knee, but newly brought: 245 Borne by his comrades, to the leech's care He left him, eager to rejoin the fray; Whom by his tent the Earth-shaking God addressed. The voice assuming of Andræmon's son, Who o'er the Ætolians, as a God revered, 250 In Pleuron reigned, and lofty Calydon: "Where now, Idomeneus, sage Cretan chief, Are all the vaunting threats, so freely poured Against the Trojans by the sons of Greece?" To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus: 255 "Thoas, on none, so far as I may judge, May blame be cast; we all our duties know: Nor see I one by heartless fear restrained. Nor hanging back, and flinching from the war: Yet by the o'erruling will of Saturn's son 260 It seems decreed that here the Greeks should fall. And far from Argos lie in nameless graves. But, Thoas, as thyself art ever staunch, Nor slow the laggards to reprove, thy work Remit not now: but rouse each several man." 265 To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied: "Idomeneus, may he from Troy return No more, but here remain to glut the dogs, If such there be, from this day's fight who shrinks. But haste thee, don thine arms: great need is now To hasten, if in aught we two may serve: E'en meaner men, united, courage gain; But we the bravest need not fear to meet."

He said, and to the strife of men returned. Within his well-constructed tent arrived. 275 Straight donned Idomeneus his armour bright: Two spears he took; and, like the lightning's flash, Which, as a sign to men, the hand of Jove Hurls downwards from Olympus' glittering heights; Whose dazzling radiance far around is thrown: 280 Flashed, as the warrior ran, his armour bright. Him met Meriones, his follower brave, Close to the tent; to seek a spear he came; To whom Idomeneus: "Meriones, Swift-footed son of Molus, comrade dear, 285 Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle field? Hast thou some wound received, whereof the pain Subdues thy spirit? or com'st thou, to the field To summon me? unsummoned, well thou know'st I better love the battle than the tent." 290 Whom answered thus the sage Meriones: "Idomeneus, the brass-clad Cretans' King, I come to seek a spear, if haply such Within thy tent be found; for, in the fight, That which I lately bore, e'en now I broke 295 Against the shield of brave Deiphobus." To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King: "Of spears, or one, or twenty, if thou list, Thou there may'st find against the polished wall, The spoil of Trojans slain; for with my foes 300 'Tis not my wont to wage a distant war. Thence have I store of spears, and bossy shields, And crested helms, and breastplates polished bright." Whom answered thus the sage Meriones:

"Nor are my tent and dark-ribbed ship devoid 305
Of Trojan spoils; but they are far to seek;
Nor deem I that my hand is slack in fight;
For 'mid the foremost in the glorious strife
I stand, whene'er is heard the battle cry.
My deeds by others of the brass-clad Greeks 310
May not be noted; but thou know'st them well."
To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King:
"What need of this? thy prowess well I know:
For should we choose our bravest through the fleet
To man the secret ambush, surest test 315
Of warriors' courage, where is manifest
The difference 'twixt the coward and the brave;
(The coward's colour changes, nor his soul
Within his breast its even balance keeps,
But changing still, from foot to foot he shifts, 320
And in his bosom loudly beats his heart,
Expecting death; and chatter all his teeth:
The brave man's colour changes not; no fear
He knows, the ambush entering; all his prayer
Is that the hour of battle soon may come) 325
Even there, thy courage none might call in doubt.
Shouldst thou from spear or sword receive a wound,
Not on thy neck behind, nor on thy back
Would fall the blow, but on thy breast, in front,
Still pressing onward 'mid the foremost ranks. 330
But come, prolong we not this idle talk,
Like babblers vain, who scorn might justly move:
Haste to my tent, and there select thy spear."
He said: and from the tent Meriones,
Valiant as Mars, his spear selected straight, 335

And, eager for the fray, rejoined his chief.	
As Mars, the bane of men, goes forth to war,	
Attended by his strong, unfearing son,	
Terror, who shakes the bravest warrior's soul;	
They two, from Thrace, against the Ephyri,	340
Or haughty Phlegyans arm; nor hear alike	
The prayers of both the combatants, one side	
With victory crowning: so to battle went	
Those leaders twain, in dazzling arms arrayed:	
Then thus Meriones his chief addressed:	345
"Son of Deucalion, say if on the right,	
Or on the centre of the general host,	
Our onset should be made, or on the left;	
For there, methinks, most succour need the Greeks	."
To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan chief:	350
"Others there are the centre to defend,	
The Ajaces both, and Teucer, of the Greeks	
Best archer, good too in the standing fight;	
These may for Hector full employment find,	
Brave as he is, and eager for the fray;	355
E'en for his courage 'twere a task too hard,	
Their might to conquer, and resistless hands,	
And burn the ships, if Saturn's son himself	
Fire not, and 'mid the shipping throw the torch.	
Great Ajax Telamon to none would yield,	360
Of mortal birth, by earthly food sustained,	
By spear or ponderous stone assailable;	
Before Achilles' self he would not flinch	
In hand to hand encounter, though with him	
In speed of foot he might not hope to vie.	365
Then on the left let us our onset make:	

And quickly learn if we on others' heads Are doomed to win renown, or they on ours." He said: and, brave as Mars, Meriones, Thither where he directed, led the way. 370 Now when attended thus, Idomeneus, Like blazing fire, in dazzling arms appeared, Around him thronged, with rallying cries, the Greeks, And raged beside the ships the balanced fight. As, when the dust lies deepest on the roads, 375 Before the boisterous winds the storm drives fast, And high at once the whirling clouds are tossed; So was the fight confused; and in the throng Each man with keen desire of slaughter burned. Bristled the deadly strife with ponderous spears. 380 Wielded with dire intent; the brazen gleam Dazzled the sight, by flashing helmets cast. And breastplates polished bright, and glittering shields Commingling; stern of heart indeed were he. Who on that sight with joy, not pain, could gaze. Dire evil then on mortal warriors brought The diverse minds of Saturn's mighty sons: To Hector and the Trojans Jove designed, In honour of Achilles, swift of foot, To give the victory; yet not utterly 390 He willed to slay before the walls of Troy The Grecian host: but glory to confer On Thetis and her noble-minded son. Neptune, on the other side, the Greeks inspired, Clandestine rising from the hoary sea: 395 For them before the Trojan host o'erborne He saw with grief, and deeply wroth was Jove.

Equal the rank of both, their birth the same, But Jove in wisdom, as in years, the first. Nor ventured Neptune openly to aid 400 The cause of Greece; but clothed in mortal form. In secret still the army's courage roused. This way and that they tugged of furious war And balanced strife, where many a warrior fell. The straining rope, which none might break or loose. 405 Then cheering on the Greeks, Idomeneus, Although his hair was grizzled o'er with age, Sprang forth amid the Trojans, in their ranks Inspiring terror; for Othryoneus He slew, who from Cabesus but of late 410 On tidings of the war, to Troy had come: And Priam's fairest daughter, portionless. Cassandra, sought in marriage; mighty deeds He promised, from before the walls of Troy In their despite to drive the sons of Greece. 415 The aged Priam listened to his suit: And he, his promise trusting, fought for Troy. Him, marching with proud step, Idomeneus Struck with his glittering spear, nor aught availed His brazen breastplate; through the middle thrust, 420 Thundering he fell: the victor vaunting cried: "Othryoneus, above all mortal men

I hold thee in respect, if thou indeed
Wilt make thy words to aged Priam good,
Who promised thee his daughter in return:
425
We too would offer thee a like reward;
And give thee here to wed, from Argos brought,
Atrides' fairest daughter, if with us

Thou wilt o'erthrow the well-built walls of Troy. Come then, on board our ocean-going ships 430 Discuss the marriage contract; nor shall we Be found illiberal of our bridal gifts." He said, and seizing by the foot the slain. Dragged from the press; but to the rescue came Asius, himself on foot before his car: 435 So close his charioteer the horses held, They breathed upon his shoulders; eagerly He sought to reach Idomeneus: but he. Preventing, through his gullet drove the spear. Beneath his chin; right through the weapon passed: 440 He fell; as falls an oak, or poplar tall, Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top, For some proud ship, the woodman's axe hath hewn: So he, before the car and horses stretched, His death-cry uttering, clutched the blood-stained soil; 445 Bewildered, helpless, stood his charioteer; Nor dared, escaping from the foemen's hands. To turn his horses: him. Antilochus Beneath the waistband struck; nor aught availed His brazen breast-plate; through the middle thrust, 450 He, from the well-wrought chariot, gasping, fell. Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son, The horses seized, and from the Trojan ranks Drove to the Grecian camp. For Asius' death Deep grieved, Deiphobus, approaching, hurled 455 Against Idomeneus his glittering spear: The coming weapon he beheld, and shunned: Beneath the ample orbit of his shield, With hides and brazen plates encircled round.

And by two rods sustained, concealed he stood: Beneath he crouched, and o'er him flew the spear: Yet harsh it grated, glancing from the shield; Nor bootless from that stalwart hand it flew. But through the midriff, close below the heart, It struck Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, 465 And straight relaxed his limbs; then shouting loud. In boastful tone, Deiphobus exclaimed: "Not unavenged lies Asius; he, methinks, As I have found him fellowship, with joy Through Hades' strongly-guarded gates may pass." 470 He said; the Greeks, indignant, heard his boast: Chief, of Antilochus the manly soul Was stirred within him; yet amid his grief His comrade not forgetting, up he ran, And o'er him spread the cover of his shield. 475 Meanwhile, two trusty friends, Mecistheus, son Of Echius, and Alastor, raised the slain, And deeply groaning bore him to the ships. Nor did Idomeneus his noble rage Abate; still burning o'er some Trojan soul 480 To draw the gloomy veil of night and death; Or, having saved the Greeks, himself to fall. Then high-born Æsuetes' son he slew, Alcathous; he, Anchises' son-in-law, The eldest of his daughters had to wife. 485 Hippodamia; by her parents both, O'er all, beloved; in beauty, skill, and mind, All her compeers surpassing; wife of one, The noblest man through all the breadth of Troy. Him Neptune by Idomeneus subdued: 490

520

X

Sealed his quick eyes, his active limbs restrained. Without the power to fly, or shun the spear; Fixed as a pillar, or a lofty tree, He stood, while through his breast Idomeneus His weapon drove; the brazen mail it broke. 495 Which oft had turned aside the stroke of death; Harshly it grated, severed by the spear: He fell; the spear-point quivering in his heart, Which with convulsive throbbings shook the shaft. There Mars its course arrested. Then with shouts 500 Of triumph, vaunting, thus Idomeneus: "How now, Deiphobus? are three for one An equal balance? where are now thy boasts? Come forth, my friend, thyself to me opposed; And learn, if here, unworthy my descent 505 From Jove, my great progenitor, I stand. He Minos, guardian chief of Crete, begot; Noble Deucalion was to Minos born. I to Deucalion; far extends my rule In wide-spread Crete; whom now our ships have brought. 510 A bane to thee, thy sire, and Trojans all." He said; and doubtful stood Deiphobus, Or to retreat, and summon to his aid Some comrade, or alone the venture try. Thus as he mused, the wiser course appeared 515 To seek Æneas; him he found apart, Behind the crowd: for he was still at feud With godlike Priam, who, he thought, withheld The public honour to his valour due.

To whom Deiphobus, approaching, thus:

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"Æneas, sagest councillor of Troy,	
Behoves thee now, if reverence for the dead	
Can move thy soul, thy sister's husband aid:	
Haste we to save Alcathous; who of old,	
When thou wast little, in thy father's house,	52 5
Nursed thee with tender care; for him, but now,	
The spear-renowned Idomeneus hath slain."	
He said: Æneas' spirit was roused, and filled	
With martial rage he sought Idomeneus.	
Nor, cowardlike, did he the encounter shun;	53 0
But firmly stood, as stands a mountain-boar	
Self-confident, that in some lonely spot	
Awaits the clamorous chase; bristles his back;	
His eyes with fire are flashing; and his tusks	
He whets, on men and dogs prepared to rush:	535
So stood the spear-renowned Idomeneus,	
The onset of Æneas, swift in fight,	
Awaiting; and the friends he saw around	
He summoned to his aid; Ascalaphus,	
Deipyrus, and brave Meriones,	540
Antilochus and Aphareus; to these,	
Tried warriors all, he thus addressed his speech:	
"Aid me, my friends! alone I stand, and dread	
The onset of Æneas, swift of foot,	
Mighty to slay in battle; and the bloom	54 5
Of youth is his, the crown of human strength;	
If, as our spirit, our years were but the same,	
Great glory now should he, or I, obtain."	
He said; and, one in heart, their bucklers sloped	
Upon their shoulders, all beside him stood.	550
On the other gide Afreca to his aid	

Summoned his brother chiefs, Deiphobus, And Paris, and Agenor; following whom Came on the general crowd; as flocks of sheep From pasture follow to their drinking-place 555 The lordly ram; well pleased the shepherd sees; So pleased, Æneas saw the gathering crowd. Then o'er Alcathous hand to hand was waged The war of spears; dire was the clash of brass Upon the heroes' breasts, as 'mid the press 560 Each aimed at other; proudly eminent Stood forth two mighty warriors, terrible As Mars, Æneas and Idomeneus, Their sharp spears wielding each at other's life. First at Idomeneus Æneas threw 565 His spear; he saw, and shunned the brazen point; And vainly from his stalwart hand dismissed, Æneas' spear stood quivering in the ground. Idomeneus in front, below the waist, Œnomäus struck; the weighty spear broke through 570 The hollow breastplate, and the intestines tore; Prone in the dust he fell, and clutched the ground. Forthwith Idomeneus from out the corpse The ponderous spear withdrew; yet could not strip His armour off; so thick the javelins flew. 575 Nor did his feet retain their youthful force, His weapon to regain, or back to spring. Skilled in the standing fight his life to guard, He lacked the active power of swift retreat. At him, retiring slow, Deiphobus, 580 Still filled with anger, threw his glittering spear: His aim he missed; but through the shoulder pierced

Ascalaphus, a valiant son of Mars; Prone in the dust he fell, and clutched the ground. Nor knew the loud-voiced, mighty God of War 585 That in the stubborn fight his son had fallen; On high Olympus, girt with golden clouds, He sat, amid the Immortals all, restrained, By Jove's commands, from mingling in the war. Now hand to hand, around Ascalaphus 590 Raged the fierce conflict: first Deiphobus From off his head the glittering helmet tore; But, terrible as Mars, Meriones Sprang forth, and pierced his arm; and from his hand With hollow sound the crested helmet fell. 595 On, like a vulture, sprang Meriones, And from his arm the sturdy spear withdrew; Then backward leaped amid his comrades' ranks: While round his brother's waist Polites threw His arms, and led him from the battle-field 600 To where, with charioteer and rich-wrought car. Beyond the fight, his flying coursers stood. Him, racked with pain, and groaning, while the blood Streamed down his wounded arm, to Troy they bore. The rest fought on, and loud the tumult rose. 605 Æneas through the throat of Aphareus. Caletor's son, turned sideways towards him, drove His glittering spear; and down on the other side. His shield and helmet following, sank his head; And o'er his eyes were cast the shades of death. 610 As Thöon turned, Antilochus, who watched The occasion, forward sprang, and with his spear

Ripped all the flesh that lay along the spine

Up to the neck; he backward fell, with hands Uplifted calling for his comrades' aid: 615 But forward sprang Antilochus, and tore His armour from his breast, while round he cast His watchful glances; for, on every side On his broad shield the Trojans showered their blows, But touched him not; for Neptune, 'mid the throng 620 Of weapons, threw his guard o'er Nestor's son. Yet not aloof he stood, but in their midst, Commingled: nor held motionless his spear: But ever threatening, turned from side to side, Prepared to hurl, or hand to hand engage. 625 Him Adamas, the son of Asius, marked, As o'er the crowd he glanced; and springing forth, Struck with his spear the centre of the shield; But dark-haired Neptune grudged the hero's life. And stayed the brazen point; half in the shield, 630 Like a fire-hardened stake, remained infixed, The other half lay broken on the ground. Back to his comrades' sheltering ranks he sprang, In hope of safety; but Meriones, Quick-following, plunged his weapon through his groin. 635 Where sharpest agony to wretched men Attends on death; there planted he his spear: Around the shaft he writhed, and gasping groaned, Like to a mountain-bull, which, bound with cords, The herdsmen drag along, with struggles vain, 640 Resisting; so the wounded warrior groaned:

But not for long; for fierce Meriones, Approaching, from his body tore the spear,

And the dark shades of death his eyes o'erspread. Then Helenus, a weighty Thracian sword 645 Wielding aloft, across the temples smote Deipyrus, and all his helmet crashed; Which, as it rolled beneath their feet, some Greek Seized 'mid the press; his eyes were closed in death. Deep was the grief of Atreus' valiant son; 650 Forward he sprang with threatening mien to meet The royal Helenus, and poised on high His glittering spear, while he the bowstring drew. Then simultaneous flew from either side The gleaming spear, and arrow from the string. 655 The shaft of Priam's son below the breast The hollow cuirass struck, and bounded off; As bound the dark-skinned beans, or clattering peas, From the broad fan upon the threshing-floor, By the brisk breeze impelled, and winnower's force; 660 From noble Meneläus' cuirass so The stinging arrow bounding, glanced afar. But valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son, Transfixed the hand that held the polished bow: The brazen point passed through, and to the bow 665 The hand was pinned; back to his comrades' ranks He sprang, in hope of safety, hanging down The wounded limb, that trailed the ashen spear. Agenor from the wound the spear withdrew, And with a twisted sling of woollen cloth. 670 By an attendant brought, bound up the hand. To noble Meneläus stood opposed Peisander, to the confines dark of death Led by his evil fate, by thee to fall,

Great son of Atreus, in the deadly strife.	675
When near they drew, Atrides missed his aim,	
With erring spear divergent; next his shield	
Peisander struck, but drove not through the spean	r;
For the broad shield resisted, and the shaft	
Was snapped in sunder; Meneläus saw	680
Rejoicing, and with hope of triumph flushed;	
Unsheathing then his silver-studded sword	
Rushed on Peisander; he beneath his shield	
Drew forth a ponderous brazen battle-axe,	
With handle long, of polished olive-wood;	685
And both at once in deadly combat joined.	
Then, just below the plume, Peisander struck	
The crested helmet's peak; but Atreus' son	
Met him advancing, and across the brow	
Smote him, above the nose; loud crashed the bone,	690
And in the dust the gory eyeballs dropped	
Before him; doubled with the pain, he fell:	
The victor, planting on his chest his foot,	
Stripped off his arms, and thus exulting cried:	
"Thus shall ye all, insatiate of the fight,	695
Proud Trojans, from before our ships depart;	
Nor lack your share of insult and of wrong,	
Such as on me, vile hounds, ye cast erewhile,	
Nor feared the avenger of the slighted laws	
Of hospitality, high-thundering Jove,	700
Who soon your lofty city shall o'erthrow.	
Kindly received, my virgin-wedded wife,	
With store of goods, ye basely bore away;	
And now ye rage, infuriate, to destroy	
With fire our mean-going shine and clay	705

Our Grecian heroes; but the time shall come

When ye too fain would from the war escape. O Father Jove, 'tis said that thou excell'st, In wisdom, men and Gods: all human things From thee proceed: and can it be, that thou 710 With favour seest these men of violence, These Trojans, with presumptuous courage filled. Whose rage for battle knows nor stint nor bound? Men are with all things sated: sleep, and love: Sweet sounds of music, and the joyous dance. 715 Of these may some more gladly take their fill; But Trojans, still for war, insatiate, thirst." Thus Meneläus; and the blood-stained arms Stripped from the corpse, and to his comrades gave; Then joined again the foremost in the fray. 720 There to the encounter forth Harpalion sprang, Son of the King Pylæmenes, who came, His father following, to the war of Troy, But back returned not to his native land.

His father following, to the war of Troy,
But back returned not to his native land.
He standing near, full in the centre struck 725
Atrides' shield, but drove not through the spear;
Back to his comrades' sheltering ranks he sprang
In hopes of safety, glancing all around,
His body to defend; but as he turned,
In his right flank a brazen-pointed shaft, 730
Shot by Meriones, was buried deep:
Beneath the bone it passed, and pierced him through.
At once he fell; and gasping out his life,
Amid his comrades, writhing on the ground
Like a crushed worm he lay; and from the wound 735
The dark blood pouring, drenched the thirsty soil.

The valiant troops of Paphlagonia closed Around him; on his car they placed the slain, And deeply sorrowing, to the city bore; His father, weeping, walked beside the car,* 740 Nor vengeance for his slaughtered son obtained. Paris with grief and anger saw him fall: For he in former days his guest had been In Paphlagonia; then, with anger filled, A brass-tipped arrow from his bow he sent. 745 A certain man there was, Euchenor named, Who dwelt in Corinth; rich, of blameless life, The son of Polyeidus, skilful seer: His fate well knowing, he embarked; for oft The good old man had told him that his doom 750 Was, or at home by sharp disease to die, Or with the Greeks by Trojan hands to fall. Embarking, he escaped alike the fine By Greeks imposed, and pangs of sharp disease. Him Paris smote between the ear and jaw; 755 Swift fled his spirit, and darkness closed his eyes. Thus raged, like blazing fire, the furious fight. But nought as yet had Hector heard, nor knew How sorely, leftward of the ships, were pressed The Trojans by the Greeks; and now appeared 760 Their triumph sure; such succour Neptune gave, Their courage rousing, and imparting strength. But there he kept, where first the serried ranks

^{*} This passage would seem to be the result of an oversight on the part of the Poet; who, apparently, had forgotten that Pylæmencs, "the Paphlagonian Chief," had himself been killed by Menelläus, some time before the death of his son. See Book V., I. 656.

Of Greeks he broke, and stormed the wall and gates: There beached beside the hoary sea, the ships 765 Of Ajax and Protesilaüs lay; There had the wall been lowest built; and there Were gathered in defence the chiefest all. Horses and men: the stout Bœotians there. Joined to the Ionians with their flowing robes. 770 Locrians, and Phthians, and Epeians proud, Could scarce protect their ships, nor could repel The impetuous fire of godlike Hector's charge. There too the choicest troops of Athens fought: Their chief, Menestheus, Petëus' son; with whom 775 Were Pheidas, Stichius, Bias in command; The Epeians Meges, Phyleus' son, obeyed, And Dracius and Amphion; Medon next, With brave Podarces led the Phthian host: Medon, the great Oïleus' bastard son, 780 Brother of Ajax; he in Phylace, Far from his native land, was driven to dwell, Since one to Eriopis near akin, His sire Oïleus' wife, his hand had slain. Podarces from Iphiclus claimed his birth, 785 The son of Phylacus; these two in arms The valiant Phthians leading to the fight, Joined the Bœotian troops to guard the ships. But from the side of Ajax Telamon Stirred not a whit Oïleus' active son: 790 But as on fallow-land, with one accord, Two dark-red oxen drag the well-wrought plough. Streaming with sweat that gathers round their horns: They by the polished yoke together held,

The stiff soil cleaving, down the furrow strain; So closely, side by side, those two advanced. But comrades, many and brave, on Telamon
Attended, who, whene'er with toil and sweat
His limbs grew faint, upheld his weighty shield;
While in the fray, Oileus' noble son 800
No Locrians followed; theirs were not the hearts
To brook the endurance of the standing fight;
Nor had they brass-bound helms, with horsehair plume,
Nor ample shields they bore, nor ashen spear;
But came to Troy, in bows and twisted slings 805
Of woollen cloth confiding; and from these
Their bolts quick-showering, broke the Trojan ranks.
While those, in front, in glittering arms opposed
The men of Troy, by noble Hector led;
These, in the rear, unseen, their arrows shot. 810
Nor stood the Trojans; for amid their ranks
The galling arrows dire confusion spread.
Then had the Trojans from the ships and tents
Back to the breezy heights of Troy been driven
In flight disastrous; but Polydamas 815
Drew near to Hector, and addressed him thus:
"Hector, I know thee, how unapt thou art
To hearken to advice; because the Gods
Have given thee to excel in warlike might,
Thou deemst thyself, in counsel too, supreme; 820
Yet every gift thou canst not so combine:
To one the Gods have granted warlike might,
To one the dance, to one the lyre and song;
While in another's breast all-seeing Jove
Hath placed the spirit of wisdom, and a mind 825

Discerning, for the common good of all:	
By him are states preserved; and he himself	
Best knows the value of the precious gift.	
Then hear what seems to me the wisest course.	
On every side the circling ring of war	830
Is blazing all around thee; and, thou seest,	
Our valiant Trojans, since the wall they scaled,	
Or stand aloof, or scattered 'mid the ships	
Outnumbered, with superior forces strive.	
Then thou, retiring, hither call the chiefs;	835
Here take we counsel fully, if to fall	
Upon their well-manned ships, should Heaven vouch	safe
The needful strength, or, scatheless yet, withdraw;	
For much I fear they soon will pay us back	
Their debt of yesterday; since in their ranks	840
One yet remains insatiate of the fight,	
And he, methinks, not long will stand aloof."	
Thus he: the prudent counsel Hector pleased;	
Down from his chariot with his arms he leaped,	
And to Polydamas his speech addressed:	845
"Polydamas, detain thou here the chiefs;	
Thither will I, and meet the front of war,	
And, given my orders, quickly here return."	
He said: and, like a snow-clad mountain high,	
Uprose; and loudly shouting, in hot haste	850
Flew through the Trojan and Confederate host.	
At sound of Hector's voice, round Panthöus' son,	
Polydamas, were gathered all the chiefs.	
But 'mid the foremost combatants he sought	
If haply he might find Deiphobus,	855
And royal Helenus, and Adamas,	

And gallant Asius, son of Hyrtacus. These found he not unscathed by wounds or death; For some beside the ships of Greece had paid. By Grecian hands, the forfeit of their lives, 860 While others wounded lay within the wall. But, to the leftward of the bloody fray, The godlike Paris, fair-haired Helen's Lord, Cheering his comrades to the fight, he found, And with reproachful words addressed him thus: 865 "Thou wretched Paris, fair in outward form, Thou slave of woman, manhood's counterfeit, Where is Deiphobus, and where the might Of royal Helenus? where Adamas, The son of Asius? where too Asius, son 870 Of Hyrtacus? and where Othryoneus? Now from its summit totters to the fall Our lofty Ilion; now thy doom is sure." To whom the godlike Paris thus replied: "Hector, since blameless I incur thy blame, 875 Ne'er have I less withdrawn me from the fight. And me not wholly vile my mother bore; For since thou gav'st command to attack the ships, We here against the Greeks unflinching war Have waged; our comrades, whom thou seek'st, are slain: 880 Only Deiphobus hath left the field, And Helenus: both wounded by the spear. Both through the hand; but Jove their life hath spared. But thou, where'er thy courage bids, lead on: We shall be prompt to follow; to our power 885 Thou shalt in us no lack of valour find:

Beyond his power the bravest cannot fight." Wrought on his brother's mind the hero's words: Together both they bent their steps, where raged The fiercest conflict; there Cebriones, 890 Phalces, Orthæus, brave Polydamas, Palmys, and godlike Polyphetes' might, And Morys, and Ascanius fought; these two Hippotion's sons; from rich Ascania's plains They, as reliefs, but yestermorn had come: 895 Impelled by Jove, they sought the battle field. Onward they dashed, impetuous as the rush Of the fierce whirlwind, which with lightning charged, From Father Jove sweeps downward o'er the plain: As with loud roar it mingles with the sea, 900 The many-dashing ocean's billows boil, Upheaving, foam-white-crested, wave on wave: So, rank on rank, the Trojans, closely massed, In arms all glittering, with their chiefs advanced: Hector, the son of Priam, led them on, 905 In combat terrible as blood-stained Mars: Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore. Of hides close joined, with brazen plates o'erlaid: The gleaming helmet nodded o'er his brow. He, with proud step, protected by his shield. 910 On every side the hostile ranks surveyed, If signs of yielding he might trace; but they Unshaken stood; and with like haughty mien. Ajax at Hector thus defiance hurled:

"Draw nearer, mighty chief; why seek to scare. 915 Our valiant Greeks? we boast ourselves of war Not wholly unskilled, though now the hand of Jove

Lies heavy on us with the scourge of Heaven.	
Thou hop'st, forsooth, our vessels to destroy;	
But stalwart arms for their defence we boast.	920
Long ere that day shall your proud city fall,	
Taken and destroyed by our victorious hands.	
Not far the hour, when thou thyself in flight	
To Jove and all the Gods shalt make thy prayer,	
That swifter than the falcon's wing thy steeds	925
May bear thee o'er the dusty plain to Troy."	
Thus as he spoke, upon his right appeared	
An eagle, soaring high; the crowd of Greeks	
The favouring omen saw, and shouted loud:	
Then noble Hector thus: "What words are these,	930
Ajax, thou babbling braggart, vain of speech!	
For would to Heaven I were as well assured	
I were the son of ægis-bearing Jove,	
Born of imperial Juno, and myself	
In equal honour with Apollo held	935
Or blue-eyed Pallas, as I am assured	
This day is fraught with ill to all the Greeks:	
Thou 'mid the rest shalt perish, if thou dare	
My spear encounter, which thy dainty skin	
Shall rend; and slain beside the ships, thy flesh	940
Shall glut the dogs and carrion birds of Troy."	
He said, and led them on; with eager cheers	
They followed; shouted loud the hindmost throng.	
On the other side the Greeks returned the shout:	
Of all the Trojans' bravest they, unmoved,	94 5
The onset bore; their mingled clamours rose	
To Heaven, and reached the glorious light of Jove	047

BOOK XIV.

NOR did the battle-din not reach the ears Of Nestor, o'er the wine-cup; and his speech He thus addressed to Æsculapius' son: "Say, good Machaon, what these sounds may mean; For louder swells the tumult round the ships. 5 But sit thou here, and drink the ruddy wine, Till fair-haired Hecamede shall prepare The gentle bath, and wash thy gory wounds; While I go forth, and all around survey." He said, and from the wall a buckler took, 10 Well-wrought, with brass resplendent, which his son. Brave Thrasymedes, in the tent had left, While with his father's shield himself was girt; A sturdy spear too, tipped with brass, he took: Without the tent he stood; and there his eyes 15 A woful sight beheld; the Greeks in flight, The haughty Trojans pressing on their rout Confused; the Greeks' protecting wall o'erthrown. As heaves the darkling sea with silent swell, Expectant of the boisterous gale's approach; 20 Nor onward either way is poured its flood, Until it feel the impelling blast from Heaven; So stood the old man, his mind perplexed with doubt, To mingle in the throng, or council seek Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son. 25

Thus as he mused, the better course appeared, To seek Atrides: fiercely fought the rest With mutual slaughter; loud their armour rang With thrust of swords and double pointed spears. There Nestor met, advancing from the ships, 30 The Heaven-born Kings, Ulysses, Diomed. And Agamemnon, son of Atreus, all By wounds disabled; for the ships were beached Upon the shore, beside the hoary sea, Far from the battle; higher, toward the plain 35 The foremost had been drawn, and with a wall Their sterns surrounded; for the spacious beach Could not contain them, and in narrow bounds Were pent their multitudes; so high on land They drew, and ranged them side by side, and filled, 40 Within the headlands, all the wide-mouthed bay. Thus they, their steps supporting on their spears, Together came, spectators of the fight; Deep sorrow filled their breasts: them Nestor met. The fear increasing, which their souls possessed. 45 To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus: "O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece, Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field? Greatly I fear that noble Hector now His menace will fulfil, who made his boast 50 Before the assembled Trojans, that to Troy He never would return, until our ships The flames had mastered, and ourselves the sword. Such was his threat, and now he makes it good. Heaven! can it be that I of other Greeks. 55 As of Achilles, have incurred the wrath.

Who thence refuse to battle for the ships?" To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied: "Such are indeed our prospects; Jove on high Could to our fortunes give no different turn. 60 The wall is razed, wherein our trust we placed To guard, impregnable, ourselves and ships; And now around the ships their war they wage. Unceasing, unabated; none might tell By closest scrutiny, which way are driven 65 The routed Greeks, so intermixed they fall Promiscuous; and the cry ascends to Heaven. But come, discuss we what may best be done. If judgment aught may profit us; ourselves To mingle in the fray I counsel not; 70 It were not well for wounded men to fight." Whom answered Agamemnon, King of men: "Nestor, since to the ships the war is brought, Nor hath the wall availed to stay their course. Nor yet the deep-dug trench, on which we Greeks 75 Much toil bestowed, and which we vainly hoped Might guard, impregnable, ourselves and ships: Seems it the will of Saturn's mighty son That, far from Argos, from our native land. We all should here in nameless graves be laid. 80 I knew when once he loved to aid the Greeks: But now I see that to the blessed Gods Our foes he equals, and our strength confounds. Hear then my counsel; let us all agree The ships that nearest to the sea are beached 85 To launch upon the main, till nightfall there

To ride at anchor; if that e'en by night

The Trojans may suspend their fierce assault; Then may we launch in safety all the fleet. No shame it is to fly, although by night, 90 Impending evil; better so to fly Than by the threatened danger be o'erta'en." To whom, with scornful glance, Ulysses sage: "What words have passed the barrier of thy lips, Thou son of Atreus? counsellor of ill! 95 Would thou hadst been of some ignoble band The leader, not the chief of such a host As ours, on whom, from youth to latest age, Jove hath the gift bestowed, to bear the brunt Of hardy war, till every man be slain. 100 And think'st thou so to leave the lofty walls Of Troy, the object of our painful toil? Be silent, that no other Greek may hear Words, which no man might trust his tongue to speak, Who nobler counsels understands, and wields 105 A royal sceptre, and the allegiance claims Of numbers, such as those that own thy sway. Thy counsels all I utterly condemn; Who, 'mid the close and clamour of the fight, Wouldst have us launch our ships, and give the foe, 110 Already too triumphant, cause renewed For boasting: then were death our certain lot; For, if the ships be launched, not long will Greeks Sustain the war, but with reverted eyes Shrink from the fight; to such pernicious end 115 Would lead thy baneful counsels, mighty chief." Whom answered Agamemnon, King of men: "Ulysses, thy rebuke hath wrung my soul;

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Yet never meant I, that against their will The sons of Greece should launch their well-found ships: 120 But if there be who better counsel knows. Or young or old, his words would please me well." Then rose the valiant Diomed, and said: "The man is near at hand, nor far to seek, If ye will hear, nor take offence, that I, 125 The youngest of you all, presume to speak. Yet of a noble sire I boast me sprung, Tydeus, who sleeps beneath the Theban soil: To Portheus three brave sons were born, who dwelt In Pleuron and in lofty Calydon, 130 Agrius, and Melas; bravest of them all, My father's father, Œneus, was the third. He there remained; my father, wandering long, To Argos came; such was the will of Jove And of the Immortals all; he there espoused 135 Adrastus' daughter: owned a wealthy house. With fertile corn-lands round, and orchards stored With goodly fruit-trees; numerous flocks he had. And all the Greeks in feats of arms excelled. Hear ye the words I speak, for they are true: 140 And if my speech be wise, despise it not, As of one worthless, or ignobly born. Though wounded, to the battle I advise That we perforce repair; yet not ourselves To join the combat, or confront the spears. 145 Lest wounds to wounds be added; but to rouse The spirits of some, who, zealous heretofore. Now stand aloof, nor mingle in the fray."

He said, and they, his words approving, went, By Agamemnon led, the King of men. Nor careless was the watch by Neptune kept:	150
With them, in likeness of an aged man,	
He went, and Agamemnon, Atreus' son,	
By the right hand he took, and thus addressed:	
"O son of Atreus, great is now the joy	155
With which Achilles' savage breast is filled,	
Who sees the slaughter and the rout of Greeks:	
For nought he has of heart, no, not a whit:	
But perish he, accursed of the Gods!	
Nor deem thou that to thee the blessed Gods	160
Are wholly hostile; yet again the chiefs	
And councillors of Troy shall scour in flight	
The dusty plain; and from the ships and tents	
Thine eyes shall see them to the city fly."	
He said; and loudly shouting, onward rushed.	165
As of nine thousand or ten thousand men,	
In deadly combat meeting, is the shout;	
Such was the sound which from his ample chest	
The Earth-shaker sent; and every Greek inspired	
With stern resolve to wage unflinching war.	170
Standing on high Olympus' topmost peak,	
The golden thronèd Juno downward looked,	
And, busied in the glory-giving strife,	
Her husband's brother and her own she saw,	
Saw, and rejoiced; next, seated on the crest	175
Of spring-abounding Ida, Jove she saw,	
Sight hateful in her eyes! then pondered deep	
The stag-eyed Queen, how best she might beguile	
The wakeful mind of ægis-bearing Jove;	

And, musing, this appeared the readiest mode: 180 Herself with art adorning, to repair To Ida; there, with fondest blandishment And female charm, her husband to enfold In love's embrace; and gentle, careless sleep Around his eyelids and his senses pour. 185 Her chamber straight she sought, by Vulcan built. Her son; by whom were to the door-posts hung Close-fitting doors, with secret keys secured, That, save herself, no God might enter in. There entered she, and closed the shining doors: 190 And with ambrosia first her lovely skin She purified, with fragrant oil anointing, Ambrosial, breathing forth such odours sweet, That, waved above the brazen floor of Jove, Through earth and Heaven its fragrance was diffused: 195 O'er her fair skin this precious oil she spread: Combed out her flowing locks, and with her hand Wreathed the thick masses of the glossy hair. Immortal, bright, that crowned the imperial head. A robe ambrosial then, by Pallas wrought, 200 She donned, in many a curious pattern traced. With golden brooch beneath her breast confined. Her zone, from which a hundred tassels hung, She girt about her; and, in three bright drops, Her glittering gems suspended from her ears: 205 And all around her grace and beauty shone. Then o'er her head the imperial Goddess threw A beauteous veil, new-wrought, as sunlight white: And on her well-turned feet her sandals bound. Forth from her chamber thus with art arrayed 210

She issued, and from the other Gods apart She called to Venus, and addressed her thus: "Say, wilt thou grant, dear child, the boon I ask? Or wilt thou say me nay, in wrath that I Espouse the Greek, as thou the Trojan cause?" 215 To whom the laughter-loving Venus thus: "Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen, Tell me thy wish; to grant it if my power May aught avail, thy pleasure shall be done." To whom great Juno thus, with artful speech: "Give me the loveliness and power to charm, Whereby thou reign'st o'er Gods and men supreme. For to the bounteous Earth's extremest bounds I go, to visit old Oceanus. The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore 225 From Rhæa took me, when all-seeing Jove Hurled Saturn down below the earth and seas. And nursed me in their home with tenderest care; I go to visit them, and reconcile A lengthened feud; for since some cause of wrath Has come between them, they from rites of love And from the marriage-bed have long abstained: Could I unite them by persuasive words, And to their former intercourse restore, Their love and reverence were for ever mine." 235 Whom answered thus the laughter-loving Queen: "I ought not, and I cannot, say thee nay, Who liest encircled by the arms of Jove." Thus Venus spoke; and from her bosom loosed Her broidered cestus, wrought with every charm

To win the heart; there Love, there young Desire.

There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion dwelt, Which oft enthralls the mind of wisest men. This in her hand she placed, as thus she spoke: "Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide. 245 This broidered cestus; and, whate'er thy wish. Thou shalt not here ungratified return." Thus Venus; smiled the stag-eyed Queen of Heaven. And, smiling, in her bosom hid the gift. Then Venus to her father's house returned; 250 But Juno down from high Olympus sped; O'er sweet Emathia, and Pieria's range, O'er snowy mountains of horse-breeding Thrace. Their topmost heights, she soared, nor touched the earth. From Athos then she crossed the swelling sea. 255 Until to Lemnos, god-like Thoas' seat, She came; there met she Sleep, twin-born with Death, Whom, as his hand she clasped, she thus addressed: "Sleep, universal King of Gods and men, If ever thou hast listened to my voice, 260 Grant me the boon which now I ask, and win My ceaseless favour in all time to come. When Jove thou seest in my embraces locked. Do thou his piercing eyes in slumber seal. Rich guerdon shall be thine; a gorgeous throne. 265 Immortal, golden; which my skilful son. Vulcan, shall deftly frame; beneath, a stool Whereon at feasts thy feet may softly rest." Whom answered thus the gentle God of Sleep: "Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen, 270 On any other of the immortal Gods I can with ease exert my slumberous power;

Even to the stream of old Oceanus. Prime origin of all; but Saturn's son, Imperial Jove, I dare not so approach, 275 Nor sink in sleep, save by his own desire. Already once, obeying thy command, A fearful warning I received, that day When from the capture and the sack of Troy That mighty warrior, son of Jove, set sail; 280 For, circumfused around, with sweet constraint I bound the sense of ægis-bearing Jove, While thou, with ill-design, rousing the force Of winds tempestuous o'er the stormy sea. Didst cast him forth on Coös' thriving isle. 285 Far from his friends; then Jove, awaking, poured His wrath, promiscuous, on the assembled Gods; Me chief his anger sought; and from on high Had hurled me, plunged beneath the unfathomed sea, But Night, the vanguisher of Gods and men, 290 Her fugitive received me: he his wrath Repressed, unwilling to invade the claims Of holy Night; and now thou fain wouldst urge That I another reckless deed essay." Whom answered thus the stag-eyed Queen of Heaven: 295

Whom answered thus the stag-eyed Queen of Heaven: 295
"Why, Sleep, with thoughts like these perplex thy mind?
Think'st thou that Jove as ardently desires
To aid the men of Troy, as fiercely burned
His anger on his valiant son's behalf?
Grant my request; and of the Graces one,
300
The youngest and the fairest, have to wife,
Pasithea, whom thy love hath long pursued."
Thus promised Juno; Sleep, rejoicing, heard,

And answered thus: "Swear then the awful oath. Inviolable, by the stream of Styx. 305 Thy one hand laid upon the fruitful earth, The other resting on the sparkling sea; That all the Gods who in the nether realms With Saturn dwell, may of our solemn bond Be witnesses, that of the Graces one 310 The youngest, fairest, I shall have to wife, Pasithea, whom my love hath long pursued." He said: nor did the white-armed Queen refuse: She took the oath required; and called by name On all the Titans, sub-Tartarean Gods: 315 Then sworn and ratified the oath, they passed From Lemnos, and from Imbros, veiled in cloud, Skimming their airy way; on Lectum first, In spring-abounding Ida, nurse of beasts, The sea they left, and journeyed o'er the land. 320 While waved beneath their feet the lofty woods. There Sleep, ere yet he met the eye of Jove, Remained; and, mounted on a lofty pine, The tallest growth of Ida, that on high Flung through the desert air its boughs to Heaven. 325 Amid the pine's close branches lay ensconced: Like to a mountain bird of shrillest note. Whom Gods the Chalcis, men the night-hawk call. Juno meanwhile to Ida's summit sped, To Gargarus; the Cloud-compeller saw; 330 He saw, and sudden passion fired his soul. As when, their parents' eyes eluding, first They tasted of the secret joys of love. He rose to meet her, and addressed her thus:

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"From high Olympus, Juno, whither bound,	335
And how, to Ida hast thou come in haste?	
For horses here or chariot hast thou none."	
To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech	
Replied: "To fertile earth's extremest bounds	
I go, to visit old Oceanus,	340
The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore	
Received, and nurtured me with tenderest care.	
I go to visit them, and reconcile	
A lengthened feud; for since some cause of wrath	
Has come between them, they from rites of love	345
And from the marriage-bed have long abstained.	
Meanwhile at spring-abounding Ida's foot	
My horses wait me, that o'er land and sea	
Alike my chariot bear; on thine account	
From high Olympus hither have I come,	350
Lest it displease thee, if, to thee unknown,	
I sought the Ocean's deeply-flowing stream."	
To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:	
"Juno, thy visit yet awhile defer;	
And let us now in love's delights indulge:	355
For never yet did such a flood of love	-
For Goddess or for mortal fill my soul;	
Not for Ixion's beauteous wife, who bore	
Pirithöus, sage in council as the Gods;	
Nor the neat-footed maiden Danäe,	360
Acrisius' daughter, her who Perseus bore,	500
The observed of all; nor noble Phoenix' child,	
Who bore me Minos, and the godlike might	
Of Rhadamanthus; nor for Semele,	
Nor for Alemena fair, of whom was born	365
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In Thebes the mighty warrior Hercules,	
As Bacchus, joy of men, of Semele:	
No, nor for Ceres, golden-tressèd Queen,	
Nor for Latona bright, nor for thyself,	
As now with fond desire for thee I burn."	370
To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech:	
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou spea	ak?
If here on Ida, in the face of day,	
We celebrate the mystic rites of love,	
How if some other of the immortal Gods	375
Should find us sleeping, and 'mid all the Gods	
Should spread the tale abroad? I could not then	
Straight to thy house, for very shame, return.	
But if indeed such passion fill thy soul,	
Thou hast thy secret chamber, built for thee	380
By Vulcan, with close-fitting doors secured;	
Thither, if such thy pleasure, go we now."	
To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:	
"Juno, nor fear the eye of God or man;	
For all around us I will throw such veil	385
Of golden cloud, that not the sun himself	
With sharpest beam of light may pierce it through	."
Thus saying, in his arms he clasped his wife;	
The teeming earth beneath them caused to spring	
The tender grass, and lotus dew-besprent,	390
Crocus and hyacinth, a fragrant couch,	
Profuse and soft, up-springing from the earth.	
There lay they, all around them spread a veil	

Of golden cloud, whence heavenly dews distilled. There on the topmost height of Gargarus,

By sleep and love subdued, the immortal Sire,

Clasped in his arms his wife, reposed in peace.	
Then Sleep arose, and to the Grecian ships	
In haste repairing, to the Earth-shaking King	
His tidings bore; and standing at his side	400
Thus to the God his winged word addressed:	
"Now, Neptune, to the Greeks thy ready aid	
Afford, that short-lived triumph they may gain,	
While slumber holds the eyes of Jove; for I	
In sweet unconsciousness have drowned his sense,	405
Beguiled by Juno, in whose arms he lies."	
He said, and vanished 'mid the tribes of men:	
But fired with keener zeal to aid the Greeks,	
Neptune sprang forth in front, and called aloud:	
"Again, ye Greeks, shall our remissness yield	410
The victory to Hector, Priam's son,	
To seize our ships, and endless glory gain?	
Such is his boast and menace, since in wrath	
Achilles still beside his ships remains.	
Yet him we scarce should miss, if we, the rest,	415
But firmly stood for mutual defence.	
Hear then my counsel: let us all agree,	
Girt with our best and broadest shields, our heads	
With flashing helmets guarded, in our hands	
Grasping our longest spears, to dare the fight.	420
Myself will lead you on; and Priam's son,	
Though bold he be, will fear with me to cope.	
And if, among our bravest, any bear	
Too small a buckler, with some meaner man	
Let him exchange, and don the larger shield."	425
He said, and they assenting heard his speech.	
The Kings themselves, Ulysses, Diomed,	

Broad-flowing, eddying, by immortal Jove	490
Begotten, on the ground they laid him down,	
And dashed the cooling water on his brow:	
Revived, he lifted up awhile his eyes;	
Then on his knees half rising, he disgorged	
The clotted blood; but backward to the earth,	49 5
Still by the blow subdued, again he fell,	
And darkling shades of night his eyes o'erspread.	
Onward, with zeal redoubled, pressed the Greeks,	
When Hector from the field they saw withdrawn.	
Foremost of all, Oïleus' active son,	50 0
With sudden spring assailing, Satnius slew:	
Him a fair Naiad nymph to Œnops bore,	
Who by the banks of Satnoïs kept his herds.	
Him then, approaching near, Oïleus' son	
Thrust through the flank: he fell, and o'er his corpse	505
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn fight engaged.	
But Panthöus' son a swift avenger came,	
Polydamas, with brandished spear, and struck	
Through the right shoulder Prothöenor, son	
Of Areilycus; right through was driven	510
The sturdy spear; he, rolling in the dust,	
Clutched with his palms the ground; then, shouting lo	oud,
Thus with triumphant boast Polydamas:	-
"From the strong hand of Panthöus' noble son	
Methinks that not in vain the spear has flown:	515

May use it as a staff to Pluto's realm."

Thus he; the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard;
But chief it roused the spirit within the breast
Of Ajax Telamon, whom close beside

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A Greek now bears it off; and he, perchance,

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The dead had fallen; he at Polydamas, Retreating, hurled in haste his glittering spear; He, springing sideways, 'scaped the stroke of fate; But young Archilochus. Antenor's son. Received the spear, for Heaven had willed his death: 525 The spine it struck, the topmost joint, where met The head and neck, and both the tendons broke; Forward he fell; and ere or knee or leg, His head, and mouth, and nostrils struck the ground. Then Ajax, in his turn, exulting, thus: 530 "Say now, Polydamas, and tell me true, May this be deemed for Prothöenor's death A full equivalent? no common man He seems, and born of no ignoble race: Valiant Antenor's brother, or perchance 535 His son; the likeness speaks him near akin." Thus he, though well he knew; then bitter grief Possessed the Trojans' souls: but Acamas. Guarding his brother's body, with his spear Slew the Bœotian Promachus, who fain 540 Would by the feet have drawn away the dead: Then Acamas, exulting, cried aloud: "Ye wretched Greeks, in boasting measureless! Not ours alone the labour and the loss Of battle; ye too have your share of death. 545 Behold where lies your Promachus, subdued Beneath my spear; not long unpaid the debt Due for my brother's blood! 'Tis well for him Who leaves a brother to avenge his fate." Thus he; the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard; But chief it roused the spirit within the breast

Of Peneleus; on Acamas he sprang,
Who waited not the encounter; next he slew
Illioneus, the son of Phorbas, Lord
Of numerous flocks, of all the Trojans most 555
Beloved of Hermes, who his wealth increased.
To him Illioneus, an only son
His mother bore; who now, beneath the brow
And through the socket of the eye was struck,
Thrusting the eyeball out; for through the eye. 560
And backward through the head, the spear was driven
With hands extended, down to earth he sank;
But Peneleus his weighty sword let fall
Full on his neck; the severed head and helm
Together fell, remaining still infixed 565
The sturdy spear; then he, the gory head
Uplifting, to the Trojans vaunting cried:
"Go now, ye Trojans! bid that in the house
Of brave Illioneus his parents raise
The voice of wailing for their gallant son; 570
As neither shall the wife of Promachus,
The son of Alegenor, with glad smile
Her husband's coming hail, when home from Troy
We sons of Greece, with victory crowned, return."
Thus as he spoke, pale fear possessed them all, 575
Each looking round to seek escape from death.
Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
Who, when the Earth-shaker turned the scale of war,
First bore away his foeman's bloody spoils?
Great Ajax Telamon first Hyrtius smote, 580
The son of Gyrtius, who to battle led
The warlike Mysians; next Antilochus

From Mermerus and Phalces stripped their arms;	
Meriones Hippotion gave to death,	
And Morys; Teucer Periphetes slew,	585
And Prothöon; Meneläus, through the flank	
Smote Hyperenor; as the grinding spear	
Drained all his vitals, through the gaping wound	
His spirit escaped, and darkness closed his eyes.	
But chiefest slaughter of the Trojans wrought	590
Oïleus' active son; of all the Greeks	
No foot so swift as his, when Jove had filled	
Their souls with fear, to chase the flying foe.	593

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